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BY BARBARA LIPPERT

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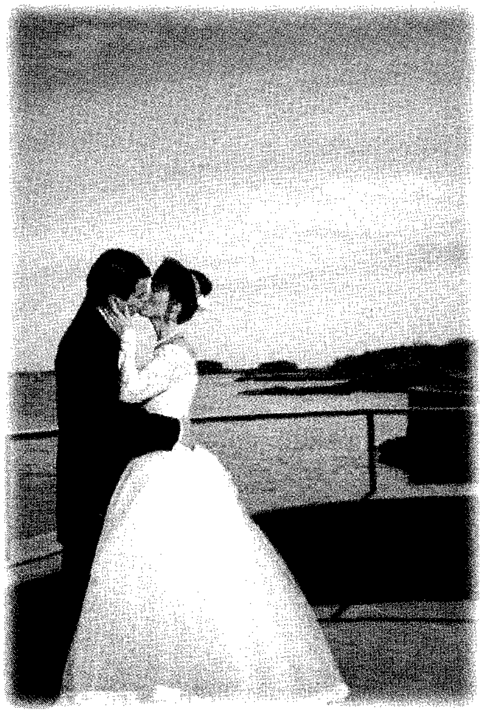

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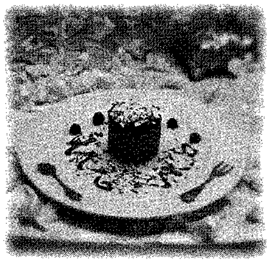

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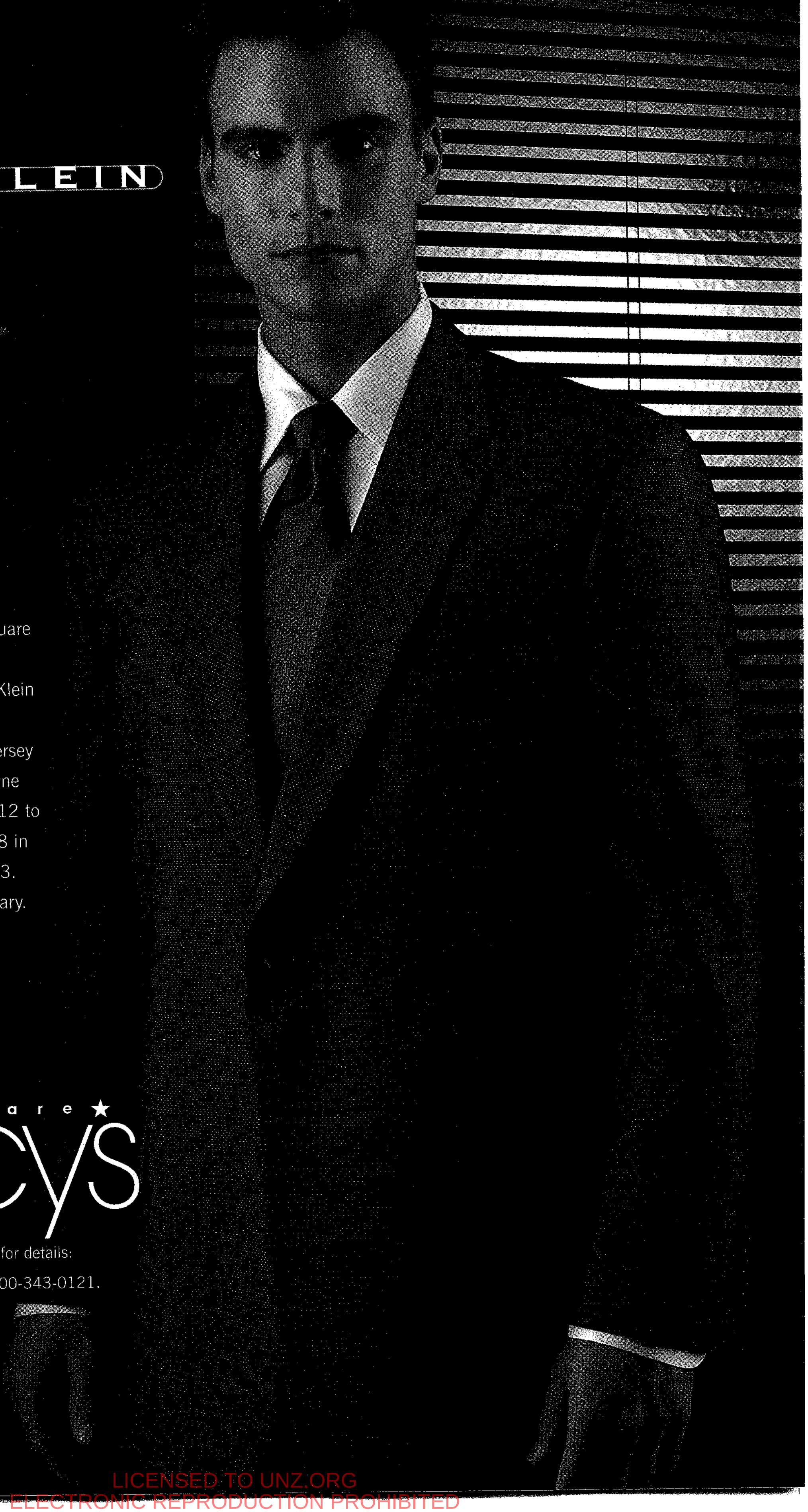

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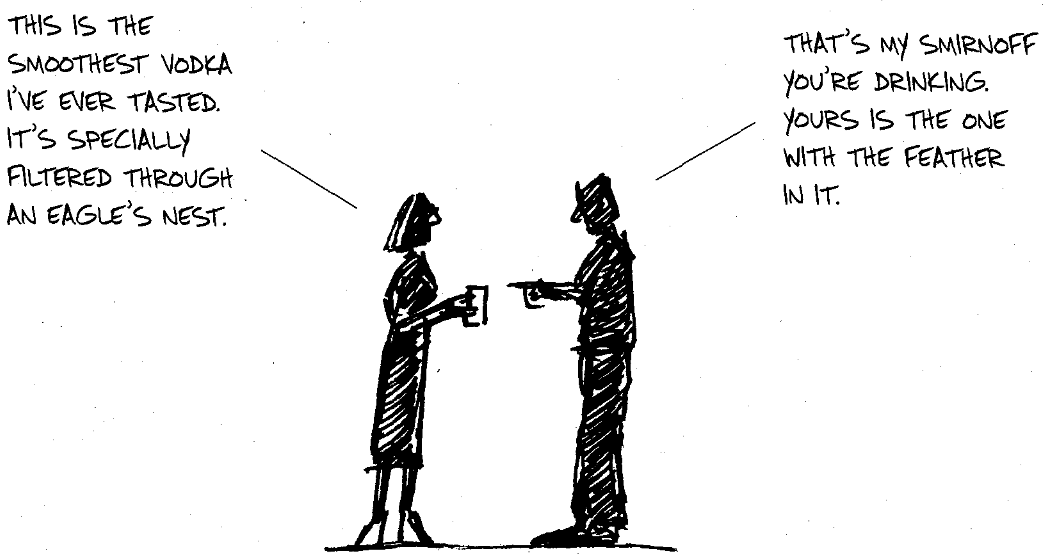
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JERRY SPRINGER
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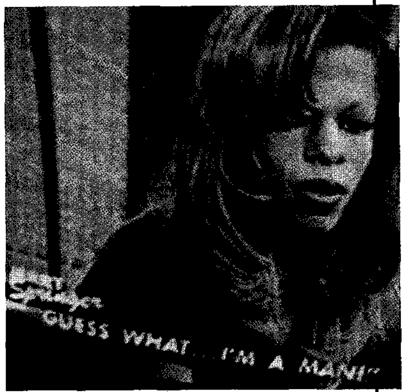

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Photographs: clockwise from top left, Adrian De Lucca (3); Dan and Corina Lecca (3); David Barry.

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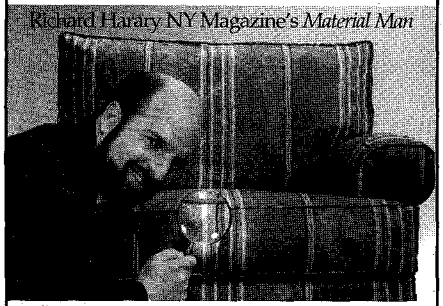
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Lonely Hearts

The city's singles never sleep, and neither do their parents; Judge Crocker Snyder's judicious acolytes; can high tech become high style?

AS A 29-YEAR-OLD SINGLE MAN LIVing in New York City, I am relieved to find out that there are so many people who share my feelings about just how tough it is to meet someone here ["Living Single," March 30]. I have one favor to ask, though. Can you please call my parents and explain all of this to them?

Eric Mirlis
MANHATTAN

OKAY, NOW I'M DEPRESSED. THERE I WAS, innocently wide-eyed with excitement at the prospect of transferring from the University of Chicago's dismal social scene to what I was sure was the mecca of all dating sites, New York City, when I made the mistake of opening the March 30 issue. Three point one million single people, and no one can find a decent date? Please, *New York*, let me remain foolishly optimistic a little while longer!

Alexandria Marzano-Lesnevich
TENAFLY, N.J.

I AM ONE OF THE 3.1 MILLION SINGLE PEOple living in the Naked City. I go to church every Sunday and I work out three times a week at the gym. I have yet to meet a potential bachelor at either location. During the past year, I have met eight men via www.match.com. People do meet on the Internet. The people you polled obviously do not own computers.

Debbie Ward
MANHATTAN

IN THE "GREAT EXPECTATIONS" PIECE, LILY Burana's worldly male acquaintance said, "A woman's sexual attractiveness is reduced by half after she turns 30." *Baywatch*'s Yasmine Bleeth will turn 30 on June 14 of this year. Let's see what happens on that fateful day. Stay tuned.

Denise Garcia
MANHATTAN

AS AN UNMARRIED 36-YEAR-OLD WOMAN, I consider myself more than familiar with the trials and tribulations of being a single New Yorker. Although I would never describe myself as "panicking," your recent feature did give me cause for concern. Just look at the photograph used to illustrate "Report From the Front." Here we see an attractive blond gentleman in a striped shirt whispering into the ear of an attractive brunette in a cleavage-revealing striped tank top. How nice that two similarly styled individuals found each other across a crowded room. However, if we allow our eyes to wander downward from his fetching biceps, we see . . . *a wedding band!* I would like to assume that this image of connubial bliss was really intended for some future article—"True Love and the New Millennium," perhaps?

Susan Friedlander
MANHATTAN

"LIVING SINGLE" IN NEW YORK CITY IS A subject I discuss with other thirtysomething female friends of various backgrounds and racial identities all the time. And, of course, we all come to the same conclusion—that it is very difficult. Your article touched on all of our issues, which is why I was so outraged and disappointed to see an unusual statistic as part of the article. On page 26, the graphic mentions that "29 percent of New York single women have had an abortion; 45 percent of single black women have had an abortion." Why just zero in on black women? Where were all the other groups of women in the city? The article implies that black women are practically using abortion as a form of contraception.

Gina Beckles
BROOKLYN

A Firm Hand

CONGRATS TO *NEW YORK* MAGAZINE AND Nina Burleigh for doing a profile on Judge Leslie Crocker Snyder ["Court of Appeal," March 30]. It's long overdue. Your article did a terrific job discussing her professional career, for I, too, have sat in her courtroom watching trial lawyers tremble and kowtow before her. But what Ms. Burleigh didn't get to see is what a great human being Judge Crocker Snyder is. Our families have spent many happy occasions together, and I have seen what a devoted mother, loving wife, and loyal friend she is. The day she's up for the D.A.'s post, she will win, mostly because of her professional record but also because voters will have recognized that she is a great person.

Nick Pachetti
MANHATTAN

I WAS FORTUNATE TO HAVE MY FIRST EXperience as a juror in Judge Crocker Snyder's courtroom. While I was there, I learned a great deal about the court system and was treated with nothing less than respect and care by her. The jury instructions, which she filled with hypothetical examples, were clear and concise, an experience that has never been repeated in my subsequent trips to jury duty. If there is any way to become part of a permanent pool of jurors for her courtroom, please let me know. Otherwise, she'll definitely get my vote as D.A. when Robert Morgenthau retires.

Charles Hampton
MANHATTAN

THANK GOD THERE'S SOMEONE LIKE LESLIE Crocker Snyder on the bench in contrast to all the bleeding hearts who cry "foul!" and "dysfunctional childhood" every time a violent felon or drug dealer is called up on charges. What a breath of fresh air! Judge Crocker Snyder realizes that life imprisonment without parole is more of a punishment and/or deterrent than the death penalty. She is also aware that many hardened criminals are beyond the point of rehabilitation. Could we have her cloned?

Martta K. Rose
MONTCLAIR, N.J.

Rodent Couture

I READ WITH INTEREST LOUIS BOFFERDING'S comments about how the real innovation today is in such industrial products as computer mice ["Home Design '98," March 23]. This brings to mind an image of the mouse as not just a pointing device but also a must-have decorating accessory. Will we soon see them dangling languorously, snaking lazily—connector cords and all—across the more stylish mantels around town?

Kevin Kubista
COEUR D'ALENE, IDAHO

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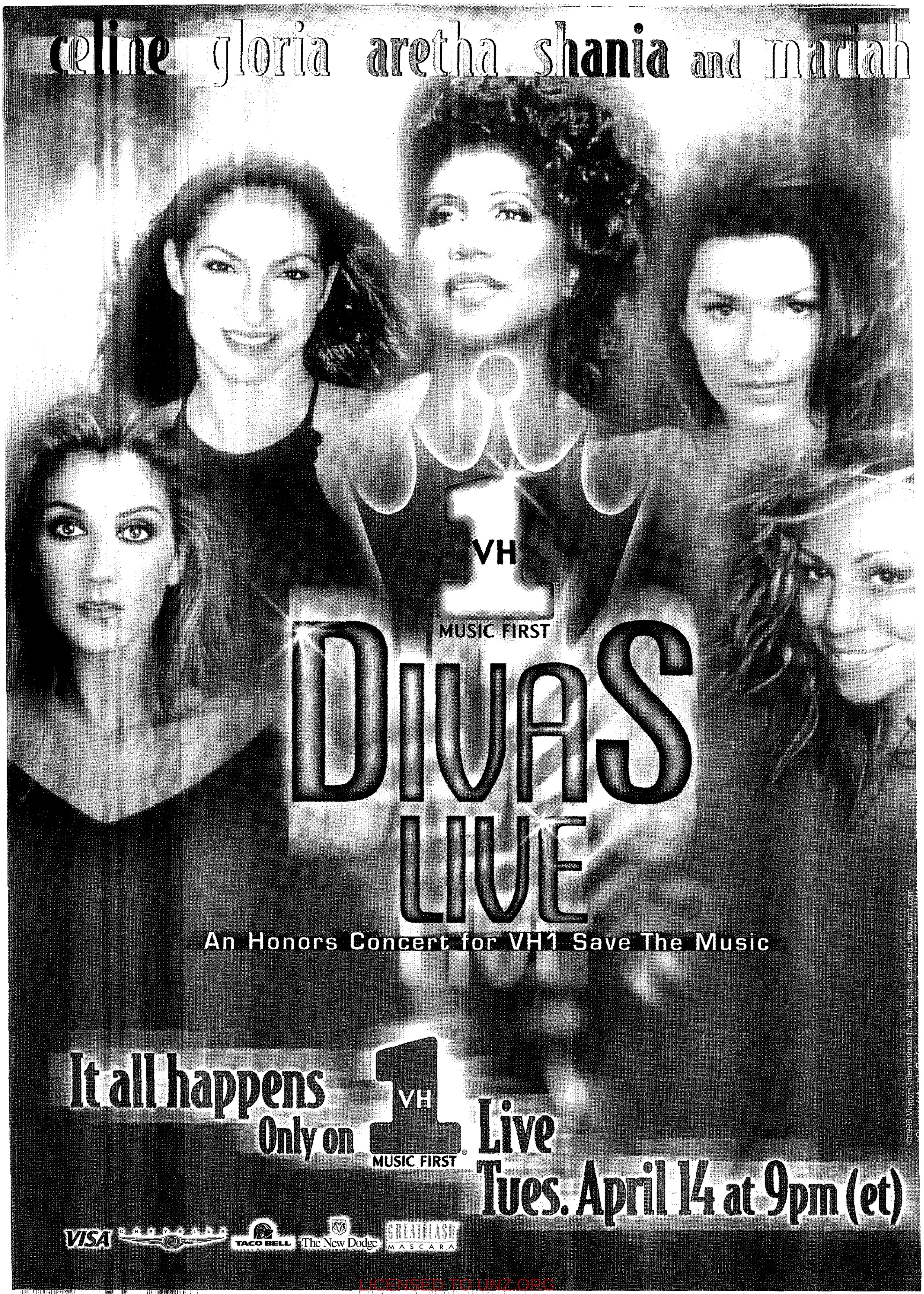
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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

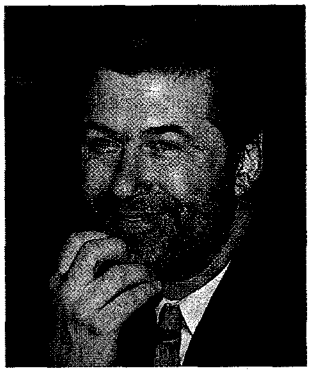
INTELLIGENCER

SOUTHERN COMFORT FOR PATAKI?

Maybe **George Pataki** doesn't think New York has enough good lawyers. Why else would New York State retain an Atlanta law firm to handle litigation about the state's constitution? Last month, **John Bonds,** of Atlanta's Sutherland, Asbill & Brennan, appeared in court with **Martin Beinstock,** of the state attorney general's office, for a hearing in the five-year-old suit filed by the Campaign for Fiscal Equity (CFE) that questions how the state allocates education funds. Among other things, the lawsuit charges that New York City educates 37 percent of the state's pupils but gets only 34 percent of the state's education budget. Simpson Thacher & Bartlett's **Joseph Wayland,** who's representing CFE pro bono, immediately objected to the presence of Bonds. "The state should be required to make a showing as to why they needed to spend New York taxpayers' money on an Atlanta firm to help with a quintessentially New York case about New York City schools and the state's constitutional standard for education," Wayland told the court. Counters state-attorney-general spokesman **Joe Mahoney:** "We are lead counsel in the case, and they are assisting us. They've handled very similar cases in other states."

ALEC BALDWIN: MURDER HE WROTE

So the pen really is mightier than the sword. After brawling with the paparazzi, and being vindicated for it in court, **Alec Baldwin** is still indulging in a few revenge fantasies. Baldwin, an old friend of *Law & Order* scribe **David Black,** recently offered up a plot idea that struck particularly close to home. The script, which will air in May, involves a tabloid journalist who hounds a celebrity to her death ("shades of Princess Di," says the show's executive producer) and is then killed by the dead woman's husband in a fit of vengeance. "Alec wanted to take more of an active part in writing the story," explains Black, but *Macbeth* took up more of his time than he'd anticipated. Baldwin will still receive a writing credit for the episode. In the meantime, producers are playing up other real-life elements: Veteran flack **Bobby Zarem,** playing himself, will witness the murder as it occurs on the street outside Elaine's—the site of a recent skirmish where a main witness was . . . Bobby Zarem.



Alec Baldwin: Gossip slinger

IMUS GOOD A BOOK CRITIC AS ANY

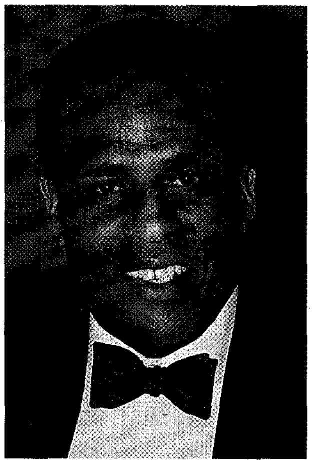
Recognition-starved authors will be happy to hear that there's a new award on the horizon: the Imus American Book Awards, giving $50,000 prizes to four lucky authors. It's "a concept born from Imus's frustration that his choice for winner of the 1997 National Book Award—**Sam Tanenhaus's** *Whittaker Chambers: A Biography*—did not win the prestigious honor," according to a mailing the I-Man's radio station, WFAN, sent to prospective advertisers, offering three campaigns ranging from $50,000 to $100,000. The proposal was derided as "the Imus literary award that you've got to pay $50,000 to get" by one publishing executive, whose company will not be buying airtime. "I don't need to sell ads," insists Imus. "We've grossed more money at this radio station than any station in history, and I don't get any of it anyway, so what do I care?" Imus and a panel of editors will "select a [fiction and a nonfiction] book that people actually read"—unlike the National Book Awards, which he claims are picked by "a bunch of elitist precious yuppie shitheads."

JACKSON HOUSE HUNT OFF THE WALL

New York City real-estate agents have been having an interesting time showing brownstones to **Michael** and **Janet Jackson,** each of whom is in the market for a new home. Sources involved with Michael's search say the enigmatic artist recently looked at the Vanderbilt mansion at 11 East 62nd Street. The $30 million house contains fourteen maids' rooms, seventeen fireplaces, and, conveniently enough, a floor designed specifically for children, complete with six scaled-down rooms and a little stage. Jackson seemed impressed with the house but found it lacking at least one amenity—an escape route. Since the brownstone backs on to another building, Jackson's representative contacted the owner of a brownstone across the street, with the plan to buy that home and burrow a tunnel in between the two so that Michael could exit undetected through the decoy house. So far, the plan has not been approved by Jackson's security team. Jackson's sister Janet has less stringent requirements for the house but more unusual ones for the real-estate agents: Says one witness of her perusal of a $7.8 million townhouse just a few blocks north of the Vanderbilt mansion, "She wore a baseball cap and sunglasses and went by the name Diane Smith. The real-estate

Janet Jackson: House music

Photographs: clockwise from top right, James M. Kelly/Globe Photos; Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; Mark Harlan/Star File.



Carl McCall:
Don't count on it

people were instructed not to look at her or talk to her; she would only communicate through a third party. Apparently her managers think it's too much money, but she's been back seven or eight times to see the same house." Michael Jackson's spokesman said he was unaware of the real-estate discussions, and Janet Jackson's representatives didn't return calls.

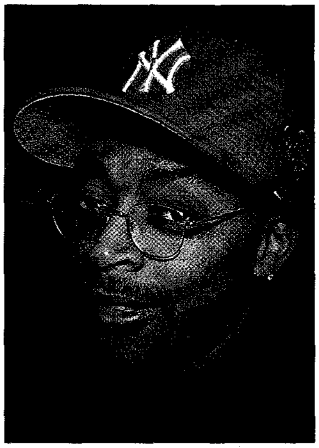
GUESS WHO ISN'T COMING TO DINNER

Rudy Giuliani has no taste for the peace pipe. Last week's dinner invitation from **David Dinkins** isn't the only overture the mayor has nixed recently. Last month, state comptroller **H. Carl McCall,** at odds with Giuliani over his refusal to release information regarding city agencies, had breakfast with mayoral confidant **Ray Harding** to ask him to set up a powwow with Rudy, say sources close to McCall. Harding did approach the mayor, but it looks like the meeting will never happen, according to a City Hall insider. Instead, the city's lawyers will face the state's lawyers in a few weeks in appellate court, when the city appeals a lower-court ruling that it has to furnish McCall with the information he needs to complete his audits. "One of the excuses Giuliani used to turn down Dinkins is that he did it so publicly," says another political insider. "McCall did this quietly." McCall spokesman **Steven Greenberg** says he hopes the meeting can still be salvaged. "The comptroller would love to be able to work with the mayor," says Greenberg. The mayor's office didn't return calls.

BRILL BACKS DOWN; SPIKE BACKS OUT

POP ART: Roy Liebenthal, who opened the legendary Cafe Tabac and now owns the Lemon, has just signed a deal on a new restaurant and is joining the ranks of hipsters looking to become hoteliers. Pop, an Asian-inspired American spot that industry sources say has attracted the attention of some big-name fashion investors as well as investment banker **Paul Stern,** will open on Fourth Avenue between 12th and 13th Streets this fall, while the deal on the hotel—located in Chelsea—is not yet signed.

BRILL ON THE GRILL: Apparently no publication is too small for **Steve Brill** to take on in his new role as media watchdog. While speaking recently at the Dalton School, which one of his daughters attends, the *Content* editor off-handedly critiqued the *Daltonian,* suggesting that the school paper doesn't always have enough tough reporting. The *Daltonian*'s editors responded with a blistering editorial in a recent issue. "It's easy to criticize a publication before a public audience without substantial facts, and without a legitimate opportunity for a response," they wrote. "Surely the irresponsibility of this kind of critique does not escape Mr. Brill, whose magazine will target this form of laziness." They also asked for an advance copy of the first *Content* so they can review his work. Brill says their analysis of his comments is on the money. "I should have spoken more precisely, and I should have done more homework," he admits.



Lee: Spiked it

HE'S GOTTA SKIP IT: Director **Spike Lee** may be putting duty before honor, but not everyone's impressed. Lee, slated to be the guest speaker at this year's 650-person Advertising Research Foundation conference, informed conference organizers just hours before the event that he was too busy editing his upcoming film, *He Got Game,* to attend. Organizers ultimately filled the empty program with "an amusing reel of horrific commercials," says one witness. "The crowd was amused, but not with Spike." A representative for Lee declined to comment.

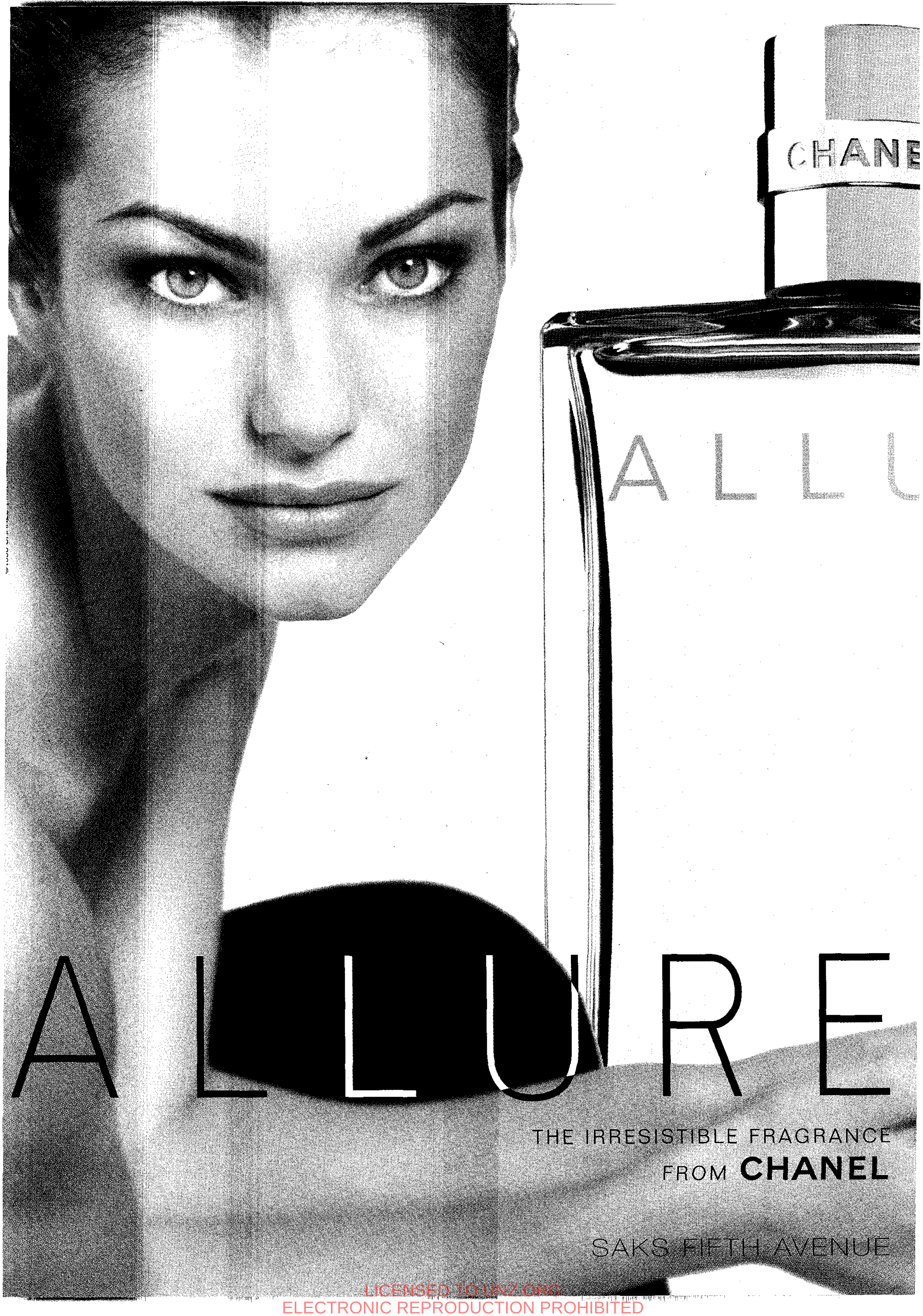
BALTHAZAR LE DEUXIÈME?: Keith McNally was not amused when he saw the restaurant Astor, which opened earlier this month on the Bowery, complete with red banquettes, nickel-plated railings, frosted windows, and old mirrors pieced together within large mahogany frames. "It looks so much like Balthazar," exclaimed McNally. "I expected when the owner appeared that he would look just like me. I hope his food is richer than his imagination." Responds Astor owner **Murat Buydaycay,** "I think Balthazar is a fascinating place, but our details are twenties Art Deco; his are Victorian. I'm not influenced by Balthazar—I'm influenced by the bistro culture which comes from France. Quips McNally, "I agree with what he said, but last time he was here, he left his sketch pad at the table."

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.

IRVING: FLICK HASN'T GOT *A PRAYER*

In the world according to **John Irving,** names mean a lot. Irving's 1989 novel, *A Prayer for Owen Meany,* is being made into a film from Disney, starring **Ashley Judd** and, in a cameo role, **Jim Carrey.** But the film's title was the subject of much discussion once Irving read the screenplay, which had completely excised Vietnam War references from the story, among other changes. "John really did like the script, but it just wasn't his book anymore," says a spokesperson for the author. "He felt it would confuse fans of the book into thinking the movie was closely based on his tale." Irving not only exercised his contractual right to insist on a new title but also demanded that the film's characters be renamed. "The film will now simply have an 'inspired by' credit to John's novel," says his rep. "He wanted to be fair to the book and to the film." The movie, scheduled for release this fall, was first cryptically renamed *Angels and Armadillos,* then *A Small Miracle,* and now, the latest title, *Simon Burch.*

Photographs: top left, Mitchell Levy/Globe Photos; middle, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos.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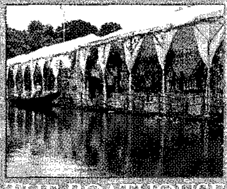
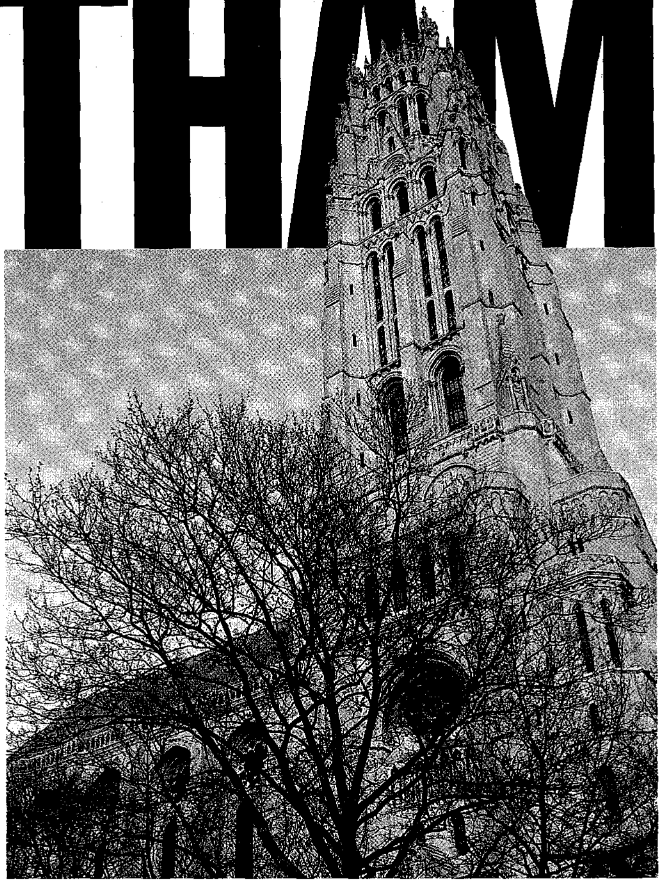


THE BOATHOUSE
IN CENTRAL PARK

GOTHAM

Steeple Chase

Who gets to decide the future of Riverside Church?



The interdenominational Riverside Church at 120th Street.

WITHIN RIVERSIDE Church, in the ground-floor library, lies a two-volume work so explosive, so controversial, that it threatens to rip open a schism between the 68-year-old institution and its traditional constituencies. It is not a heretical religious tract but a master plan—two years in the making and unveiled last September—that details as much as $25 million worth of proposed changes to the church complex, including a new five- or six-story building. James Forbes Jr., senior minister at the multi-denominational and multiracial church, calls the plan an extension of Riverside's "prophetic ministry, a way to better serve the community in the next millennium." But local preservationists, who, along with supporters of other liberal Upper West Side causes, have always been allies of the socially active church, are outraged.

In their view, the Gothic church—modeled on the cathedral at Chartres—is a precious architectural artifact that must be protected. Shortly after the master plan was made public, a group calling itself the Friends and Members of Riverside Church filed a request for a hearing with the city's Landmarks Preservation Commission. Dorothy Watson, a 30-year member of the congregation, is spearheading the landmarking effort and has enlisted a number of key supporters, including noted preservationist Michael Henry Adams. And though church officials insist the plan is only a wish list, Watson argues that the fact they spent six figures on the study proves their intent to implement it.

Hearing about the preservationists' request, Riverside officials held a brief discussion with their congregation, then passed a resolution against landmarking the church and informed the commission of their position.

Such peremptory debate aroused the ire of some of the church's neighbors. Maritta Dunn, the head of Community Board 9, accuses Forbes of acting in bad faith. "On February 26," she says, "he sent us a letter stating he wanted to discuss the matter of landmarking with us. But by February 23, his council

(continued on page 14)

SPIN CYCLE

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF P.R.

Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella

- "Citicorp and Travelers Group, launching a bold bid for global leadership in financial services, said . . . they would merge in a deal valued at $70 billion."
—The American Banker

- "This is just the beginning of the emergence of the universal financial services firm."
—*Bert Ely, banking consultant*

- "Legendary investor Warren Buffett owns about $2.4 billion of Travelers. Saudi Prince Al-Waleed is a major shareholder in Citicorp."
—*The New York* Post

- "The boom has also quickly expanded the fortunes of many small investors. . . . Some mutual fund investors were among the big winners from the deal."
—*The Washington* Post

- "Millions of teachers, plumbers and other working-class investors are raking in profits."
—The Daily News

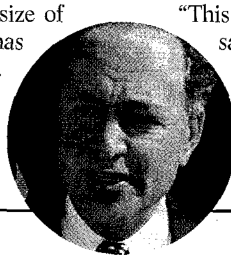
- "Forget such trivia . . . . What residents of TriBeCa want to know is whether the chairman of Travelers will take that four-story red neon umbrella with him when he moves."
—*The New York* Times

CAMEO

The Lamar!-ing of Charles Schumer

THOSE WHO WANT PROOF THAT BIG MONEY hasn't completely overtaken American politics need look no further than our own Congressman Schumer. With a war chest almost four times the size of his two competitors' combined, he has purchased a secure spot in last place. News that he'd taken the pro forma step of "launching" his eternal Senate campaign last week barely made the papers, buried between Loehmann's ads and wire-service copy. One of the most ferocious media hounds D.C. has ever seen, he was reduced to casting himself as a humble, hardworking servant of the people.

"This is not a face made for television," he said, looking right into the cameras. "I am not a glamorous guy." What's next, buffalo-plaid shirts for all his supporters? Try luring the MTV awards back to town, Chuck. That ought to phatten up your image.



Photographs: top, Steven Freeman; bottom, Ed Bailey/AP/Wide World.

Church *continued from page 13*

had already passed a resolution rejecting landmarking status."

Forbes, for his part, admits he'd like to keep the discussion within the church, where additional meetings have been scheduled (though he refuses to hold one with the community board.) "If you were quarreling with your husband, would you want the neighbors to come in and resolve it?" Forbes asks.

"That's a very big mistake," says Carolyn Kent, co-chair of Board 9's Landmarks Committee. "It demonstrates the church's desire to evade public scrutiny. And this church was founded on exactly the opposite set of principles. The building belongs to all of New York."

Landmarking has long been a thorny issue for churches. Though commercial landlords often accept it in exchange for the tax relief that it brings, houses of worship, which are already tax-exempt, tend to regard its restrictions as a hindrance to growth. In 1993, the Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem debated long and hard before finally agreeing to accept landmark status. A private preservation group quickly rewarded the church with a grant to redo one set of stained-glass windows. But misgivings still linger: The Reverend Dr. Calvin Butts says that the church is planning to replace other stained-glass tableaux of figures that "do not reflect the ethnicity of the congregation." He won't remove the Eurocentric images without first going through the landmark review, he says, "but if we lose, we are prepared to go ahead."

Preservationist Anthony Wood, a veteran of many landmark wars, believes that Riverside Church's problems "could be quietly resolved. [City landmarks chair] Jennifer Raab has demonstrated concern about owners. The church could probably strike a compromise." Last week, the Reverend Brenda Stiers, a Riverside minister, did sit down with Raab, but Stiers is still tight-lipped about the church's willingness to compromise. "This is a separation-of-church-and-state thing," she says. "The congregation has ultimate say over church property."

JUDY RICHHEIMER

LECTURE CIRCUIT

The Boy Who Would Be King

A fourth-grader summons the spirit of Martin Luther King Jr.

Chris Durosinmi at a commemoration of Martin Luther King Jr.

THE 9-YEAR-OLD BOY WIGgling in his chair on the dais, wearing an electric-blue suit and a clip-on tie, looks like a spelling-bee contender. Until, that is, he steps to the microphone and addresses the 250 people who have come to St. Bartholomew's Church on Park Avenue to hear him. "G-o-o-o-d afterno-o-o-n, ladies and gentlemen," he says in a familiar cadence, beginning a mix of famous hymns and his own inspirational messages. Barely more than three feet tall, he nonetheless commands a huge stage presence. Soon he's stamping his feet and waving his arms. "Stop judging man by the color of his skin," he exhorts his audience, "and try to understand he is a *man* with black skin!"

The crowd is hypnotized by the child's charisma and booming voice. "He's amazing," a few whisper. They are there for the Interfaith Center of New York's commemoration of the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., on the thirtieth anniversary of his death, and Chris Durosinmi—the slight boy from Brownsville, Brooklyn, with big teeth and pointy ears—is the headline act.

"He's a child, but he's more than a child," says Frances Lucas, who was Coretta Scott King's roommate in college. "I knew Dr. King for a long time—since he was 19. I met Chris in '96. I can see he has these special gifts. Chris has put a whammy on everyone."

Chris's journey on the public-speaking circuit started when, at the age of 5, he delivered a fiery speech at his kindergarten graduation ceremony. Since then, he has been enlisted to preach at countless events at such venues as City Hall, Hofstra University, and the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C. Every day, he gets requests to appear somewhere by people looking for the child who "does Dr. King."

"I don't know how, but my voice just sounds like Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.," he says, sitting on the edge of a pew moments before his performance. "It's a miracle. Sometimes I get ovations and donations. I'm trying to give people a message and impress them."

It seems to work. At St. Bartholomew's, Chris works the crowd into a lather. "I pledge to be the best I can be," he intones. "Today I pledge to believe in me." He points at himself; the crowd roars. "Thank you, Dr. King, for your dream," he continues. "I have a dream, too, that one day I will become president of the United States."

For now, though, he has to get through fourth grade, a fact that significantly impinges on his speaking schedule. His parents are adamant that he continue his studies, though Chris seems much more interested in his onstage life. "It was good," he says, after his sermon. "While I'm up there, I always think, 'I need water.' "

MARK FRANCIS COHEN

PESTS

Bugging Out in Brooklyn

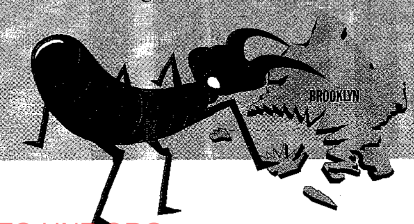
ROSE UNES, THE TENANT OF A CENTURY-OLD brownstone in Brooklyn's Carroll Gardens, found a special surprise when she returned home from a brief trip last week. "My kitchen floor was littered with white things," she recalls. "I thought they were maggots, but I swept them into a pile, and some started flying." They were swarming termites, every home owner's nightmare. Horrified, she mentioned it to her neighbors on Third Place, between Clinton and Henry Streets, many of whom had experienced similar encounters. The block, it became clear, was infested.

It wasn't long before the finger-pointing began. Some residents speculated that the bugs had come from the South; others blamed neighbors who have woodpiles out back.

As it turns out, however, the mysterious scourge is just one more thing to blame on El Niño: Experts say that the unusually warm winter may have left the entire city poised on the kind of entomological disaster that Carroll Gardens is now suffering. "We've had spring start two or three times this year," explains Ed DeFreitas, owner of Empire Pest Control. "What we're seeing is termite colonies thinking it's time to send out their seeds, triggered by humidity, light, and heat."

Buildings with thick concrete foundations—including most Manhattan apartments—are relatively safe, but row houses or brownstones are at risk. As residents of Third Place put on a brave front, a Brooklyn-based Orkin exterminator attempts some consolation. "I know Long Island has a termite problem," he offers. "There it's like a river of termites."

SARAH BERNARD



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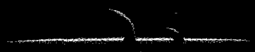

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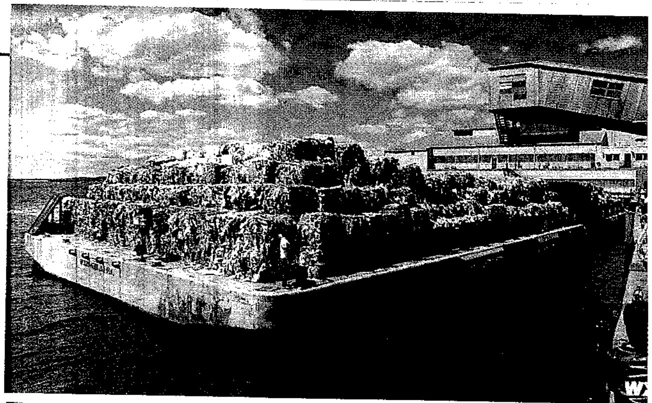
LIVES OF THE SAINTS

WHERE ARE THE TABLOID HEROES OF YESTERDAY?

The Loneliest Skipper



The garbage barge, which floated at sea for three months in 1987.

DUFFY ST. PIERRE HAS NEVER seen *sex, lies and videotape.* In fact, the former garbage-barge captain has never even heard of the movie that opens with a reference to his own three-month odyssey in 1987 trying to find a safe harbor for 3,186 tons of Long Island trash. "Last time I started feeling this way," Andie MacDowell's character tells her therapist, "is when that barge was stranded and it was going around the island and nobody would claim it."

She was suffering, it turned out, from displaced anxiety—exactly the syndrome that caused the barge's sad condition. Back then, paying other states to handle New York's garbage was a dirty little secret. And as the garbage barge floated around the Caribbean and back up the Eastern Seaboard, rejected at every port, it became the symbol of a crisis too long ignored. Today, the interstate garbage trade is commonplace; New York City trash is being carted to Connecticut and Virginia, and the practice will increase when Staten Island's Fresh Kills landfill closes in 2001.

St. Pierre, now 67, is aware of the role that his odyssey played in the national imagination, but he insists it was all just another job. "It was a big money scam with the lawyers," he says. "They just blew all this out of proportion." Susan Molinari, then a city councilwoman, personally handed St. Pierre a court order barring him from dumping the garbage, which was said to contain medical waste, on Staten Island. "We are treating the garbage like Germany treated Lenin," declared then-mayor Edward Koch. "It wasn't even garbage; it was trash," St. Pierre explains. "There was nothing in there—absolutely nothing, zip, nothing—having to do with hospital waste. That was just a bunch of lies. I just shut my mouth and bit my tongue."

By the time the garbage was finally incinerated, and buried back in Islip, the captain was out of work. His boss never spoke to him again when he returned home to Louisiana. "He's a distant relation, but that doesn't matter," says St. Pierre. It soon emerged that one of the barge's investors was a close friend of the Lucchese crime syndicate.

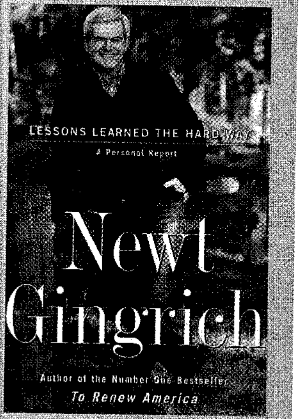
Within a year, St. Pierre was running a gambling ship off the Louisiana coast, but that job lasted only a few weeks. Then came a long stint working off the coast of Africa, during which Nigerian pirates took over his boat. "They were aboard for about eight hours," he says. "People haven't got a clue what's going on in Africa. It's horrible."

Today, St. Pierre is captain of the *Lady Ashley,* a 96-footer that runs supplies from Jacksonville, Florida, to the American naval base at Guantánamo Bay in Cuba. The barge, *Mobro 4000,* now transports cargo from El Salvador; the tugboat, *Break of Dawn,* does oil-rig work in the Gulf of Mexico. Divorced from his wife, St. Pierre lives alone on a 40-acre spread he bought in the bayou, where he grows oranges, grapes, and figs. He plans to harvest crawfish soon. And he doesn't shed a tear for his bygone days on the garbage barge. "It's a stinking business," he says.

DEBORAH MITCHELL

POLITICS

The Seven Stages of Newt



LESSONS LEARNED THE HARD WAY
A Personal Report
Newt Gingrich
Author of the Number One Bestseller
To Renew America

FOR YEARS, NEWT GINGRICH'S DAILY AFFAIRS AND HIS SLOWLY metamorphosing physical presence have been on constant display for all the world to see. The inner Newt, however, has remained a mystery. Sure, we've heard about his fascination with the mating habits of lizards or the workings of a Cray computer. But until the publication of his new book, *Lessons Learned the Hard Way: A Personal Report*—and the public discussion of it that he held in New York last week, with CNN's Jeff Greenfield—we knew almost nothing about this man's efforts to heal his own troubled psyche. Perhaps these excerpts from his thoughtful memoir can show the steps by which we might also heal ourselves.

HANNA ROSIN

● STEP 1: HITTING ROCK BOTTOM
[Trent Lott] told me I should wear a certain kind of shirt, and that I should lean forward so as to minimize for the camera how overweight I had let myself become. I was bathed in embarrassment: Things had obviously gone pretty far downhill.

● STEP 2: ADMITTING THE PROBLEM
I, too, like Medicare, began to get overextended. Instead of slowing down and focusing on what we needed to do each day, I kept enlarging our ambitions. . . . It was all too much.

● STEP 3: FOCUSING YOUR ANGER
Where the press is concerned there is also the possibility of being just plain blindsided. When people are actually happy to see you stumble, there is no end to how far they will go to make sure you do it—including, if need be, picking on innocent and trusting elderly ladies.

● STEP 4: REALIZING YOU ARE NOT ALONE
When you feel yourself beset, or in a period of gloom, being reminded of Abraham Lincoln . . . is not only an important lesson but a great solace as well.

● STEP 5: SETTING REALISTIC GOALS
We are confronted with problems whose solution would actually spell a great new era. . . . If we act with genuinely good sense in the near future, everyone, from senior citizens to baby-boomers to those in their first jobs, can come out a winner.

● STEP 6: MOVING BEYOND THE HURT
I was still in New York touring the American Museum of Natural History, which was a truly lucky circumstance because it reminded me when I most needed it that there are many happy things in life.

● STEP 7: RELAPSE
The difference between the well-thought-out, unending, and no-holds-barred hostility of the left and the acquiescent, friendship-seeking nature of many of my Republican colleagues never ceases to amaze me. They hit us. We make an excuse. We offer a helping hand. They bite the hand.

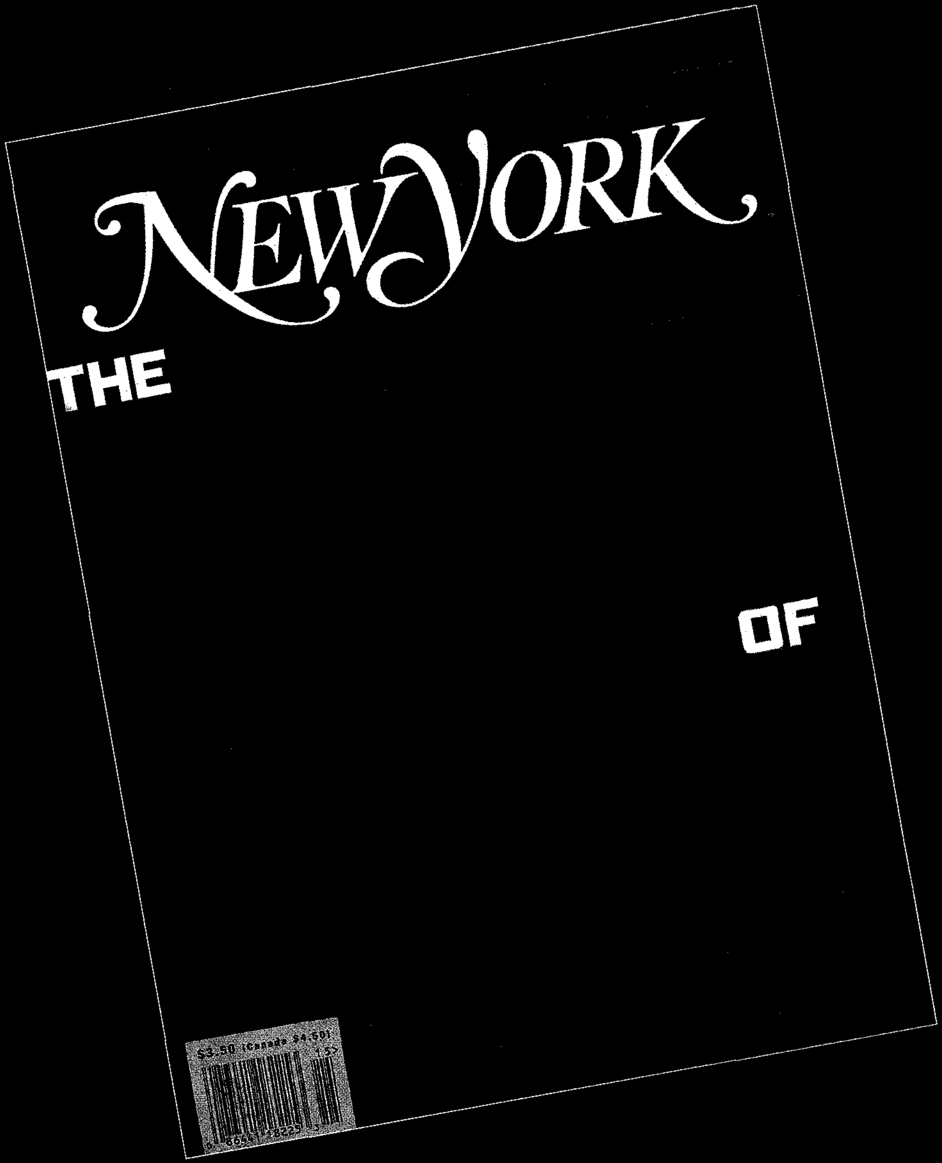
Photograph: top, Stephen Ferry/Gamma Liaiso

Advertisement

BEST OF NEW YORK

special issue

The Only Thing That Really Matters Is Being The Best.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THE SCENE

30 Candles

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATRICK MCMULLAN

Truth be told, when *New York* celebrated its thirtieth anniversary at Studio 54 on April 2, no one arrived on a white horse (Bianca Jagger is a serious person now). And the 2,000 or so guests started showing up at the unspeakable hour of 8 P.M.

But the club's original doorman, Marc Benecke, was back at his old post, as were a lot of original patrons—like Ross Bleckner, Nikki Haskell, Ahmet and Mica Ertegun. The guest list was a cross-section of all the fabulous people *New York* has covered without fear or favor over three decades. Ed Koch, Al Sharpton, the Lady Bunny, Wendy Wasserstein, Helena Christensen, Barbara Walters, Puffy Combs, and both Donald and Ivana Trump (they came and went, needless to say, separately).

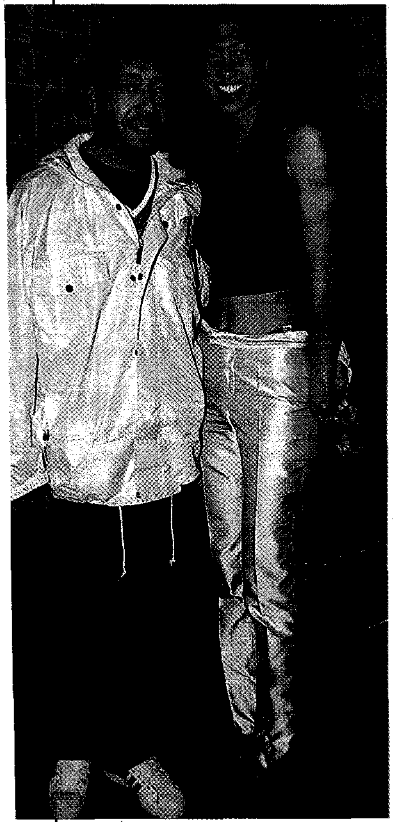
Also on hand were former editors Joe Armstrong, Ed Kosner, and Kurt Andersen as well as former writers like Steve Brill, who started his career as *New York*'s legal columnist, and Anthony Haden-Guest, who chronicled Studio's rise and fall in these pages more than twenty years ago.

Despite such an assemblage of newsmakers, the magazine's reporters weren't digging for dish. They were having fun, along with the rest of the crowd. After all that's been written, after thirty years of feuds and rapprochements, this was a family affair.

Arista Records president Clive Davis with Martha Stewart and Mayor Ed Koch.

***New York's* editor, Caroline Miller, and publisher, Amy Churgin.**

Johnnie Cochran with Jimmy Rodriguez, of Jimmy's Bronx Cafe.



Def Jam CEO Russell Simmons with his fiancée Kimora Lee.

Jerry Della Femina and his wife, Judy Licht, with Michael Kors, the designer, standing against a wall of *New York* covers.

Nightclub impresario Ingrid Casares with her partner, Chris Paciello.

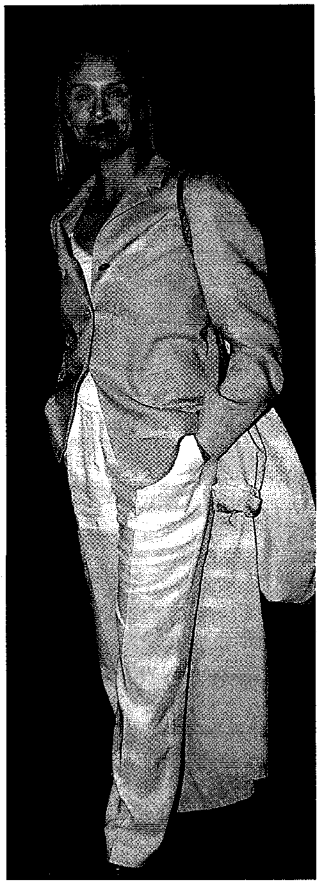
A *Spy* reunion: Anne Kreamer, *The New Yorker*'s Susan Morrison, writer Tad Friend, *New York*'s George Kalogerakis, former *New York* editor (and current *New Yorker* columnist) Kurt Andersen, and writers Lisa Birnbach and Larry O'Donnell.

Former *New York* editor and publisher Joe Armstrong and Barbara Walters.

Donatella Arpaia, owner of Bellini, with Chris Cuomo, of Fox News.

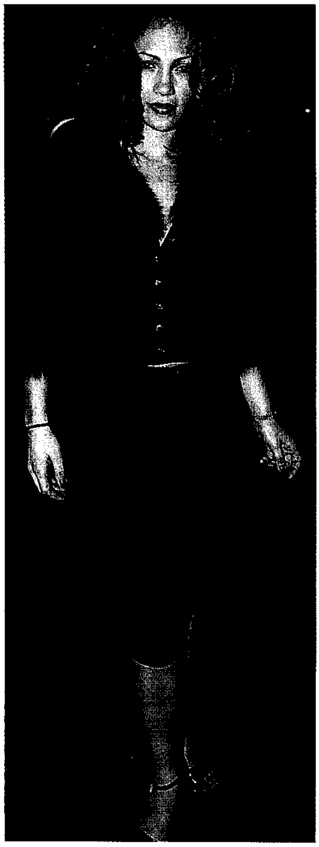
The Reverend Al Sharpton and *New York's* Ariel Kaminer.

Raven Toney with *The Capeman's* Roger Mazzeo, Ednita Nazario, and Marc Anthony.

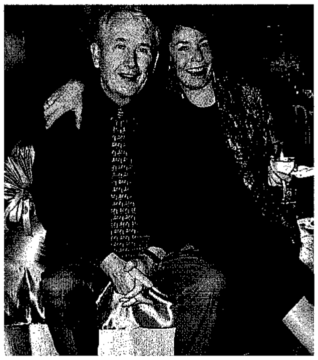

Lauren Hutton, arriving.

Condé Nast's James Truman with French *Vogue's* Joan Juliet Buck.

Cosmo girl Helen Gurley Brown with her husband, producer David Brown.


Jennifer Lopez on the dance floor.

Hearst Magazines's Cathie Black, with Primedia's CEO, William Reilly.


Former Stuyvesant teacher Frank McCourt with his wife, Ellen Frey.

Julie Baumgold and Michael Daly with former *New York* editor Ed Kosner.

Giorgio Armani and Ivana Trump.

THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

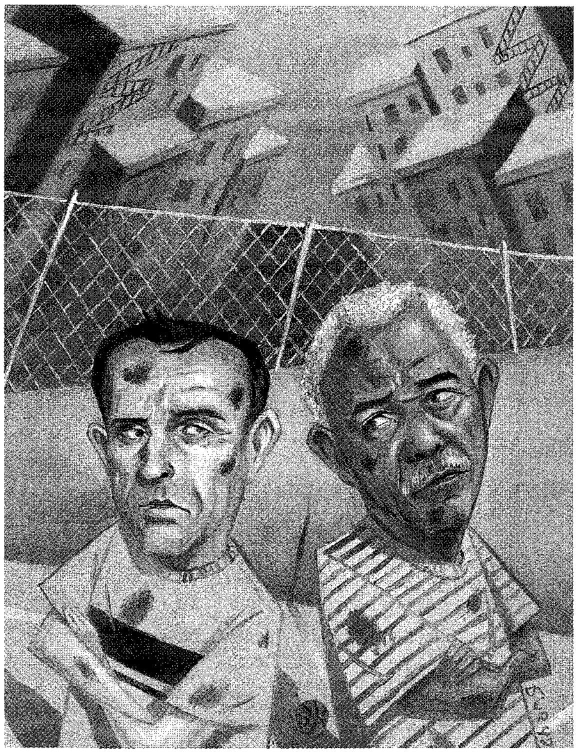
Slam Dink

In November, Mayor Giuliani vowed to bring all New Yorkers into the tent, but his relentless heckling of David Dinkins has done just the opposite.

FOR THE PAST QUARTER-CENTURY or so, New York City's consumer protector, whoever it happened to be at the time, has held a press conference at Passover announcing that the city would cast a dour eye on the practice of kosher-food price-gouging. It has long been understood to be the consumer-affairs chief's moment of sunshine and has never required the mayor's personal attention.

Until this year.

We might ask why Rudy Giuliani, the day after he stood with Yankel Rosenbaum's parents to announce the Crown Heights settlement, felt the need to host the Passover press conference himself. At one point, Giuliani literally elbowed his poor commissioner, Jules Polonetsky, out of the way of the microphones and cameras. God may have spared the Israelites' first-born, but Rudy wanted it to be known that it was he who fed their descendants at a fair price.



Mayors behaving badly: Giuliani and Dinkins duke it out.

LET'S GO BACK TO THE GIULIANI of last November, when he stood on Election Night before his admirers in a Hilton ballroom acknowledging somberly that perhaps he had not governed in such a way that every New Yorker felt part of the team. "We have to do a better job to include all of you," he promised; he didn't say so explicitly, but obviously he meant black people. The next day, he paid a call on Queens minister Floyd Flake and told reporters he owed much of his victory margin to minority voters. There was reason to believe that maybe the second-term Rudy would handle race a little differently.

Since then, he's mocked his own task force on police brutality and belittled the city's only black mayor at every opportunity. He has not made one gesture, of even the most cheaply symbolic sort, to black New Yorkers. We can guess about the motives of this man who hungers for the Republican Party's nomination for president someday, but whatever the motivation, the facts are as they are.

It's not that he was wrong to settle the Crown Heights lawsuit. The amount of the settlement, $1.1 million, isn't much, given that the community was subjected to a harrowing three days and that the Rosenbaums suffered the worst tragedy human beings can suffer. However you wish to define the negligence of David Dinkins and former police commissioner Lee Brown, the moral heart of the matter is that the city badly mishandled the rioting, and restitution makes sense.

But the mayor sure settled it in the worst possible way. The showy apology, the constant drubbing of Dinkins, the smug look on his face as Fay Rosenbaum, Yankel's mother, said she was sure her son "would be alive today" if Giuliani had been mayor (which even Giuliani has in the past acknowledged is in all likelihood not true). He's not so stupid that he can't see how dishonest and divisive this is, or that blacks interpret his constant hammering of Dinkins as something more general and pervasive. He just doesn't care.

There's not much good to say about Dinkins either. The ex-mayor threw the first punch when he accused Giuliani of "kowtowing" to a powerful interest as word of the settlement was leaked. His "olive branch" of dinner for four *chez* Dink showed more cheek than I ever thought the man capable of—when do you suppose Rudy and Donna last shared a meal, at least one to which both arrived without either a lawyer or a taster?—and that little tear he called forth at his press conference when he mentioned his wife, Joyce, was a nice touch. But Dinkins knows that offers made on television are offers designed to be turned down.

They sound like third-graders in the schoolyard, except that the words of third-graders in the schoolyard don't have civic consequences. Suppose that last week, a black kid and a Hasidic kid had got into a fistfight, or a Lubavitcher driver had hit a black pedestrian, or vice versa. The heat that Dinkins and Giuliani had both so irresponsibly turned up just might have taken an always jumpy neighborhood over the edge again. Still might. If they hate each other that much, let them sort it out with boxing gloves or cards, but not at our expense.

This spitball contest would be merely entertaining, or disgusting, if the stakes weren't so high. New York, like virtually every major city in America, has spent the past three decades looking for a mayor who could speak persuasively to minorities and white ethnics alike. Ed Koch couldn't do it; Dinkins couldn't; no mayor in America I can think of has done it (although Harold Washington

Illustration by Michelle Chang.

might have been on his way when he died).

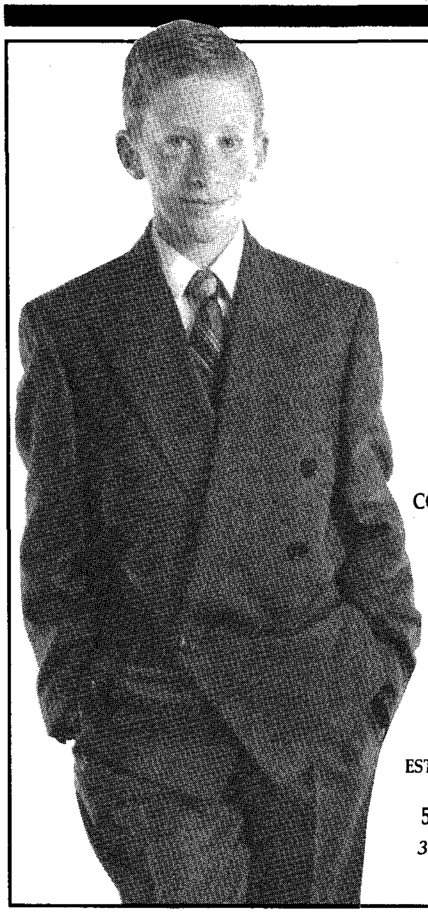
Paradoxically, though, it shouldn't be hard for Giuliani to do. Post-civil-rights-era big-city liberalism has always been hostile to white ethnics, and white ethnics have been hostile to it (see Jonathan Reider's indispensable *Canarsie: The Jews and Italians of Brooklyn Against Liberalism*, a 1985 work that's been rewritten a thousand times since). But 1998 is not 1968, and a man who's got the ethnics on his side can afford to make overtures.

Gavin Cato's parents, like the Rosenbaums, suffered a horrifying blow. It's true that there is no moral equivalence between an accident and a murder. But how hard would it be for Giuliani to invite the Catos to Gracie Mansion? Hold prayer meetings with the local ministry? Dedicate a playground to Gavin Cato's memory? Just whom would this upset? No reasonable person, surely; only frothing ethnocentrists. That Giuliani hasn't done any of these things tells us much about who he imagines his constituency to be.

Speaking of Gavin Cato, and of lawsuits: Shortly after the accident, the Cato family filed a suit against the Lubavitcher rebbe, the city, and a few other plaintiffs, seeking redress for their son's death. This, you may recall, was the suit that led Al Sharpton to fly to Israel to try to serve papers on Yosef Lifsh, the driver whose car killed the child ("Go to hell!" someone shouted at Sharpton at Ben-Gurion Airport. "I am in hell already!" came the reply). The trip was a publicity stunt, and the suit was left in the trusty hands of Colin Moore, onetime race hero who was later suspended from practice for failing to do any real work on behalf of his (mostly black) clients.

Seven years later, according to a spokesman in the city's legal department, the suit languishes in "a sort of minimal-threshold discovery" phase. Sharpton acknowledged to me last week that he had no idea where the suit stood. If the Lubavitchers do have disproportionate political power, maybe in part it's because they do things like follow through on their lawsuits.

There's an old lecture-circuit joke about the dinner guest jabbering away as the speaker squawks on. Finally, someone on the dais flings a bottle of wine at the rude diner, who tumbles to the floor but yells, "Hit me again, I can still hear him." When any of the above mentions Crown Heights again, keep that wine bottle handy.



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THE SPIRITUAL CITY DEBRA NUSSBAUM COHEN

Kosher for Passover?

As more and more Christians hold Seders to get in touch with their Jewish roots, some rabbis see appropriation, not appreciation.

AT A RECENT SEDER IN THE MIDwood section of Brooklyn, guests recited the four questions in four languages: English, Hebrew, Spanish, and Creole. Held, of all places, at Our Lady of Refuge Elementary School, the Seder was led by Alvin Kass, the rabbi at the East Midwood Jewish Center, and attended by 320 people, only a third of whom were Jewish—the rest, representing the cultural mix of the area, were primarily Caribbean and Latino. The Seder attendees sang out the Passover standard "Day'enu"; they also sang the black spiritual "Go Down, Moses."

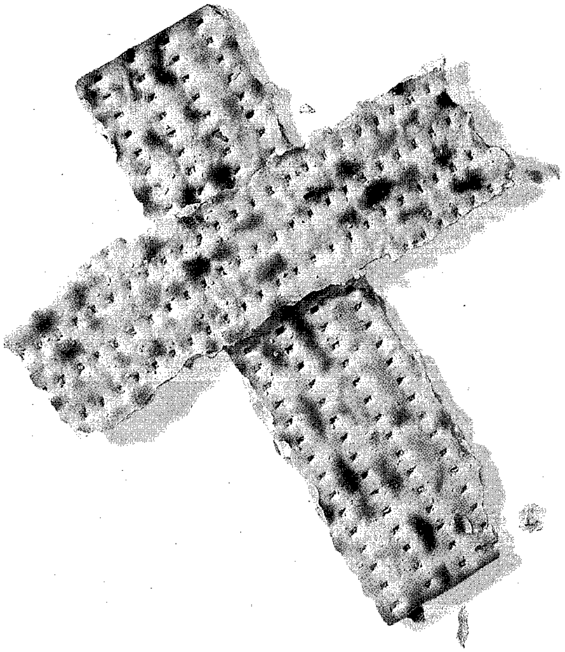
"At times during the Seder, parallel passages from the New Testament were read," says Goldie Satt-Arrow, a member of East Midwood. "If that happened in my own home, I would say that was weird. But in that context, it was wonderful."

The Seder at Our Lady of Refuge reflected in part the congregation's will to make sure that "Crown Heights doesn't happen here," explains Father Andrew Struzzieri, the church's pastor, who initiated the evening and helped lead the participants. But Struzzieri says his congregants also feel the ritual has important spiritual resonance for them, given that Christ's last supper is thought to have been a Seder.

The three-year-old Midwood tradition, if unusual for its diversity, is far from unique: An increasing number of evangelical, Catholic, and mainline Protestant churches are holding Seders as one way of introducing Christians to the Jewish roots of Jesus.

And they're doing it to mixed reactions from Jewish leaders, depending on whether the ritual is executed in the spirit of appreciation—as at Our Lady of Refuge—or appropriation, as at Seders where Christian versions of the Haggadah are substituted for the Liturgy and the symbols reinterpreted. Jews for Jesus has walked congregations through a Christian reinterpretation of the Seder's rituals in at least 100 churches in the New York area, says Jews for Jesus branch director Bob Mendelsohn.

"It's stealing something from me, and leaves me feeling like I've been rolled over," says Rabbi A. James Rudin, interreligious-affairs director at the American Jewish Committee, who generally objects to Seders entirely led by non-Jews. "They're playing with sacred religious symbols, not just taking over someone's folk tale. It doesn't leave any theological space for Jews and Judaism."



"My sympathies lie with the Jews," says Randall Balmer, an expert on evangelical Christianity and professor of religion at Barnard College. "They see this as a kind of Christian imperialism, and I tend to agree with them."

A host of recent developments in religious circles has contributed to Christians' interest in their Jewish roots, not least among them the mainstreaming of Jewish culture (hence, the apple-cinnamon bagel). But this interest has also been fueled by an academic shift at divinity schools away from a parochial, didactic approach and toward a more embracing study of comparative religion, says Balmer. Everything from the approaching millennium to the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls is thought to have fed this distinct new focus on early Christian history. "One Catholic woman on the Seder's planning committee said we should start studying the Hebrew Bible like Jewish people do," says Sister Celia Deutsch, one of the planners of the Midwood celebration. "I don't know where that will go."

Some mainline churches, as well as "messianic" groups like Jews for Jesus and Chosen People Ministries, apply a Christological overlay to the traditional Seder, often using any one of a number of recently published, modified Haggadahs put out by those ministries, says Julius Ciss, executive director of Canada's Jews for Judaism, a counter-missionary group. At Calvary Baptist Church, a multiracial, evangelical congregation that regularly holds Seders at the Hotel Salisbury on 57th Street, next door to its church, the matzo's holes are seen as symbols of the holes where Jesus was pierced by the nails in the cross; at other churches' services, the salt water, which to Jews represents the tears of Israelite slaves under Egyptian rule, is recast as the tears Jews will shed when they realize they've killed their Messiah. With the Seder, Calvary draws in Jews in the hopes of converting them to a belief in Jesus.

For decades, Catholic churches melded their Holy Thursday service, at which congregants wash one another's feet in emulation of Jesus's treatment of his disciples, with a Passover Seder. But in 1988, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops issued guidelines: "It is becoming familiar in many parishes and Catholic homes to participate in a Passover Seder during the Holy Week," the guidelines stated. "It is wrong, however, to baptize the Seder by ending it with New Testament readings

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

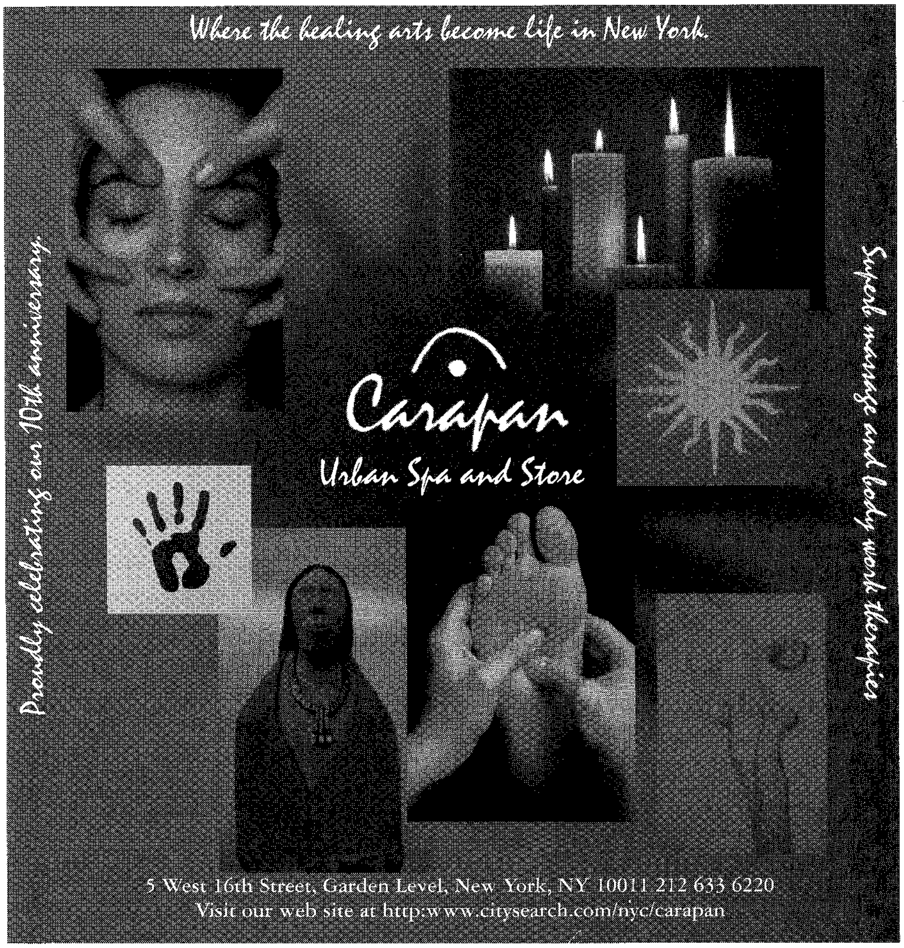
about the Last Supper or worse, turn it into a prologue to the Eucharist. Such mergings distort both traditions."

A more typical Catholic approach in recent years takes place on the Upper East Side, at St. Jean Baptiste Catholic School on 75th Street, which hosted a Seder this year on March 30. Although Bruce Ruben, a cantor at the Upper East Side's Temple Shaaray Tefila, leads the Seder, at some point during the evening a priest discusses the Catholic Holy Week. For the past 24 years, advertising executive Walter Higgins, a Roman Catholic, has attended the Seder with his wife, Barbara, who by now makes a respectable charoset (the mixture of apple, honey, and nuts that represents the mortar enslaved Jews worked with). "It's a wonderful setting of conviviality," he says. For Higgins, the annual event "just takes me a little farther back chronologically" into the history of his faith.

A more provocative customizing of rituals occurs every year at the Clarkstown Reformed Church in West Nyack, where the Reverend James Parsons holds a Seder on Maundy Thursday, the Thursday before Easter, believed to be when Jesus shared the last supper with his disciples. Parsons, who uses a Haggadah printed by a Lutheran press, ends the Seder by presenting the Eucharist in emulation of how Jesus is thought to have first presented it at the Last Supper, with the matzo and the third of the four cups of wine that each guest drinks.

And at the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church in Fort Greene, Brooklyn, at the "Last Supper Seder," congregants have fed one another the matzo, washed one another's feet, and also read from a Haggadah published by the Lutheran Church (this year, they've eliminated the washing of the feet). Lafayette Avenue's Reverend David Dyson sees the practice as "an act of religious solidarity with our Jewish brothers and sisters. We're not attempting to co-opt Judaism," he says. "We're doing this out of profound respect and recognition."

No one objects to commonality; in fact, at Passover, Jews traditionally open their doors to guests. But when the trajectory of the Christian Seder obscures the original intent of the ritual—to tell the story of the Jewish exodus—Rabbi Rudin, for one, thinks both faiths suffer. "Some Christians want to drink the wine and eat the matzo because that's what Jesus did, and it makes them feel closer to him," says Rudin. "But when you don't let the Seder speak authentically as a Jewish story, and superimpose Christian symbols and triumphalism—you lose Jesus." ▬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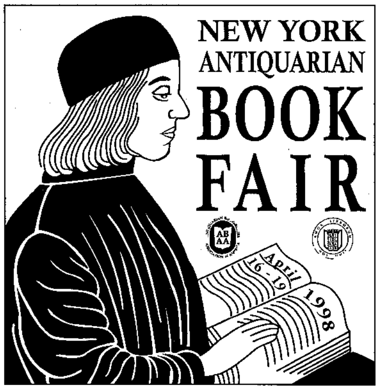

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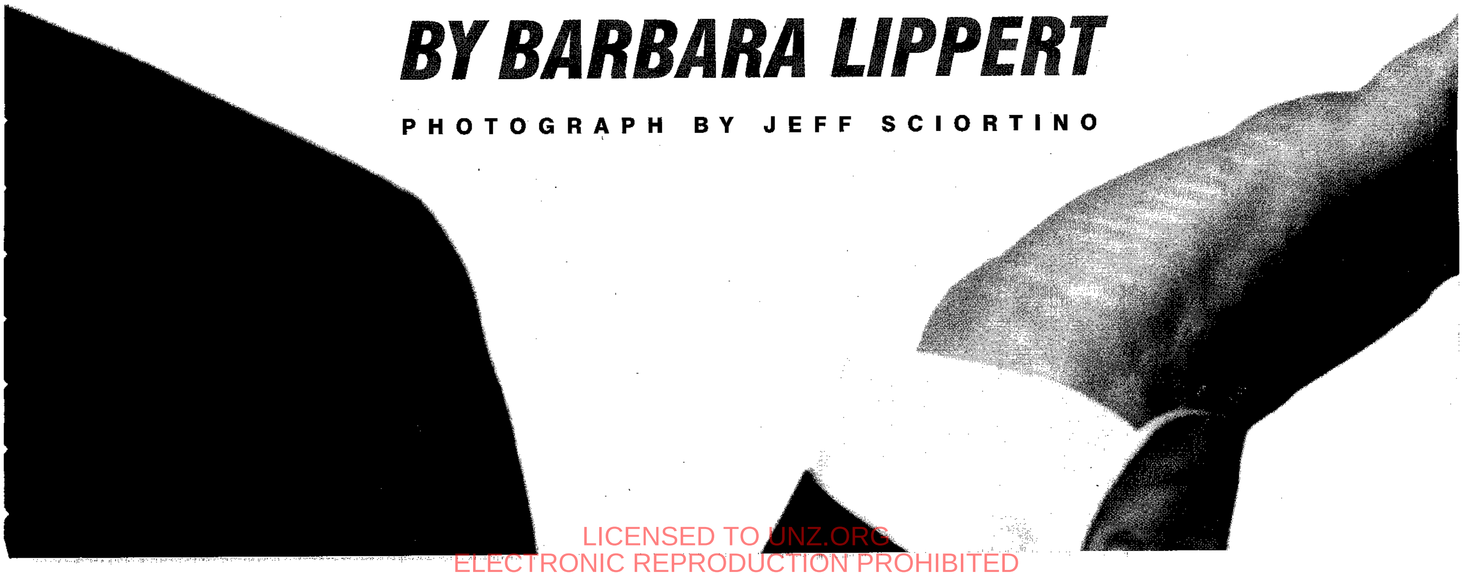
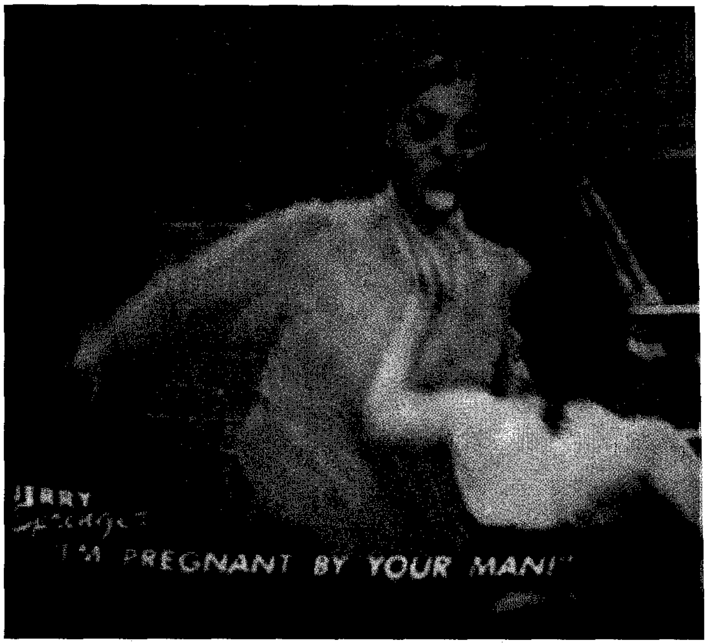
The Jerry Springer Show *is the most voyeuristic, violent, obscenity-laden program on TV. But if you disapprove, that's not Jerry's problem. "Hey," he says. "That's America."*

BY BARBARA LIPPERT

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF SCIORTINO



GET JERRY SPRINGER STARTED on the subject of what is tragic and exploitative on TV, and he does no soul searching. Instead, you'll get an aggressive lecture on elitism, racism, and the nightly news. Particularly the horrors of such *really* degrading programming as *60 Minutes* and CNN's *Crossfire*. "I'm guilty because I did it for ten years," says Springer, referring to his days in the newsroom in Cincinnati. "God is gonna be a lot more tolerant of what I'm doing now than of when I was a news anchor." ■ Springer is sitting in his modest office on the second floor of Chicago's NBC Tower, surrounded by shiny corporate knickknacks and his collection of baseball memorabilia under glass. Tanned, in jeans and a turtleneck, the 54-year-old host of the *Jerry Springer Show* is just back from Jamaica, where he taped two shows for MTV's *Spring Break '98*. His on-air uniform—blue Armani suit, with a white shirt and tie already in place—hangs on a coat rack near the door, firehouse-style. He has the trim, compact body and oversize head of a TV anchor, though his horn-rimmed glasses and blondish, layered locks are an unusual combo, suggesting a scholarly lounge crooner. Still, there's something of the intense politician—which he once was—about him. Imagine channeling Robert Redford via Jack Benny, or having Mr. Rogers and Dick Gephardt preside over a cable porn show, and you get an idea of the head-spinning contradictions within Jerry Springer. And then there's the fact that he, of all people, refuses to talk about his personal life.


JERRY
Springer
"I'M PREGNANT BY YOUR MAN!"

Springer is the first to admit that *Springer* may well be "the stupidest show in the world"—something his many, many detractors, who consider the talk show part of a foulmouthed assault on public values that includes *South Park* and Howard Stern, would be quick to second. Appearing on stage to discuss topics like "Newlyweds Headed for Divorce" and "Honey, I'm a Call Girl," the "actual real people" (as the producers call the guests) tend to pummel and smack one another before even sitting down to say hello. Sometimes the fighting gets so out of control that security guards pile on, turning the struggle into a human sandwich.

But Springer—who loves Elvis and the First Amendment, who was an aide to Bobby Kennedy and a mayor and news anchor in Cincinnati, and who now Groucho-walks among the Colosseum-style masses in his audience—does not look down upon his guests. "I'm just a schlub with a show," he says. And he argues that his show works precisely because he doesn't judge.

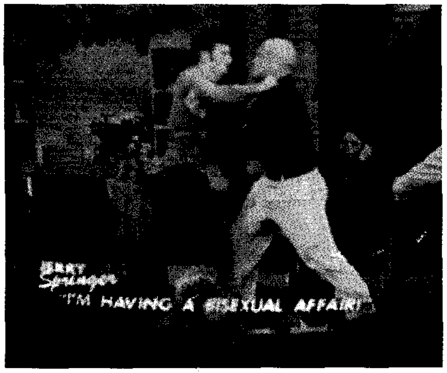
"ACTUAL REAL PEOPLE":
Springer dismisses the idea that his show exploits people and their problems; all his guests, he says, appear voluntarily.

"No adult ought to tell another adult what to believe," he says. "The critics are angry because they don't like the fact that these people are on television. Everything on television is representative of an upper-middle-class white perspective. Even when you have black anchors, they have to speak upper-middle-class white. We are so molded into this single perspective that it is just offensive to these people that suddenly there is something on television that isn't like them."

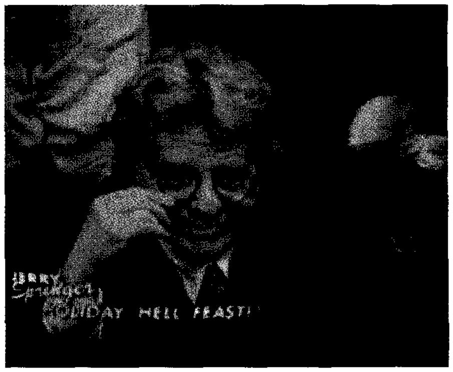
He's into a well-practiced riff. "Our show is rough and vulgar," he says, working up some Roseanne-grade gusto, "but that is a segment of American life, and once in a while if you have a show that reflects that, hey, learn to live with it, because that's America!"

The program, he insists straight-faced, is "not about exploitation. . . . It teaches the futility of fighting."

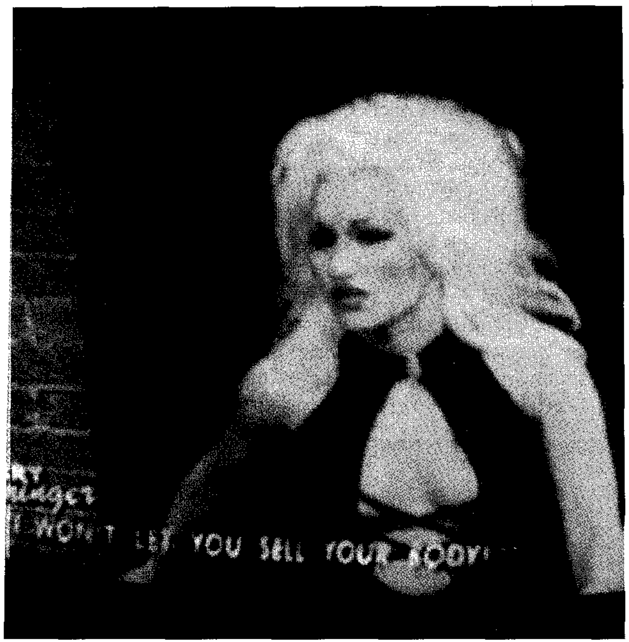
WHATEVER THE DISJUNCTION BETWEEN THE SHOW OF THE MOMENT and the man behind it, *Jerry Springer* has experienced a manic growth spurt since last summer. It outperforms *Oprah* as the No. 1–rated daytime syndicated show in many markets; in some cases, viewer numbers are up more than 200 percent (no doubt boosted by the success of the *Too Hot for TV* outtakes video). And because of the seismic response, many stations air *Springer* twice, even three times a day. (Here in New York, where it runs on WB11, there's a rerun at 9:00 A.M., which is cutting into Regis and Kathie Lee's ratings; the

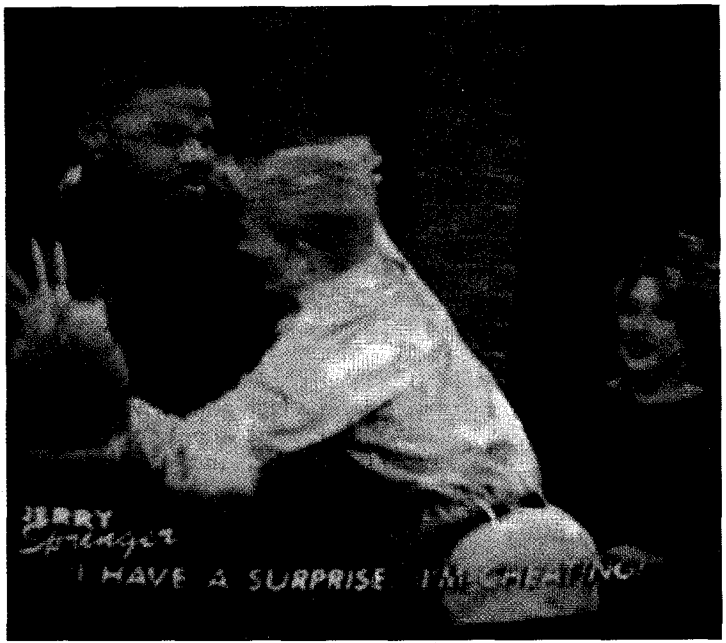

JERRY
Springer
"I'M HAVING A BISEXUAL AFFAIR!"

JERRY
Springer
"MY LOVER IS A CHEAT!"



Previous page: hair and makeup by Joyce Taft; styling by Lisa Perry. This page: photographs by Adrian De Lucca.


I WON'T LET YOU SELL YOUR BODY!


JERRY
Springer
I HAVE A SURPRISE I'M CHEATING

"If ever a public figure could reach across a class divide of elitism, it was Bobby Kennedy. He would really feel for the people on our show."

first-run show, at 11:00 A.M., is crushing the competition.)

For years, advertisers on *Springer* were the predictable low-rent hawkers: psychic hot lines, injury lawyers, and bill consolidators. But now mainstream advertisers like movie studios and pharmaceutical companies are slowly starting to buy time. "When the audience is that huge, it's got to be more than trailer parks," says one media director. "The 1997–98 season will, no doubt, be remembered as Jerry Springer's year," wrote Marc Berman, of Seltel, a TV-research firm, in a memo to client stations. "It . . . is the fastest growing show in syndication ever. This is a show that has taken independent stations from worst to first in many markets."

Of course, not everyone is elated over *Jerry Springer*'s explosive growth. Last week in Las Vegas, addressing the National Association of Broadcasters convention, former Education secretary William Bennett and Senator Joseph Lieberman singled out *Springer* as the worst kind of trash and urged broadcasters to yank it off the air. "Set a floor below which you'll not go to make a profit," said Lieberman. More surprisingly, a network president, ABC's Robert Iger, said, "I question the logic of putting him on the air, and I believe the entire industry suffers from the association."

The backlash could explain why USA Networks Studios, the Barry Diller–owned producer-distributor of *Jerry Springer,* announced new "efforts to minimize further altercations between guests," including stepped-up security, and a strongly worded disclaimer—for voluntary use by stations—urging parents not to allow kids to watch. Or maybe management is just worried (and rightly so) that this new sports-like entertainment—extreme guesting—will end in tragedy. But USA Networks Studios executive vice-president Henry Schleiff claims the move is also to keep the product "fresh and nonredundant."

"As smart programmers," he says, "we were concerned about keeping the show from becoming a passing fancy. We'll still have the tension and the gesturing and the threatening," he adds reassuringly, as if listing various gourmet delicacies. "But we're also taking a lesson from competitors. Another show that has grown tremendously is *Judge Judy.* What you have there is confrontation without the physical. I would argue that *Judge Judy* is *Jerry Springer* for the Mensa group."

NON-MENSA, NONIDEOLOGICAL, AND NONAUTHORITARIAN—*Jerry Springer* is the first program in history to sweep the Nielsens by focusing on freaky threesomes. In the past year, the producers have abandoned broader material like 680-pound moms and KKK members in favor of a sort of Rainbow Coalition of interracial, homo-, hetero-, and bisexual love triangles and rectangles. There's the dominatrix and her two slaves, one a hermaphrodite, the other a transsexual. There's the pierced, tattooed, spidery Goth girl involved with the wispy, goateed guy—at least until she brings her *other* lover out, another Goth girl–cum–Megadeth-worshiper type. There are the exotic dancers in hair extensions and purple nails and tiny spandex dresses and platform heels cheating on their girlfriends (who also go for hair extensions and purple nails and spandex and cheating). And there's that stylin' married man, in freshly laundered Hilfiger, who cheated on his sweet, chubby, clueless wife with an obese, mean mistress and then, for the *pièce de résistance,* brought out his splay-collared, disco-suited boyfriend. ("I should have known you were gay when I saw your pink pager!" cried the wife.)

Perhaps the most groundbreaking, and democratizing, fact about *Springer* is that the interracial or homosexual aspects of these couplings are taken for granted. It's the human betrayal that the producers orchestrate. But there again, it's not like other talk shows, where guests cry or sit in mute rage. It's packaged action spectacle, like pro wrestling—and producers even provide food and flowers for the participants' throwing pleasure.

Jerry is the lightly Queens-accented voice of God coming from the wilderness of the audience (he says he stays in the back because he's "a chicken"). Otherwise, the action is under-scored only by a string of squashed, squawking, awkward interrupted sounds, the pitch of expletives deleted and security guys shouting "Sit down." It is the cartoon #$%&*@! made literal, an electronic tongue blocked by censors. Television at its most reduced and postliterate, *Jerry Springer*'s great achievement is that it's the talk show that has all but obliterated talk.

In its place, America's new No. 1 show gives us butting heads—the perfect visual metaphor for the breakdown of communication, if not civilization.

IN SPRINGER'S OWN PERVERSE, PARALLEL MORAL UNIVERSE, HE speaks proudly of never having had anyone associated with the O.J. trial or Clinton's female troubles on his show. And perhaps with the dismissal of the Paula Jones suit, Springer's got a point about the hypocrisy of the high-minded but relentless coverage by Sam and Cokie and Ted Koppel. But in giving voice to a different population of talking—albeit often bleeped-out—heads, Springer places himself less in the canon of Sally Jessy, Ricki, and Montel and more in line with Abraham, Martin, and John.

"I've never had to change my politics," Springer likes to say about his transformation from sixties anti-establishment idealist to talk-show high sleazario. "If there's anything in this absurdity, it's that much of the constituency that voted for me—black, white, blue-collar, inner-city, disenfranchised—is still with me. I never had to take back a position."

He sees the media criticism of his show as "the ultimate bias of elitism and racism. We really do believe we are superior," he says, "just because we went to better schools and speak English better."

The distinction between shrill political argument and physically wigging out over sexual relationships doesn't register with him. "Why doesn't anyone ever say, 'Why do you go on *Crossfire* with all that yelling?' Some of the stuff on that show is much more damaging. But because they wear jackets and ties and have titles and are rich, then we don't judge?"

Asked what his old hero Robert F. Kennedy might think of his show, Springer replies, "If there was ever a public figure who could reach across a class divide of elitism to understand what you're feeling, it was Bobby Kennedy. He would really, really feel for the people on our show."

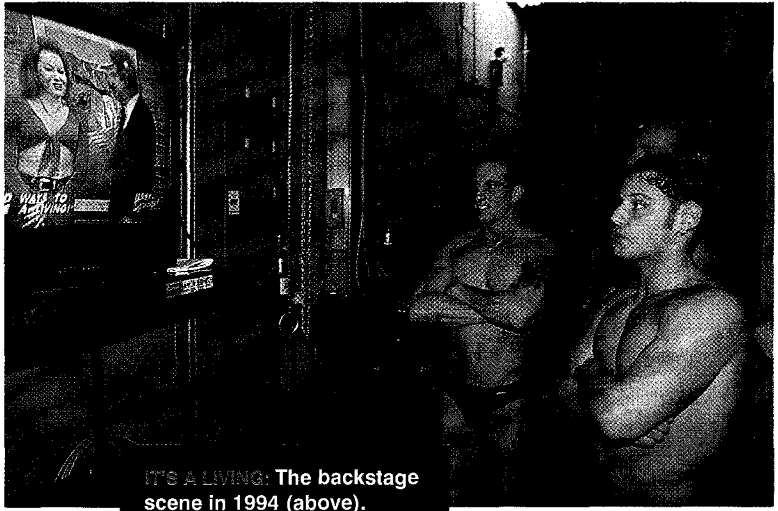
'WHAT HE SAYS IS CONFUSING, BECAUSE there are huge elements of truth to it," says Joshua Gamson, who teaches sociology at Yale and is the author of the just-published *Freaks Talk Back: Tabloid Talk Shows and Sexual Nonconformity (University of Chicago Press).* Gamson started researching the book in the wake of the murder of Scott Amedure by Jonathan Schmitz, who was humiliated on the *Jenny Jones* show when Amedure announced that he had a crush on him. The trial and lawsuit have had a withering effect on the surprise setups and tabloid content of talk shows, sending many back to the safer confines of makeovers and weight loss.

"The appeal of Springer is transgression and rebellion, but it's a bit of an empty rebellion," Gamson says. "Springer might be representing people who otherwise wouldn't be on television, but that does nothing to empower those people. . . . He's smartly playing into the structure where the range of images is narrow. He has somehow managed to position himself as the alternative. But the alternative ends up being really narrow in itself. . . . Empowering means more than display."

While it's true that the guests on display are not members of the credentialed, chattering class who appear as pundits on TV, it's also the case that they satisfy a sort of reverse formula, playing into classic stereotypes of lower-class behavior that's pure Stanley Kowalski: out-of-control, over-the-top, irrational and violent.

A recent *Springer* segment called "Love Against the Odds" presented an encore appearance by an armless, legless woman in a sleeveless dress. At the breaks, she flapped the stumps of her upper arms to applaud, but lest we feel any compassion, she also launched a bleep-bleep-bleeped verbal assault on her ex-husband, accusing him of stealing her money for crack. He more than returned the favor, pointing out that he has a MasterCard, that he makes $12.75 an hour, and that furthermore she's a whore.

Springer won't concede even the possibility that his show exploits human suffering, no matter that some of the segments amount to little more than class voyeurism. He constructs his own personal high road out of the fact that appearances on the show are voluntary. Most guests connect by responding to the 800-number that runs onscreen, accompanied by text like ARE YOU PREGNANT BY A MAN WHO HAS ANOTHER WOMAN PREGNANT AND YOU WANT TO MAKE A DECISION? They get plane fare, a limo ride, a hotel room, and food vouchers. They can also dip into the show's wardrobe closet, which offers long-sleeved shirts for tattooed men, empire dresses for pregnant teenagers, and beaded backless gowns for transvestites.

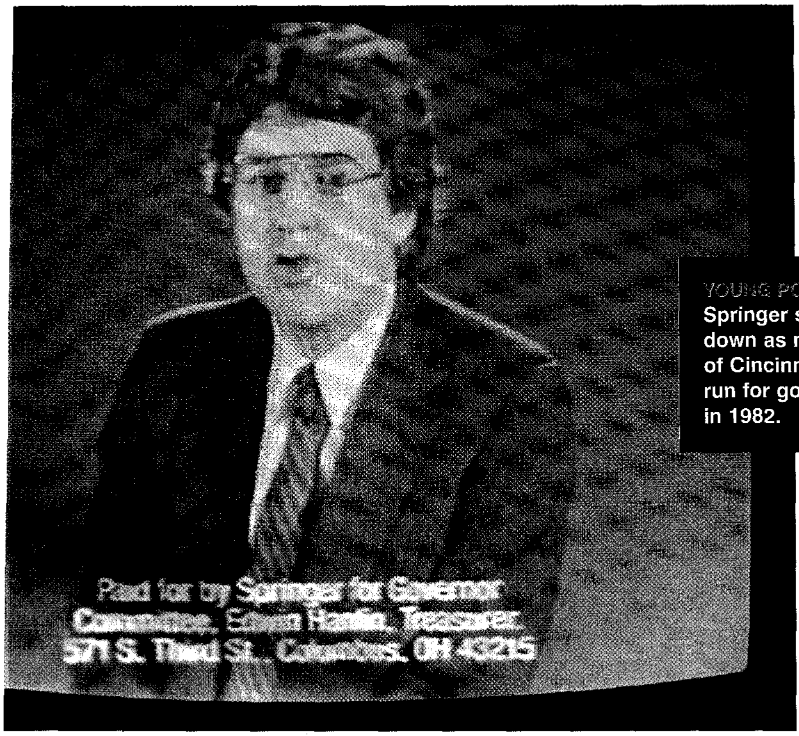


IT'S A LIVING: **The backstage scene in 1994 (above). In 1995, Springer recorded a country-and-western CD that included a song about a talk-show host.**

JERRY'S PARENTS, MARGOT AND RICHARD SPRINGER (NOW BOTH DEceased), were German Jews who escaped through the underground to London three weeks before World War II broke out. "My father was an air-raid warden," Springer says. "He'd stand on top of a building with a helmet and a whistle." Jerry and his older sister, Evelyn, were born in London, and the family traveled on the *Queen Mary* to New York in 1949. He was 5. The Springers settled in the safe haven of Kew Gardens, Queens. "I am the son of a vendor. My father made and sold stuffed animals on the Jersey coasts and beaches," he says. "I remember loading up the samples in the car. My mother was a clerk in a bank. They were both very hardworking. Neither of them spoke English very well."

Photographs: top, Paul Elledge/Outline; bottom, Ho/AP/Wide World.

They lived in a “Junior 4” apartment, meaning that Evelyn (now a linguist who teaches French) got the dining area as a bedroom and Gerald, all through his adolescence and until he left for college, slept in a partitioned corner of his parents' room. (“I had a little accordion door, I remember. And God bless them, they gave me the windows.”) He remembers the close familial quarters with such fondness that, he says now, “I was actually thinking of going back and buying the apartment, but of course, if I visit the city I want to be in Manhattan.”


Paid for by Springer for Governor
Committee. Edwin Hastie, Treasurer.
571 S. Third St. Columbus, OH 43215

YOUNG POL: **Springer stepped down as mayor of Cincinnati to run for governor in 1982.**

That kind of goofy sweetness is part of the puzzle of his latest incarnation. Here's a kid who went to P.S. 99, Russell Sage Junior High, and Forest Hills High School, then got a New York Regents scholarship, though he chose to go to Tulane. Arriving in the South in 1962, Springer was drawn to the civil-rights movement. He graduated from Northwestern law school in 1968 and went to work as an aide in Robert F. Kennedy's presidential campaign. Springer was virulently antiwar, and when he joined a Cincinnati law firm in 1969 he worked on a referendum to lower the voting age to 18, even testifying before the Senate Judiciary Committee. (Pictures from this period show Springer in earnest-crusader mode, with aviator glasses and *Welcome Back, Kotter* hair.)

“Stations are using the show as a lead-in to the news. Jerry should get a Peabody Award for bringing more new viewers to the news than anyone in history.”

The referendum died, but Springer stayed in local Cincinnati politics, and at 25 ran for Congress (and lost) on an antiwar platform. He won a city council seat in 1971, but soon found himself living through his own Ohio-Queensboychick version of the Profumo affair.

In December 1973, and again in January 1974, when he was a councilman and newly wed to Micki Velten, a Procter & Gamble administrative aide, Springer visited a massage parlor across the Ohio River in Kentucky. He paid by check—“I didn't have the ten bucks in cash,” he later joked—and was busted by vice cops. He told his wife and family, resigned from his political post, and came clean at a press conference. Springer's honesty worked in his favor. In 1977, he was re-elected and, because he also got a majority of votes, under local law became mayor. He was 33.

From all accounts, Springer was a well-liked, well-respected mayor, known for his intelligence, for his efforts to make a conservative city more compassionate—and for bringing rock and roll to Riverfront Stadium. His biggest personal trial came in 1976, when his daughter Katie was born with considerable physical disabilities. Springer won't talk about his daughter—or even comment on his current marital status—but his official bio says that Katie “was undaunted . . . [and] is a confident college junior and Springer's top priority.”

After two terms, Springer stepped down and ran for governor of Ohio. When he lost, he became a reporter and political commentator for Cincinnati's TV 5, WLWT. That led to a seven-year stint as a popular TV-news anchor, during which he helped move the station to No. 1 in the ratings and won Emmys for investigative reports about droughts in the Sudan and for going underground as a homeless person in New York.

When the company that owned the station offered Springer a talk show in 1991, he was being groomed as the next Phil Donahue. Both were telegenic helmet-heads with liberal bents. Both were articulate and achingly sensitive to the needs of people of color and women. Indeed, Phil was television's first fully feminized male. Jerry might have been the second.

Springer conducted his early shows as mostly serious affairs, covering teenage racism in a Florida high school and survivors of gang violence, and interviewing political figures like Jesse Jackson. After the first year, during which the shows were shot in Ohio, production was moved to Chicago and Springer commuted for a year to keep his news job. Eventually he gave up the shlep. But as one of a pack of hosts in an overcrowded talk cosmos, he was having a tough time breaking through. Then—the story goes—he and his crew noticed that ratings shot up when certain kinds of guests appeared, individuals such as Melvin the Human Blockhead, who hammered nails into his nose.

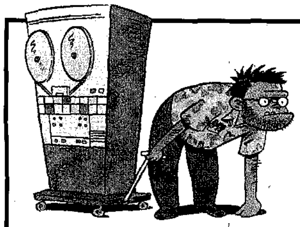
“IT'S NOT LIKE WE DECIDED ONE DAY, 'HEY, LET'S HAVE fights,' ” says Richard Dominick, *Jerry Springer*'s bearlike executive producer. “It was always happening, but our previous owners made us edit those parts out. By the time we did show the confrontational parts, we had learned lessons and gotten pretty polished.”

The hook, ostensibly, is fighting (and what polished fights they are), but *Jerry Springer* is a show driven by the female body. Regardless of the aggressive sexuality shown by most female guests, it's the same old thing: a sanctioned way for frat boys (in the audience and at home) to watch women in revealing outfits. It's also a way for kids deprived of access to the XXX stuff on the Internet or cable TV to feel plugged-in.

The women in love triangles seem to be acting out macho caricatures about wild and horny babes. And the show is so rigidly structured (seven segments, with as

(continued on page 75)

Photograph from AP/Wide World.



THE TECH REPORT

Darwinists, take note: The city's new-media industry has entered the Age of Accountability, wherein balance sheets and business plans suddenly matter. *New York* identifies ten key players who have outlived the hype. **BY RUTH G. DAVIS**

SILICON SURVIVORS

'THE SONG I'M GOING TO PLAY IS CALLED 'You Can't Put Your Arms Around a Memory,' and it's dedicated to Web publishing," announced Tom Watson, the founder of the Silicon Alley newsletter *@NY,* as he stood on the stage of Webster Hall. About 150 people had gathered on a Saturday evening earlier this month for the first Silicon Alley Talent Show. Most of the crowd had spent the past several years toiling away in assorted Silicon Alley start-ups, building their Internet dreams and hoping the masses would come, but Watson didn't have a very inspiring message. "It doesn't pay to try, all the smart boys know why," Watson sang into the mike as he strummed his guitar. "You can't put your arms around a memory."

All the "content" carnage piling up—much of it in New York City's so-called Silicon Alley, which runs roughly down lower Broadway—has recently become too obvious to ignore. Earlier this year, Microsoft's Sidewalk New York and the America Online–funded Digital Cities both laid off staff. In March, the network service provider Icon CMT announced it was pulling the plug on its New York–based Word.com, one of the Web's oldest online magazines. Three weeks ago, Lara Stein, the woman Bill Gates had sent to New York in 1996 to fund projects for the Microsoft Network, went to work for a company that does online promos for First Union Bank.

And if those recent events weren't a clear enough sign of which way the wind was blowing, along came the Silicon Alley Talent Show, in which the Alley's best and brightest performed (actual song and dance, not product demos) to raise money for "independent" Web projects—i.e., the types of Websites that had literally become charity cases.

"Silicon Alley was founded on this idea that new media would blow old media out of the water," says Watson. Three years ago, the idea was that content—created by New York's unparalleled collection of designers, writers, and assorted creative types—was going to rule the new-media industry. California would create the "printing presses," so to speak, of the Web—the physical side of the Internet, the computers and networks that serve as its infrastructure—but New York would be its "publisher."

"But now," says Watson, "it's not about publishing; it's more about direct marketing."

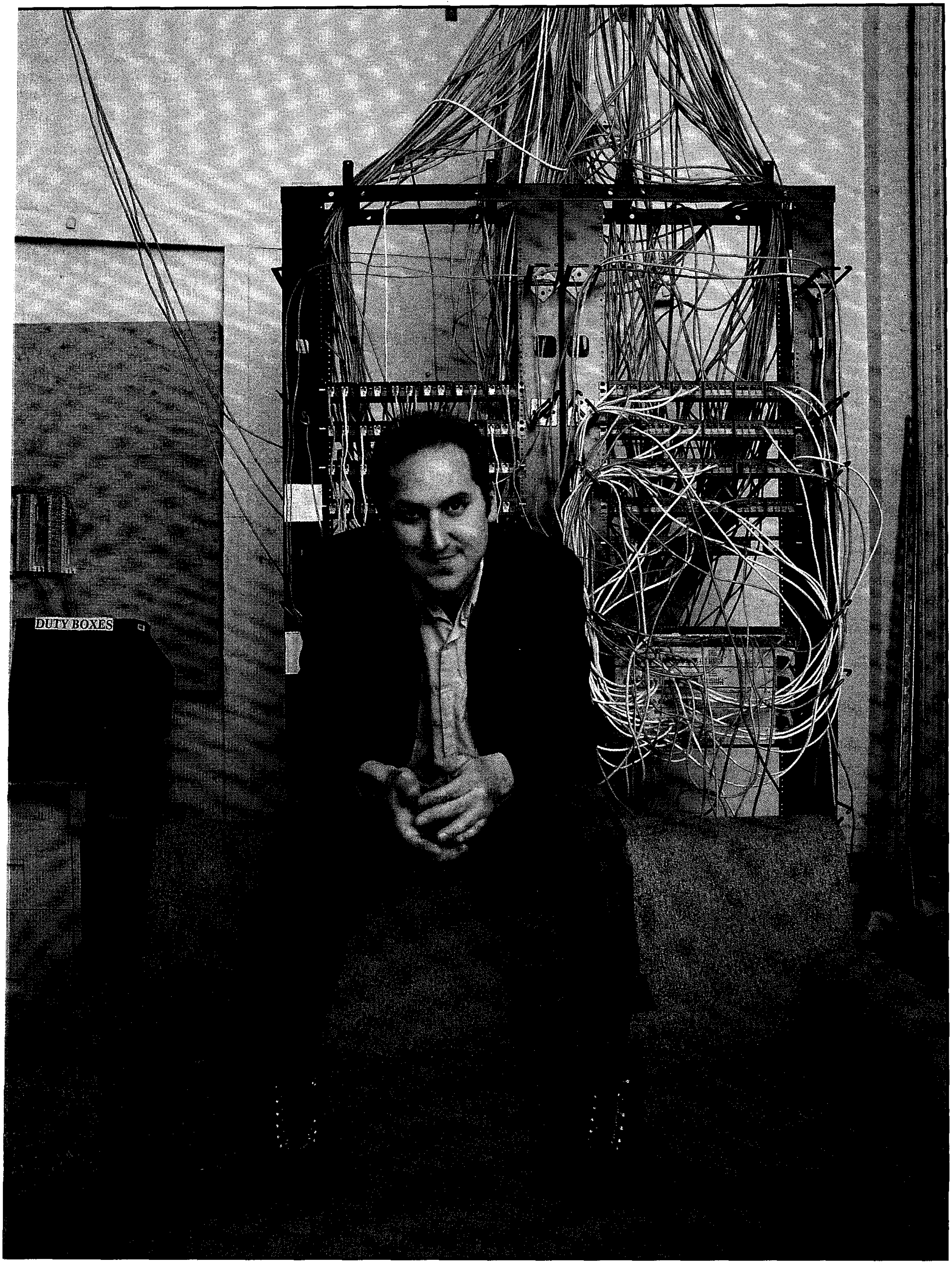
In other words, old-media-slaying Alleyites, finding few sponsors willing to ride out several years of unprofitability, are scrambling to find alternative revenue streams, while the healthiest pure-content sites,

> "In the global perspective, you'd call SonicNet niche media," says Nicholas Butterworth. "It's just a really sweet niche."

Butterworth (opposite page) in SonicNet's nerve center.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID BARRY

Illustrations by A.J. Garc


DUTY BOXES

"The companies here are starving," says Robert Lessin. "They need capital, every one of them, and I can get it for them."

like Nerve.com (the self-described "literate smut" site), have gone offline to secure old-media deals (watch for a paper-and-ink Nerve book, coming soon to a bookstore near you). "It's still interesting," says Watson. "It's just not as exciting."

In the meantime, Alley start-ups of every stripe are suffering through their growing pains. Capital infusions are desperately needed, and the cash isn't easy to find. "This is a problem of evolution, and it's only going to get worse," says Anna Copeland Wheatley, editor of the finance-oriented *Alley Cat News,* which recently sponsored a conference for Silicon Alley companies looking for venture capital—in San Francisco. "That birthing canal is not cozy."

Still, within the past year, a handful of companies and individuals have emerged as key Alley players. With the right partnering arrangements, business models, brands, or niches, these genotypes are now on strong enough footing that they should continue to fare well in the increasingly perilous landscape.

THE ENTERTAINER

AT A TIME WHEN MANY A CASH-STRAPPED CONTENT site is desperate to be bought out, **SonicNet** is happily nestled in the corporate bosom of cable giant TCI, its fourth owner in as many years, while traffic on its newly redesigned site has doubled in the past month. How has it managed to fare so well? SonicNet president Nicholas Butterworth sums it up: "By being a music site, being in New York, not fucking up too badly, staying really focused on the users, and not getting ahead of ourselves."

Let's start with the first point: Music *does* make for an intrinsically good fit on the Web. "There's so much you can do with it, and there's so much that people want to know about it," says Butterworth, "and we have the ability to deliver the music itself." Not only in audio and video form right now, but over cable modems and digital interactive TV-set-top boxes in the future. "TCI gives us access to the next-generation high-bandwidth platform," he notes.

SonicNet has attracted a large following of music groupies (the site logged 3 million page views in March) who check in several times a week (content is updated continually) for news on their favorite bands. It helps, too, that SonicNet targets a demographic that's highly attractive to advertisers: teenagers, college students, and other young adults who are frequent Web surfers and are poised to buy product.

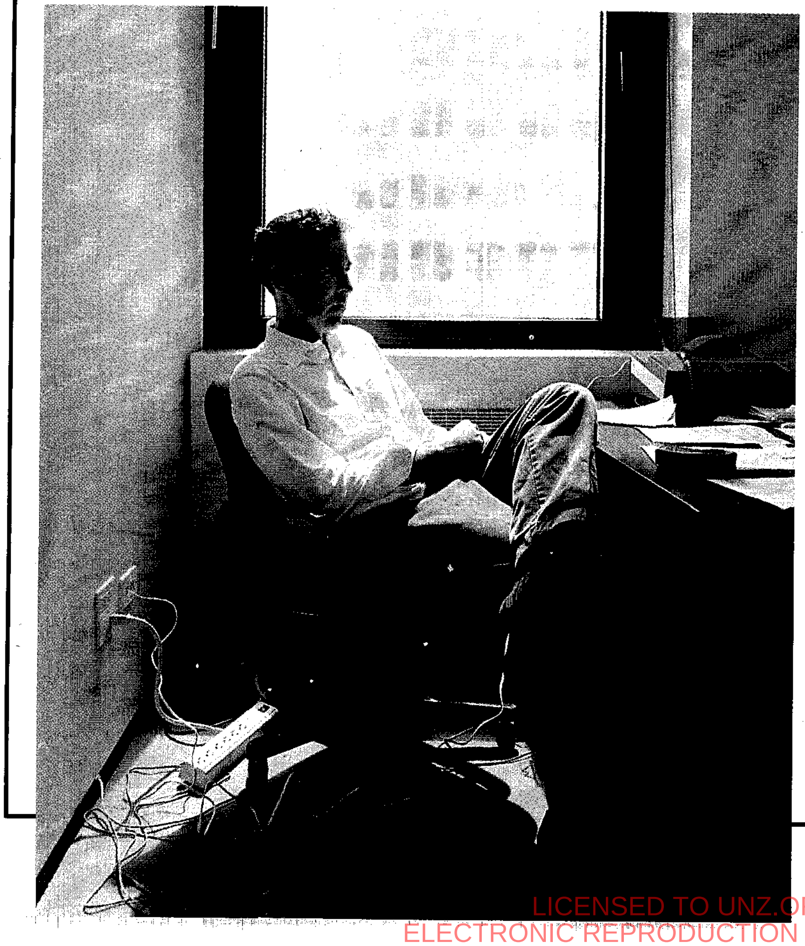
"In the global perspective, you'd call SonicNet niche media," says Butterworth. "It's just a really sweet niche." In the future, Butterworth says, SonicNet, under the umbrella of TCI Music, will expand its revenue mix (beyond advertising) to include subscription fees and pay-per-requests at the higher-bandwidth platforms.

SonicNet got into the online music space way ahead of Rollingstone.com and MTV Online, which is one of the reasons it's now in the position to effectively compete with such heavyweights. "They've got the programming expertise, the deep pockets, and the cross-media promotion," says Mark Mooradian, a senior analyst at Jupiter Communications. "That's what will make or break all these guys."

THE ANGEL

"THE COMPANIES HERE ARE STARVING. THEY need capital, every one of them, and I can get them capital," **Robert Lessin** said on April 2, the day after he quit his job as vice-chairman of Salomon Smith Barney to commit himself fully to Silicon Alley as its leading independent investing "angel." Camped out in his lawyer's office, Lessin seemed to be in slight shock. "My life was Wall Street until yesterday," he said. Still, despite the rather dramatic career change he has just made, Lessin wasn't converted to the Internet overnight. In the beginning of 1997, he made his first investment in a Silicon Alley start-up. "I didn't know anything about it," he says. "Some friends at Smith Barney recommended the deal." Since then, Lessin has invested in about 35 companies in Silicon Alley, including CultureFinder and Medscape, with sums ranging from $100,000 to $1 million of his own money. "I don't invest in anything that's not Internet-related," he says. "It's too profound a trend to be ignored."

If every Wall Street millionaire thought that way, Silicon Alley would now stretch from one end of Manhattan to the other. But the city's wealthiest private investors seem to be relatively gun-shy, at least when it comes to early-stage funding. "It's going to take some time to make that constituency feel comfortable," says Lessin. To speed up the process a bit, he has decided to use his connections to the banking world to become an *Über*-consultant and -investor to young companies. "It's amazing how little capital relative to the resources goes into this area. The West is a creator of technology, and the East is a user of that technology,



Ex-vice-chairman of Smith Barney turned Alley angel Lessin.

and the world is shifting from the former to the latter," says Lessin. "On the West Coast, there's too much money chasing deals. But if you want to be a contrarian, New York is the best market in the world."

THE CAPITALISTS

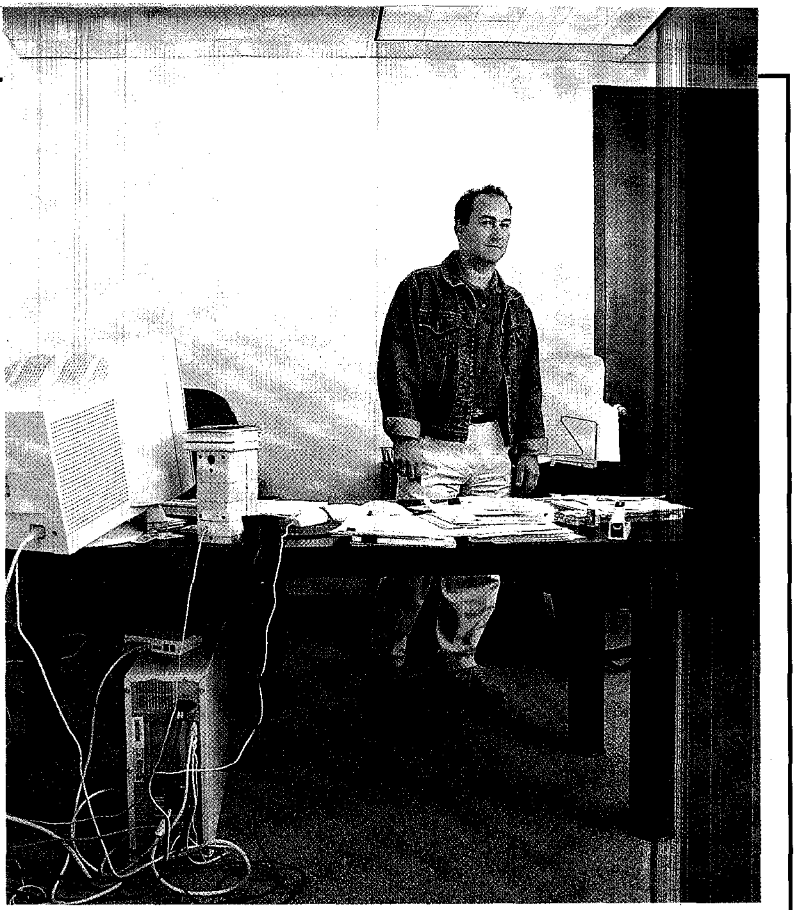
THANKS TO ONLINE BROKERAGE SERVICES LIKE E*Trade, anyone with a little extra cash, a computer, and a modem can now buy and sell stocks with no (human) middleman, bringing the guys behind the sales desks at PaineWebber one step closer to midlife crises. But becoming an early-stage investor, or even being able to snap up some of the hot new IPO at its opening price, hasn't quite reached the mass market—yet.

Since last September, **Wit Capital** has been a cosponsor of ten IPOs with such Wall Street giants as Lehman Brothers and Alex Brown—"though we haven't cracked Morgan Stanley," says Andy Klein, Wit Capital's founder. For each offering, Wit posted a prospectus on its site, sent e-mail notifications to known individual investors, and took orders to buy on a first-come-first-served basis. Wit also plans to offer something it's calling Public Venture Capital, which would consist of registered stock that would be restricted from trading for a certain amount of time. The third prong of Wit's strategy: its Digital Stock Market, which, should it work, could be one of the strongest leveling forces in personal finance since the deregulation of broker's fees in the seventies. Currently if you trade stock as an individual, you end up losing money on the differences in buying and selling prices (the "spread") set by the market-makers. Large institutional traders get to match trades directly through a computerized system, thereby narrowing the spread. In the Digital Stock Market, slated to roll out this summer, buyers and sellers can meet directly online and negotiate down the spread themselves. "There's no doubt that stocks will trade this way for small investors in the future," says Klein. "Look at how much attention people have paid to commissions in the past year or so. The next big wave in retail consciousness is going to be the spread."

The former chief technologist of the NYSE designed Wit's electronic-trading system; top management includes former employees from Salomon Brothers and Merrill Lynch. And the big surprise on Wit's list of investors? The infamous ex–head of Salomon Brothers, John Gutfreund. "The thinking is, 'We're all capitalists, the Internet is now a reality—why not be on the cutting edge?' " Klein says of all the camaraderie.

THE AGENCY

THERE ARE WEBSITE-BUILDERS THAT ARE MUCH cooler than **Agency.com,** ones that have sleek black metal office furniture and throw open-bar parties and wouldn't dare play lite FM when they put callers on hold. But as Agency.com founders Chan Suh and Kyle Shannon know, both having started their Web life in content, cool doesn't pay the bills. (Suh ran the *Vibe* Website, and Shannon founded one of the first online magazines, *Urban Desires.*)



"There's no doubt that stocks will trade this way for small investors in the future," says Andy Klein, who's launching the Digital Stock Market.

Klein in the offices of Wit Capital.

Not that there aren't other Alley Website-builders—so-called agencies—that are making a lot of money. But with its 250 employees, $15 million in revenues, and growth of 145 percent over the past year, Agency.com is perhaps better positioned than any competitor to steamroll its way to the top. (Brand Dialogue currently leads the list at $25 million in '97 revenues, but the company's growth rate is a comparatively modest 25 percent.) "They've got a lot of momentum, and they're really professional," says Bernhard Warner, who covers the industry for *Adweek.* "Everyone's got gripes with even the best guys, and Agency.com has the fewest arrows pointed at it."

Agency.com was founded in 1995. Its first big job: designing a site for the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue. Now it builds entire online strategies for blue-chip clients including American Express, GTE, British Airways, and MetLife. "We didn't need all the baggage that other agencies were trying to sell us," says Richard Painchaud, MetLife's VP of Interactive Commerce.

"When we first looked at the Internet in 1994, the National Science Foundation was still funding it," says Suh. "And we thought that if commercial interests were going to take over, we wanted to go with the large companies, because we thought they would need this as much as anybody else and they would be able to spend the proper amount of investment on it." And so while other Alley agencies focused on building impressive portfolios with dazzling, design-driven sites, Agency.com learned to speak the language of major corporate clients and focused on long-term results—not only building Websites but also driving traffic to them. Last year, Agency.com acquired majority positions in Spiral Media, specialists in database development, which brought needed tech credi-

bility. And it also added Online Magic—the top Web shop in the UK, with high-profile clients such as *The Economist*—to its portfolio, given it ready entrée to the rapidly expanding European market.

THE IPO

THE WEBSITE DEVELOPER K2 DESIGN WAS HUMMING along nicely when it decided in 1996 to forgo additional private investment and become one of the first Silicon Alley companies to go public. But not long after the offering hit traders' screens at $6 a share, K2 began to run into cash-flow problems. The stock quickly tanked (it now trades at around $2), and Wall Street grew wary of its Alley neighbors.

Until February 20, 1998, the day of **DoubleClick**'s IPO, also known as "the day Silicon Alley became real." Shares of DoubleClick, an Internet advertising company, were originally priced at $17 but opened on the first day of trading at $29 (and were about $35 a share at press time). All told, DoubleClick raised about $60 million in the offering.

Though DoubleClick's business model is itself noteworthy, its management's mastery of the IPO process—the arcane financials and politics of going public—garners it special recognition as one of the new breed of Silicon Alley survivors. Needless to say, the offering went a long way toward rehabilitating the Alley's rep on the Street.

"I've always thought that Silicon Alley was real," says Jamie Kiggen, an analyst at Cowen & Company (one of DoubleClick's underwriters), "because there's a lot of energy and activity there that will result in plenty of sustainable businesses, but DoubleClick certainly increased the visibility of that part of the world."

The company, founded by Kevin O'Connor in 1995, offers a network of more than 60 popular sites to companies that want to place targeted ads. It has also developed proprietary systems for keeping track of advertising and direct-marketing traffic. "There was a real lull where people were second-guessing the Internet," says O'Connor. "Then, all of a sudden, it was no longer a question of whether Internet advertising would be big; it was just a question of how big."

As for the IPO, O'Connor says, "A lot of good things converged: The market was doing well, our story was understood very well, the investors were strong believers in the Internet—in fact, much stronger than we anticipated. That was nice to see."

THE MONEY MEN

THERE NEVER WERE MANY NEW-MEDIA-VENTURE-capital firms in New York—two in fact, at last count—and Silicon Alley needs them now more than ever. Unfortunately, Flatiron Partners, so named because of its supposed dedication to the home team, seems to have strayed—after some recent deals with companies in Massachusetts and California, only 50 percent of the $70 million Flatiron has spent has gone to Silicon Alley. "The focus has shifted somewhat because we expected to do more content-related things," says Flatiron founder Jerry Colonna. "Many of the companies in Manhattan were less mature than we had anticipated."

Prospect Street Ventures, on the other hand, cannot stray even if it wants to: Founded with the help of the New York City Investment Corporation in 1995 (Con Edison, Brooklyn Union Gas, and the Small Business Administration are the other partners), it is required by charter to invest all of its $76 million within the five boroughs. "The mayor realized this was a growing industry and would benefit from the city's support," says Charles Millard, the head of the Economic Development Corporation. Prospect has already dispersed about half of the fund's sums; its most recent investments have been in 24/7 Media, an interactive advertising network, and AirMedia, a digital-information broadcaster. "We try to back excellent people in big market segments, which is not as easy

I'M A LOSER, BABY

Five Silicon Alley Big Ideas that went bust.

Plenty of new-media projects come and go, but there have been surprisingly few major disasters in Silicon Alley (yet). "We just don't have the money to make really big fools of ourselves," says one Alley worker who has had his scares. "It really takes a lot of VC [venture capital] money for a three-alarm fire, because you can be shielded from the market for so long." Still, if the following five casualties are any indication, the higher the profile, the harder the fall.

1. THEEASTVILLAGE.COM, a "cybersoap" launched in March 1996, was a *Rent*-like drama hosted by Time Warner's Pathfinder. But downloading problems (the site was graphics-intensive) and viewer boredom quickly set in. Marinex Multimedia, the ill-fated cybersoap's producer, shut down last year.

2. Michael Wolff's **YOUR PERSONAL NET** site and companion book series was supposed to help make sense of the Web by pointing users to the best sites for things like personal finance, shopping, and sports. But then the big boys, like Yahoo and Excite, decided to do pretty much the same thing (minus the books) with their sites. Investors got impatient and pushed Wolff out last April. Now Wolff's set to publish a tell-all account of his crash-and-burn this June. (No word yet on whether there'll be a companion Website.)

3. IFUSION was one of the first big "push"-technology companies (content was going to be delivered right to PC desktops, making the browser obsolete), and it quickly became everybody's darling (Prudential Securities invested $10 million). But, as one Alley watcher observes, "what no one realized was that push was a technology; it wasn't a *business*." After spending lavishly on offices and trade-show demos, the company filed for bankruptcy in March 1997. Last summer, a company called AirMedia bought IFusion for $250,000.

4. As the Web took off, the tide began to turn against CD-ROMS as the interactive medium for the masses. Yet interactive guru Bob Stein's **VOYAGER** forged ahead, producing high-quality niche titles (like "The Beat Experience," done in conjunction with the Whitney's "Beat Culture" exhibition) that in most cases were destined never to earn back their sky-high production costs. Corporate infighting ensued, and in December, the company was carved up and sold off.

5. In the early days of Silicon Alley, **PRODIGY**'s mighty Ed Bennett scoured the city for content (including SonicNet, now owned by TCI, and the Webzine *Stim*) for the ailing online service. The idea, apparently, was that Prodigy was going to be a sort of hipster headquarters for Web-content geniuses—but much of the content never caught on and Prodigy stalled while America Online grabbed market share. Now Prodigy's set its sights on being a mere Internet service provider. R.G.D.

as it sounds," says Edward Sim, an associate at Prospect Street. "There are more deals out in Silicon Valley right now, but I'd say things here are getting better and maturing. Silicon Alley is very promising."

THE RETAILERS

"CATEGORY KILLER" RETAILERS—HUGE SUPERSTORES that put everyone else out of business—don't seem to have quite the same bruising weight in cyberspace as they do in the real world. Those New Yorkers still bitter about the loss of Books & Co. and Shakespeare & Co. will be pleased to know that Barnes & Noble—widely blamed for driving these and others into the ground—is actually an underdog on the Internet. Seattle-based Amazon.com (which currently has about ten times as much in revenues) got out of the gate two years before **barnesandnoble.com,** which launched only in May of last year.

But all of that could easily change. In the beginning of this year, barnesandnoble.com struck a deal with America Online in which it will pay $40 million to be the exclusive bookseller on AOL, which with its 11 million members delivers the biggest audience in cyberspace. (Just six months earlier, Amazon had agreed to pay $19 million to be the exclusive bookseller on AOL.com, its non-members-only Website.) B&N is also rolling out a major advertising campaign. "You're going to start to see us everywhere," says director of public relations Ben Boyd from barnesandnoble.com's headquarters in the Port Authority building on Ninth Avenue in Chelsea, where more than 250 employees manage the site, organize author chats, and generally plot Amazon's demise.

Meanwhile, New York–based **N2K** (www.musicboulevard.com) is in a similar No. 2 position against Philadelphia-based CD Now (CDnow.com) in the burgeoning online-music-sales market, where revenues increased by 140 percent in the past year, from $21.5 million to $52 million. Founded in 1994, N2K went public last year and has just filed for a secondary offering, having spent a good chunk of its first $60 million on marketing. It just paid $18 million to America Online to be the only retailer on AOL's music channel, and signed exclusive agreements with SonicNet, MTV, and VH1. Despite the high costs, such partnerships seem to be paying off. The company beat analysts' estimates for fourth-quarter revenues for 1997, the bulk of which came through AOL. When the *Titanic* soundtrack was promoted on AOL's welcome screen recently, N2K sold 750 copies in all of twenty minutes.

THE RINGLEADER

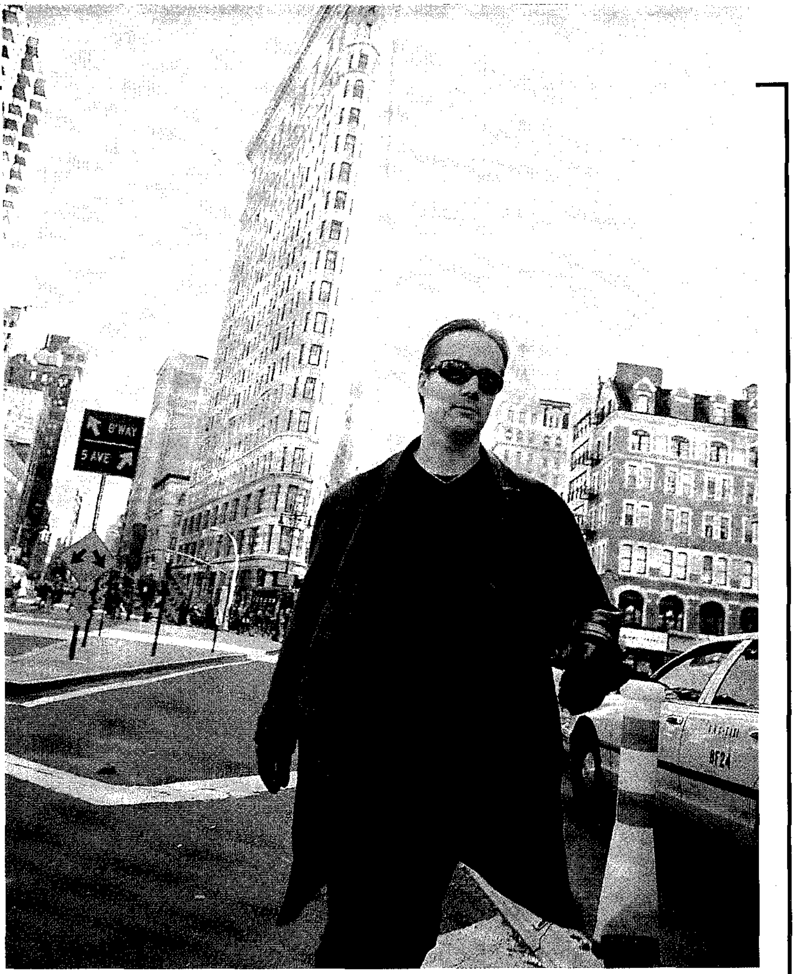
Jason McCabe Calacanis NEVER MET A SOUND-BITE opportunity he didn't like, which is why he is the perfect pitchman for an industry that has been able to sustain itself through rough times with a hell of a lot of hype. Aside from being the editor of the *Silicon Alley Reporter*—a monthly that started out as a black-and-white trade paper but quickly blossomed into an 80-page, slickly packaged glossy magazine—Calacanis hosts a weekly Internet radio show; is omnipresent at Alley conferences, parties, and expos; and recently packed 1,000 Alley denizens into his own sold-out two-day conference, Silicon Alley '98. It was this "Salley" conference that marked Calacanis's coming-of-age as an Alley power broker: He snagged sponsorship from Microsoft and Arthur Andersen and lined up panelists from the likes of Compaq, J. Crew, and the William Morris agency.

"He's ubiquitous in kind of an annoying way," says one Alley worker, "but he *is* our loudest cheerleader."

In 1996, after doing freelance content development for Sony and America Online, Calacanis maxed out his credit card to start up the *Reporter,* which he would distribute from a cart he pulled around town. Though widely regarded as a booster sheet for the industry (compared with the more strenuous reportage of *@NY*), the *Reporter* has become something of a must-read in the Alley—thanks, in no small part, to the magazine's party coverage. (The city's new-media population is still small enough that even the nobodies have a pretty good chance of showing up in *SAR*.) "To a certain extent, the magazine has created the public perception of Silicon Alley," says Calacanis. "We've made the cyber stars."

Raise any doubts about the future of New York's new-media industry, and Calacanis will bat them down in a second, especially when it comes to the issue of revenues (or lack thereof). "People take the success of software companies and technology companies and superimpose those expectations on media companies," he says. "The Internet has only existed as a commercial medium since 1995, and if *anything's* profitable right

(continued on page 84)



"We've made the cyber stars," says Jason Calacanis, editor of the *Silicon Alley Reporter.*

Calacanis walking tall in the Flatiron district.

THE TECH REPORT

EXTRA
EXTRA!

1. CONTROL FREAK

You should know that the universal remote control you already have is now officially inadequate. Sure, maybe it's *big* enough, but ask yourself this: Does it allow you to change the cable channel, turn down the volume on the TV, dim the lamp in the bedroom, *and* turn on the air conditioner–all without getting off the couch? IBM's Home Director remote can, baby. Using the widely deployed X-10 standard–which magically sends signals through your home's existing electrical wiring–Home Director allows you to plug lamps and appliances into special X-10 modules (included in the HD Starter Kit) and control them from the remote. Other companies, like RCA, have recently entered the X-10 market–and, of course, old faithful Radio Shack offers additional compatible X-10 modules under its own brand name. (For a truly ridiculous number of X-10 accessories, call 800-CONTROL and get a copy of Home Controls' home-automation catalog.) But IBM's starter kit includes software on a CD-ROM that'll let your Windows computer control everything, too, so no matter which screen you're planted in front of, you'll hardly *ever* have to get up.

$99 (STARTER KIT)/COMPUSA/*420 FIFTH AVENUE/764-6224; 1775 BROADWAY AT 57TH STREET/445-1653*

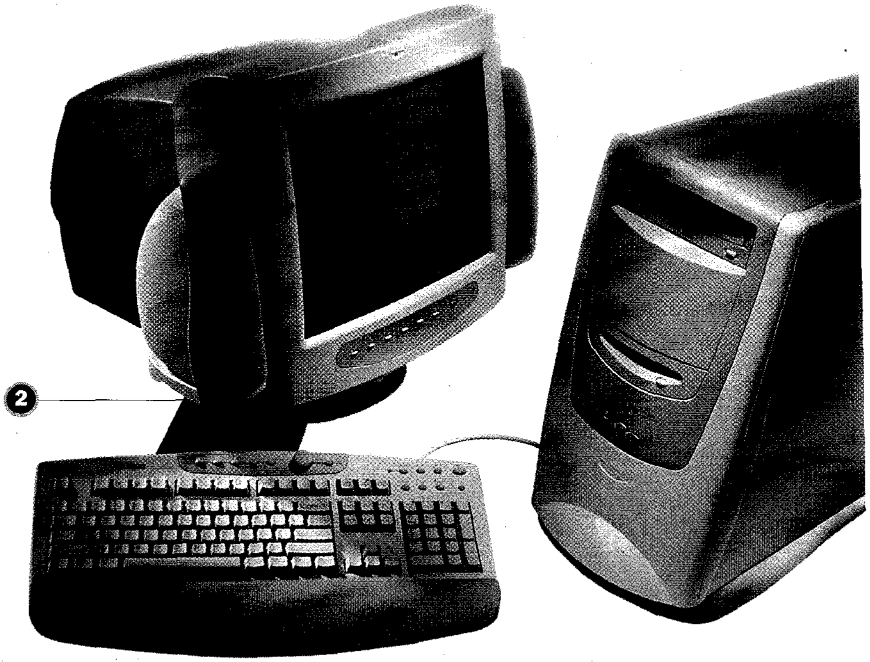
2. HOME (OFFICE) BOX OFFICE

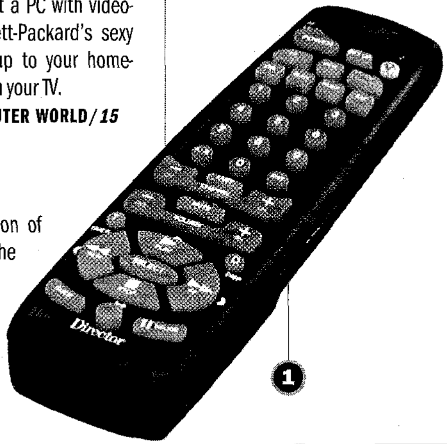
The consumer-electronics manufacturers of the world respectfully request that you shell out some more of your hard-earned cash for an entirely new digital storage format: the DVD (Digital Versatile Disc). Guess what: DVDs are going to be hard to resist–even at the going rate of 25 bucks a pop. Movies stored on DVD (an entire feature-length film fits on one disk, roughly seven times what'll fit on a CD-ROM) display at four times the resolution of your suddenly quite pathetic VCR. The best news: Your existing CD-ROM computer games will play in your DVD drive (the disks are the same size), and if you get a PC with video- and audio-out capabilities–like Hewlett-Packard's sexy new Pavilion 8280–you can hook it up to your home-theater system and watch DVD movies on your TV.

$2199 (WITHOUT MONITOR) /J&R COMPUTER WORLD/*15 PARK ROW/238-9100*

3. FIND THE TIME

You've found yourself at the intersection of West 4th and West 11th Streets in the Village. So where the hell is uptown from there? Looking up won't do you much good (can't see many landmarks from this leafy locale), so you'd better look down–at your new Casio Pathfinder PRT40K, which





3Com
Palm III
4

This season's features-laden **high-tech toys** let you see in the dark, check the temperature, track your stocks, and control *everything* (except your credit card balance). **BY SIMON DUMENCO**

3

TRIPLE SENSOR
ADJUST
BEARING SENSOR
CASIO
MEMORY
TARGET

sports not only a built-in digital compass (with an "abnormal magnetic field detect" alert) but also a stopwatch, digital thermometer, altimeter (with a "target altitude alarm" so you'll know when you've reached your floor without having to bother to look at the elevator display), and barometer—all packed into its fashionably clunky case. Eat your heart out, Timex.

$179.95/TOURNEAU TIME MACHINE/12 E. 57TH/758-7300

4. HAND-Y

Salon magazine (salonmag.com) recently dubbed the 3Com PalmPilot "fashion technology"—but it also praised the suddenly ubiquitous handheld computer (which maintains your address book and to-do list, lets you take notes with its stylus pen, syncs with your desktop PC, etc.) for its simplicity and ease of use. If you're already one of the million-plus users of earlier models, you're now coveting the just-released Palm III, which is more curvaceous, stores more data, and has infrared beaming (so your Palm III can trade bits directly with your friend's Palm III). Might as well max out the credit card by getting the cell modem too—you'll be able to send and receive e-mail and sign up for nifty services like Reuters's new MarketClip (for info, call 888-9STOCKS), which feeds real-time stock quotes and news headlines . . . right into the palm of your hand.

$399 (MODEM AND MARKETCLIP SERVICE EXTRA)/UNPLUG IT/575 FIFTH AVENUE, AT 47TH STREET/687-3773

BIG SHOT

Analog tape's finest hour (before digital video takes over the world).

The year was 1975 and coast-to-coast, Jacuzzi-to-Jacuzzi, Camaro Z-28–to–Camaro Z-28, the 8-track tape ruled the earth. It was a swan-song moment marked by tribute after tribute to the seventies audio staples—Led Zeppelin, Fleetwood Mac, ELO—and then the 8-track was gone, swallowed whole by the cassette tape and a Walkman-in-every-pocket future.

And now here we are again, indulging in one last fling with a fading medium: Hi-8 videotape, the highest-resolution analog consumer format. In case you haven't heard, the digital-video revolution has finally come to the handheld market, its minuscule circuitry poised to render the bulky analog camcorder obsolete once the final kinks are worked out. (It'll be at least a few years before DV camcorders go mass-market; right now a good one will run you at least two grand, and recording time currently tops out at a wimpy 60 minutes.) Until then, you can deliver one final 8-mm. salute at a bas mitzvah, Little League game, or rogue police beating near you. Brought to you by the people at Sony, the Handycam Vision Series of camcorders may be the last dance for analog tape, but what a number it is. In a standard camcorder body, they've managed to cram every feature you'd ever need for properly memorializing little Johnny's first tooth or pierced nipple. In the model I tested, the CCD-TRV85, there's a 72x zoom lens, color LCD screen, "Steady Shot" shake-proofing, twelve-hour battery life, wireless infrared connection to your TV, and, for the auteur in you, nifty visual effects like wide-screen cinema mode and Guy Madden–worthy sepia-tone coloring.

Plus, in an innovation guaranteed to revolutionize the world of handheld cinematography—or at least the portion of interest to Pam, Tommy, and Tonya—Sony has introduced a new feature called "Nightshot." Just as the name implies, Nightshot allows you to roll tape in total darkness. Really. After locking myself in a windowless bathroom with the lights off—long story—I was actually able to peer into the viewfinder and see, in perfect green-tint-monochrome clarity, everything from my jar of Kiehl's shaving cream to the life-size Alyssa Milano mural in my shower (longer story). The possibilities are, of course, endless, especially if you often find yourself in a position to capture fleeting nocturnal memories—say, on a poorly lit East Village dance floor or underneath the shrubbery at Madonna's Malibu estate—but don't want to ruin the mood with a flash. The cost: just $1,099 for the full-featured TRV85 model (bail not included).

ROBERT MORITZ

Illustration by A.J. Garces.

SNAPSHOT

Eager DIVA

Bred for the footlights as if Broadway really mattered, Melissa Errico channels the spirit of Cole Porter in *High Society*. By Joanne Kaufman

MELISSA ERRICO HAS A PAIR OF RECURRING nightmares. Bad dream No. 1: She's trying desperately to get to the stage, but the distance between her and the proscenium keeps widening. "It's the most horrible feeling," says Errico, 27, who stars as the high-born, high-minded Tracy Lord in *High Society*, the stage version of Cole Porter's MGM version (starring Grace Kelly) of the movie version (starring Katharine Hepburn) of Philip Barry's Broadway comedy of manors *The Philadelphia Story* (also a Hepburn vehicle). Bad dream No. 2: She's in *The Music Man*, "a show I don't know," she says. "I look at the other actors and look at my dress and try to figure out my character. The conductor is saying the words and I'm singing to the pitches, but I'm late." Standard actor's nightmare stuff, except for one thing: "I *always* pull it off." Even Errico's nightmares end well.

"I hate it when people who have a good life don't recognize it, so I'm not going to be one of those people," she says over spiced tea and honey one day. "I've had a blessed life." And yet, almost immediately, the Ivy League grad–fetching soprano–elegant dancer–charming actress–gifted gymnast ("I'm trying to get a cartwheel into the show") starts sounding uncannily like one of those people she doesn't much care for: "Being a young girl in the business, I had a sort of Lolita image, and I was mistreated." How so? "At theater camp, the counselors called me jailbait. I've had to fight to keep my joy alive," says Errico, who got her first break at 18, playing Cosette in a touring company of *Les Misérables*. "This is a naturally happy child, and in a weird way, that's a burden because this is not really a world that nurtures that."

Errico, who has a long ("five foot eight"), lean, flexible body—attributes she mentions just about as frequently as she does the Yale degree, the sterling academic record, the packed schedule, the father who's an orthopedic surgeon—is Broadway's babe of the moment. She's collected an unbroken string of critics' valentines ever since she played Eliza Doolittle in a 1993 revival of *My Fair Lady* that required her to hold her own opposite the scenery-chewing Henry Higgins of Richard Chamberlain. Later, she was singled out for praise in revivals of *The Importance of Being Earnest* and *Major Barbara*, and for her turn as the goddess of love in the 1996 "Encores!" series concert staging of *One Touch of Venus* at City Center.

Though Kelly's colleagues Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra did most of the singing in the movie, Errico gets the lion's share of tunes in the new show, which has been beefed up with added Porter standards to showcase the star. Smart move: During a tryout last summer in San Francisco, the critics were mixed about the show but very high on Errico. Now in previews before an April 27 opening at the St. James, the production is still being arduously doctored—and Errico's performance continues to generate the musical's most positive buzz.

Okay, so hers is a résumé guaranteed to annoy some people. "Some people? *Many* people," corrects Errico. "Oh, sweetheart, that's the thing. You get to a certain place, and so many people just want to put ice under your feet so you'll slip. But there are a million things I can't do. I can't do higher math. I can't play an instrument well. I haven't held up my Italian. I never find time to floss."

Maybe it's her ineffable earnestness or clean prettiness, but as a leading-lady-in-waiting, Errico seems less of this era than a throwback to Broadway's Golden Age (or the pretentiously intellectualizing character Hepburn played in *Stage Door*).

"In our culture, popularity is mistaken for the acquisition of skill," says Errico, best known to the non-theatergoing public for her role as a tabloid reporter in the flop CBS series *Central Park West*. "Gaining your craft is not gaining the recognition of the waiter. That's not actually my goal." Here's her goal—a life in the theater: "I want to be like the Jodie Foster of Broadway. I don't need a million people to know who I am, just the theatergoing public. I know what I do well: that sensuous, mischievous soprano singing." Or, as cabaret singer Mary Cleere Haran puts it, "Melissa doesn't have that icky Broadway bray."

Even so, "a lot of Broadway casting directors told me, 'Honey, you've got to get a big movie so we can really do something with you,' " says Errico. "That makes me so mad. My body, my age, my voice, we're ready to dance and sing. With these skills, I'd be an asset to this city or this business."

Errico's devotion to hard work is endearing; her devotion to herself is equally unstinting. For the past twelve years, she has documented her life on a daily basis, in a series of diaries piled high in a closet. "And in the middle of everything else," she announces one night, "I'm planning an engagement party."

"You're getting married?"

Errico is a bit indignant. "Don't you read the papers? Didn't you see Liz Smith this morning?" (In case you missed the news, she's engaged to John McEnroe's brother Patrick, a pro tennis player turned CBS sports commentator.)

Her career-building extends to cyberspace, where she has just established a Website that includes a "professional biography," a photo gallery (see Melissa shaking hands with President Clinton), and a section labeled MELISSA'S PERSONALITY.

"It's no accident," says an actress who has worked with her, "that Melissa's initials are M.E."

Growing up in Manhasset, the second of three children, Errico trained in gymnastics and ballet, but as an adolescent, she became stagestruck—an event the art-history major likens to that in the Caravaggio painting *The Conversion of St. Paul*. "He's in a barn with a horse and he's filled with light, and at 12, I got hit by the white light. I kind of identify with Tara Lipinski, 'cause I know what it's like to be that little and say, 'I'm going to be a star.' " Her fiancé, she says, wants to help her get to the top. As for Errico's famous future brother-in-law: "I know John will get jazzed when he sees me onstage, but he doesn't know anything about musical theater. He's seen stories, and he says, 'You're really, like . . . what do you do again?' "

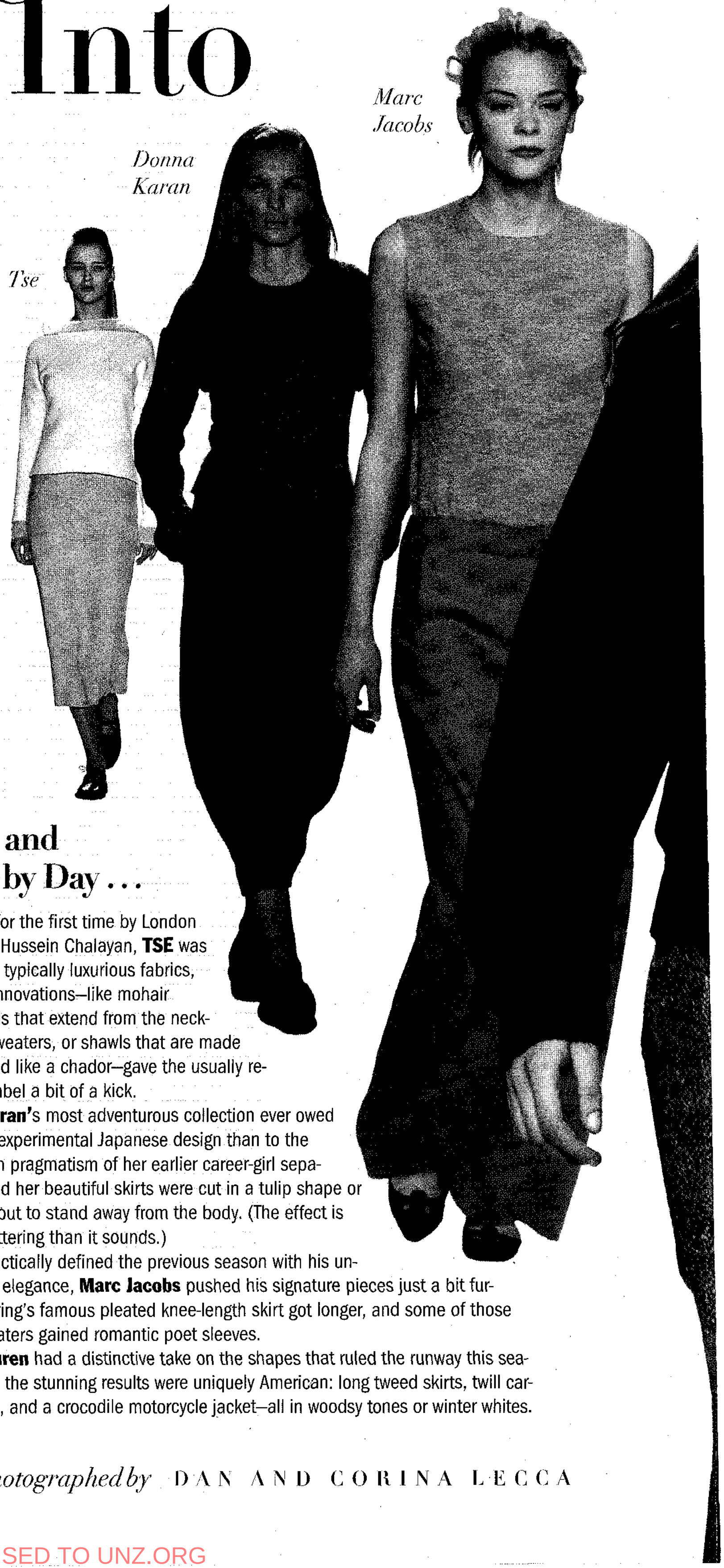
In Manhasset, on the other hand, everyone knows what Melissa does, and there's a hot market in tickets for *High Society*. Each hospital with which Dr. Errico is affiliated—Long Island Jewish, North Shore, Lenox Hill, and New York—has bought a night. "If somebody asks, 'Is there a doctor in the house?' " Melissa chirps, "*everyone* is going to raise his hand." ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN SHUNG

The New York Shows

Long Skirts' Journey Into Night

American designers are often criticized for following their European counterparts, but this season the simple sophistication of home-grown sportswear—in impossibly rich fabrics and knits—ruled both continents. • Aside from the unexpected arrival of summer, which upset more than a few carefully laid-out wardrobes, New York's Fashion Week was a marvel of hassle-free efficiency (champagne at four in the big tent, darling). And it provided a most appropriate setting for the casual, understated elegance along the runways. • The biggest news of all was the ubiquity of the long skirt—not quite an A-line but far from skin-tight, as easy to look good in as it is to walk in. Paired with a dressy top, it makes for coolly unfussy formal wear; paired with one of the season's million beautiful cashmere sweaters, it might just become the new standard in fashionable daytime apparel. Tune in Labor Day to see the look hit the streets—and keep your fingers crossed for an early frost. As one retail executive said, observing all the layered multi-ply sweaters with matching parkas and hats, "All I can say is, it'd better be a cold winter."



Long and Lean by Day . . .

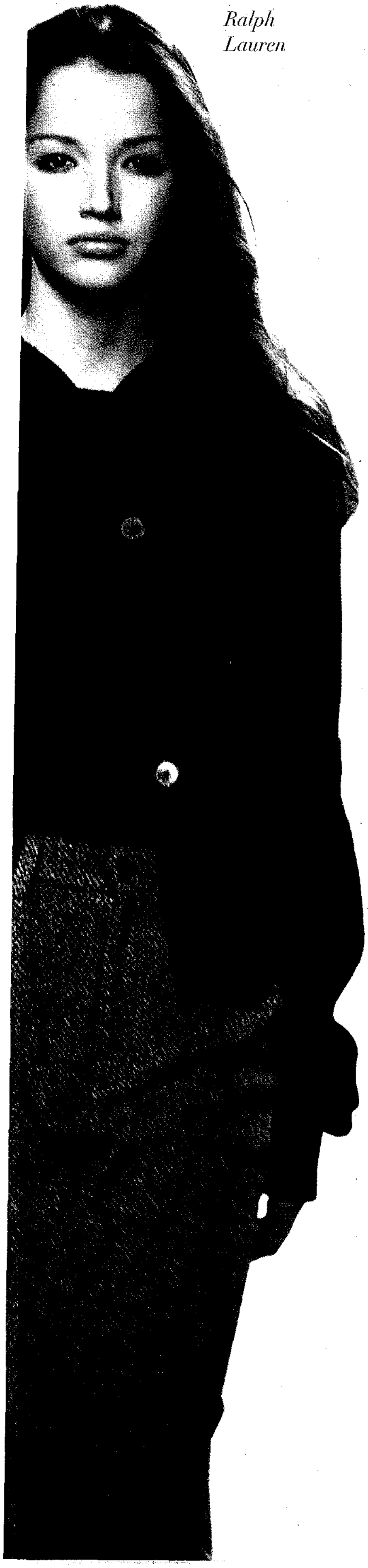
Designed for the first time by London bad boy Hussein Chalayan, **TSE** was full of its typically luxurious fabrics, but his innovations—like mohair demi-veils that extend from the neckline of sweaters, or shawls that are made to be held like a chador—gave the usually reserved label a bit of a kick.

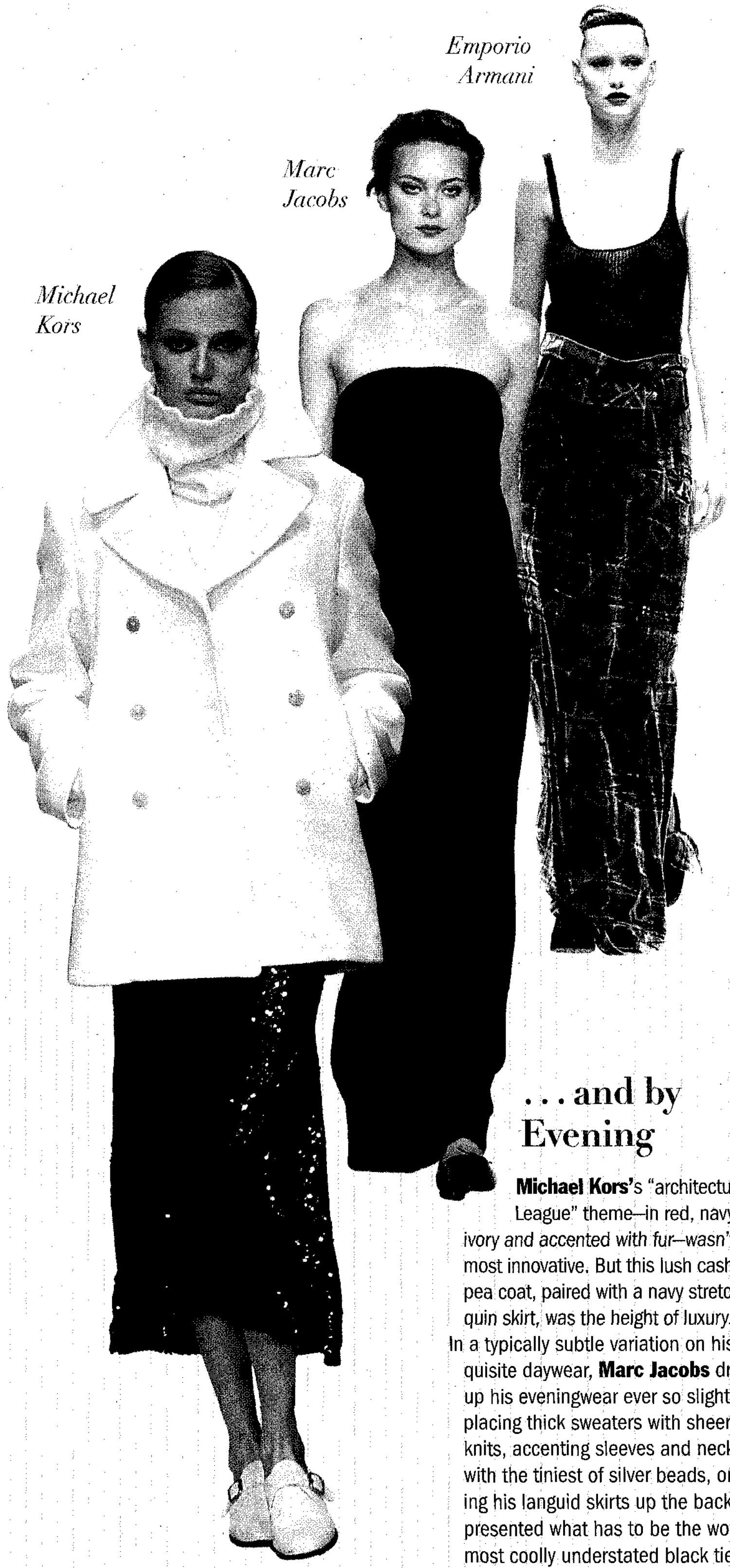
Donna Karan's most adventurous collection ever owed more to experimental Japanese design than to the American pragmatism of her earlier career-girl separates, and her beautiful skirts were cut in a tulip shape or padded out to stand away from the body. (The effect is more flattering than it sounds.)

Having practically defined the previous season with his unadorned elegance, **Marc Jacobs** pushed his signature pieces just a bit further: Spring's famous pleated knee-length skirt got longer, and some of those rich sweaters gained romantic poet sleeves.

Ralph Lauren had a distinctive take on the shapes that ruled the runway this season, and the stunning results were uniquely American: long tweed skirts, twill cargo pants, and a crocodile motorcycle jacket—all in woodsy tones or winter whites.

by JADE HOBSON CHARNIN • *photographed by* DAN AND CORINA LECCA





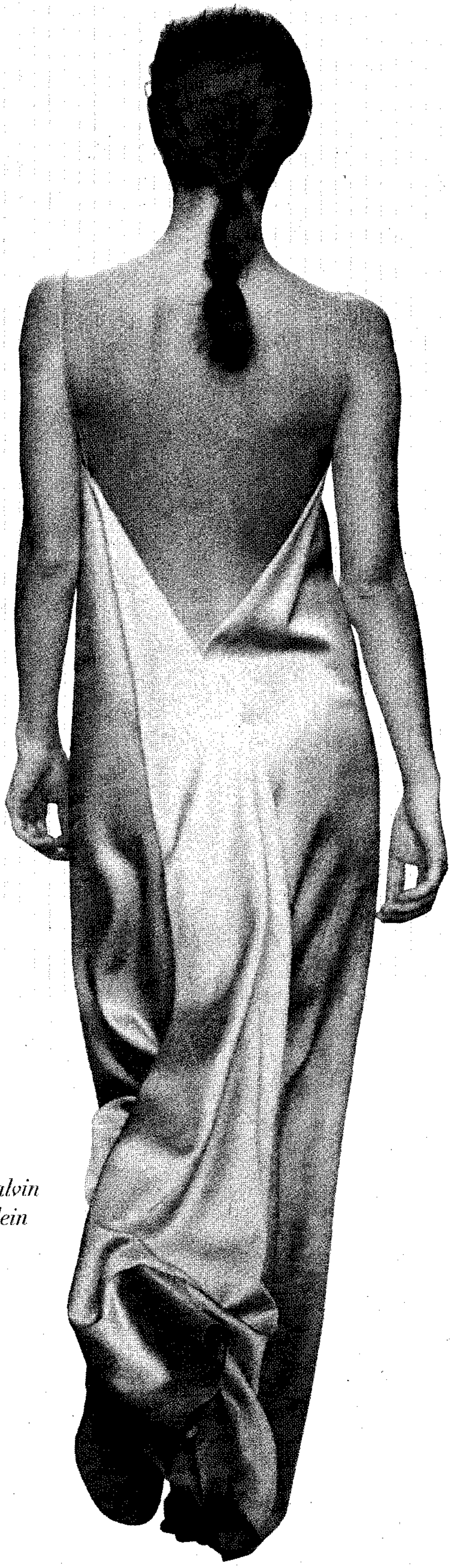
. . . and by Evening

Michael Kors's "architectural Ivy League" theme—in red, navy, and ivory and accented with fur—wasn't his most innovative. But this lush cashmere pea coat, paired with a navy stretch sequin skirt, was the height of luxury.

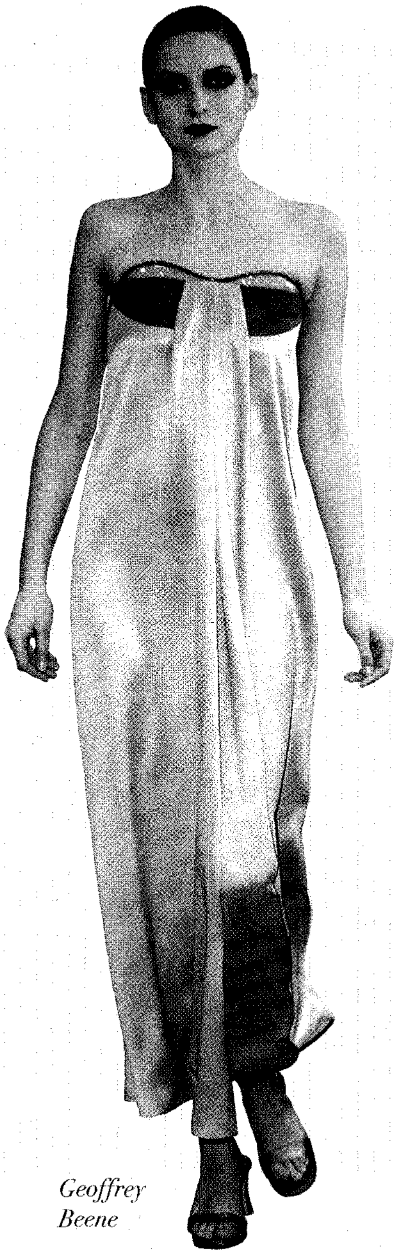
In a typically subtle variation on his exquisite daywear, **Marc Jacobs** dressed up his eveningwear ever so slightly. Replacing thick sweaters with sheerer knits, accenting sleeves and necklines with the tiniest of silver beads, or lacing his languid skirts up the back, he presented what has to be the world's most coolly understated black tie.

After getting effectively shut down by the Paris police, Giorgio Armani reconvened his **Emporio Armani** show in New York for the celebrity event of the week (*Hello, Ms. Loren. Hello, Mr. De Niro*). As usual, he showed lots of comfortably elegant pantsuits in fluid men's-wear fabrics—the simpler, the better—as well as shearling jackets, tassel-fringed shawls, and these patterned velvet skirts.

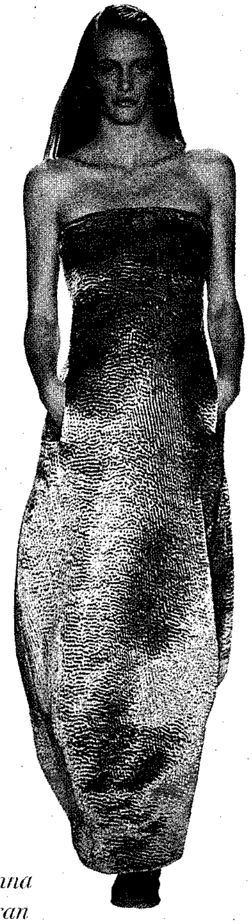
The New York Shows



Calvin Klein



Geoffrey Beene



Donna Karan

Liquid Luxury

Though **Calvin Klein** showed some Asian-inspired sportswear, long, shimmering evening dresses, cut on the bias, were the real stunners in his show. This one looked simple from the front, but a few tucks made it swoop and drape dramatically in back.

And some of **Geoffrey Beene's** visionary pieces coincided with the season's dominant looks this time around—as in this deceptively complex gown, the clean lines of which suggest classical sculpture. He also introduced a new dressmaking technique that cleverly uses raised seams to guide the eye and accent the body's contours.

The Japanification of **Donna Karan** extended through her stunning eveningwear collection: sensual fabrics, like this satin-backed velvet, cut in cocoonlike shapes to look feminine and soft on almost every body.

Siren Songs

These Hollywood glamour-girl gowns weren't the season's most innovative looks, but their popularity is undeniable, especially in New York and L.A.

Badgley Mischka moved out of its deeply retro twenties groove a bit, updating the period beadwork and metal filigree for a slightly hipper look, and even surprising the audience with some sportswear.

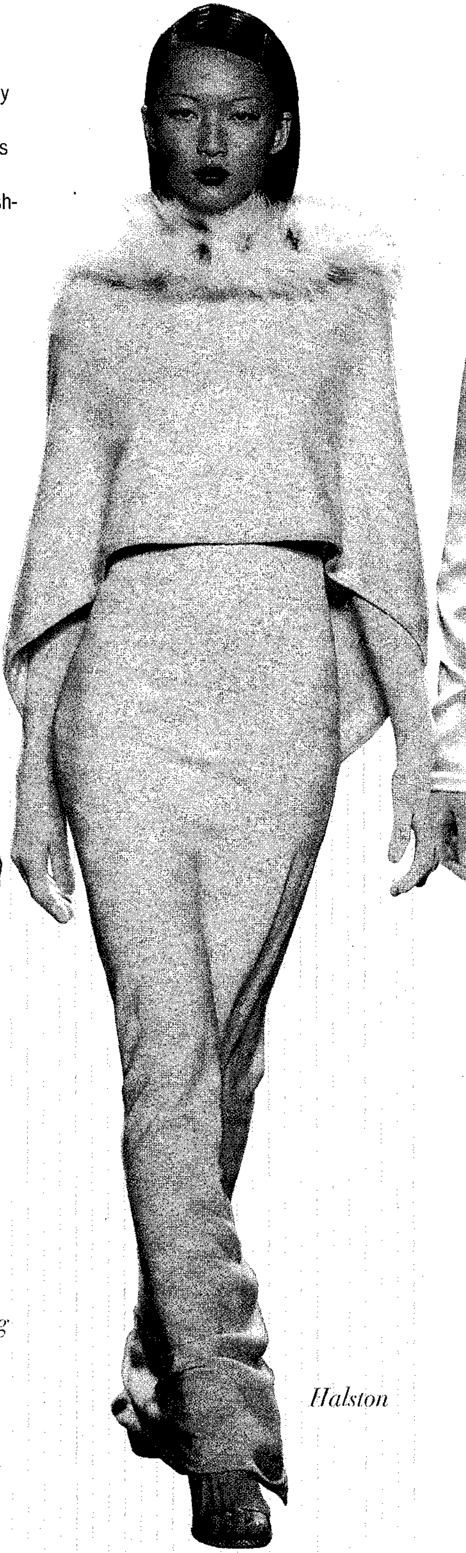
Vera Wang, best known for wedding dresses, showed slinky bias-cut gowns in matte jersey or old-world fabrics like duchesse satin, with heavily embroidered tulle overlay.

The original **Halston** line used cashmere and skins to emphasize feminine glamour, and Randolph Duke revisited these pioneering looks with a cashmere gown accessorized by a lynx-trimmed capelet and matching opera-length gloves.

Bill Blass, whose designs are synonymous with dressy elegance, gave his beloved lunching ladies a series of memorable gowns—totally unadorned but so skillfully cut (on the bias) that they absolutely smoldered.

Badgley Mischka

Vera Wang



Halston

Bill Blass

The New York Shows

Joan Vass

Anna Sui

Isaac Mizrahi

Personality Plus

Beautiful though the season's refined, restrained elegance was, after a few dozen runways full of gray knits, it was a blessed relief to see these designers doing their own thing with colors and patterns.

Joan Vass has always followed her own lead, but this year's craze for knitwear plays right into her strengths. Her creative but highly wearable pieces, in tweeds, checks, and offbeat solids, never looked better.

Anna Sui brought together disparate influences both fictional and anthropological, then chucked the whole lot in a blender. The delightfully silly show featured gingerbread-house bags, giant fur pom-poms, glittering Burger King–style crowns, fringed cowboy dusters, czarina gowns, and just about every other image that ever appeared in a young girl's fantasy—sometimes all at once.

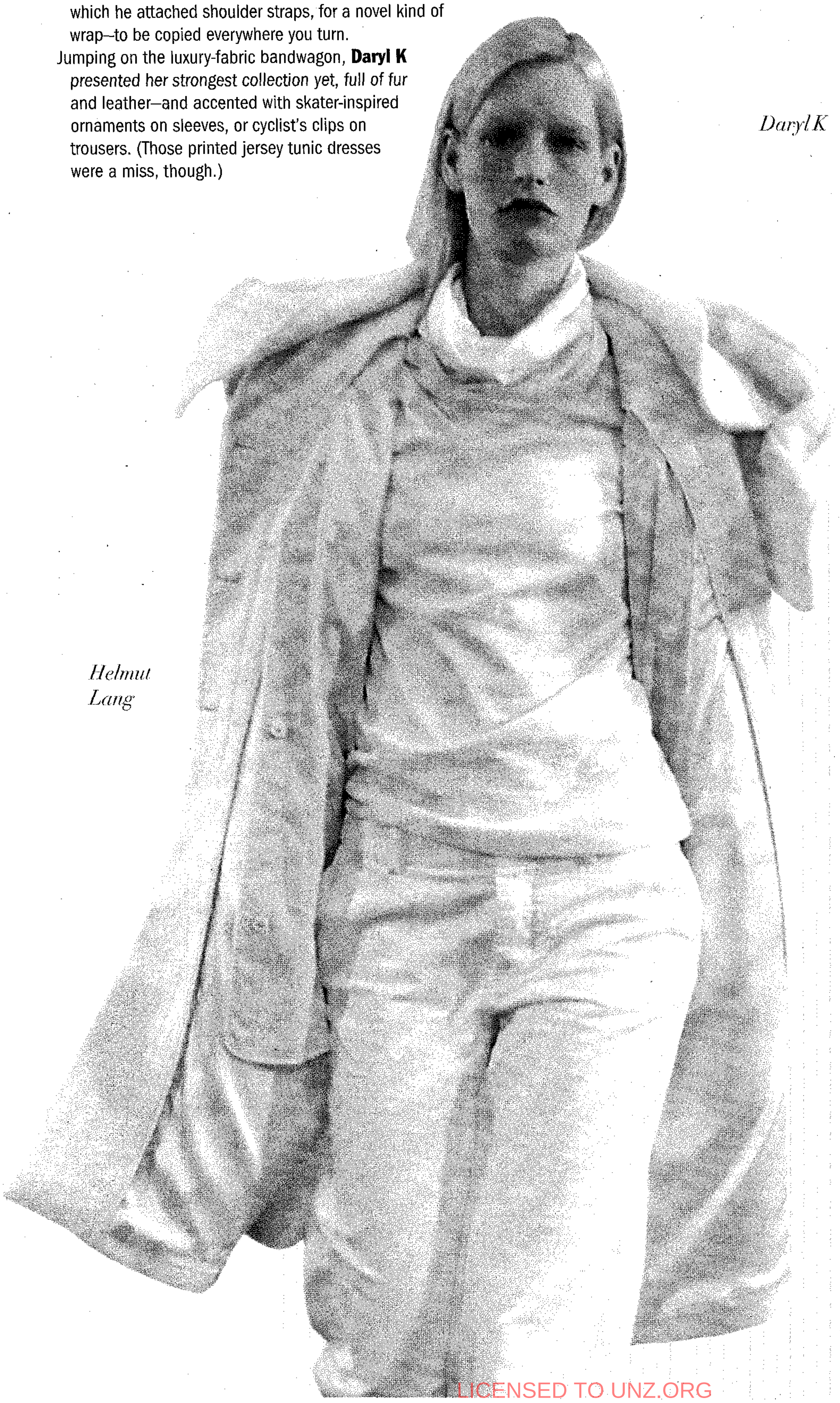
Isaac Mizrahi launched his "Fun and Expensive" collection with a tape of Eartha Kitt's taxicab greeting, then sent it all down the runway in irreverent combinations of day, evening, whatever. For future reference, those fur shrugs that loop around the shoulders are to be referred to as "donuts." And the satin gown with matching Snugli? A "baby onboard."

The Hipsters

Helmut Lang's most functional season was also his most surprisingly romantic, and the combination was unforgettable. Linings and face-framing hoods detach from parka shells (cashmere, alpaca, or silk, of course), which fit over low-slung pants and layered sweaters. But for all its interlocking precision, the collection still seemed soft and beautiful. And look to those down or cashmere blankets—to which he attached shoulder straps, for a novel kind of wrap—to be copied everywhere you turn.

Jumping on the luxury-fabric bandwagon, **Daryl K** presented her strongest collection yet, full of fur and leather—and accented with skater-inspired ornaments on sleeves, or cyclist's clips on trousers. (Those printed jersey tunic dresses were a miss, though.)

Daryl K



Helmut Lang

fashion editor:
BETH SHEPHERD
text:
ARIEL KAMINER
fashion assistants:
JANICE LANEVE
AND LYNN LEVOY

BEST BETS

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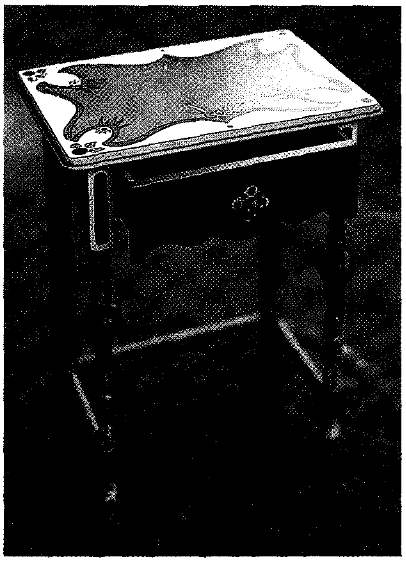
Like daffodils in April, design-smart shops are popping up all over SoHo and newly voguish TriBeCa and NoLIta. In the mix is everything from lively furnishings to groovy hospital garb. Herewith, four to watch.

BY CORKY POLLAN

Medical Benefit

The irreverent Martin Keehn not only responds to calls from glam guys (like David Bowie and John Kennedy) for his classic, elegant, and pricey custom shirts; he also does costume design for super-cool photographers. Now he's added shopkeeping to his list of involvements. Keehn and partner Russell Steinberg (a.k.a. Johnny Fayva, of the downtown lounge scene) have launched a micro-mini shop on Elizabeth Street, the hot spot of the second. For his newest venture Keehn has whipped up doctors' scrub suits, dentists' jackets, and hospital gowns in nonsurgical shades and in the softest imaginable men's cotton shirtings. Come summer, this hip medical garb is sure to see Hamptons action (from $22 for a T-shirt to $68 for drawstring scrub pants to $110 for a dentist's smock).

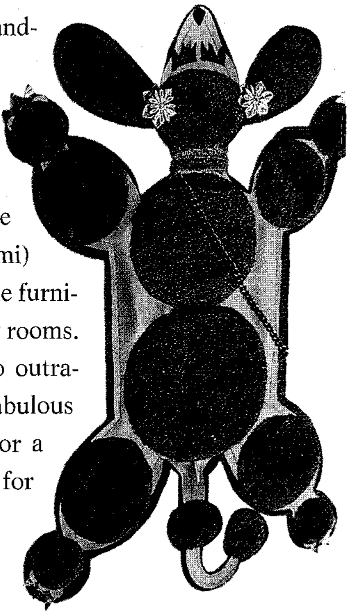
WEARMART/*229 Elizabeth Street/625-1019*

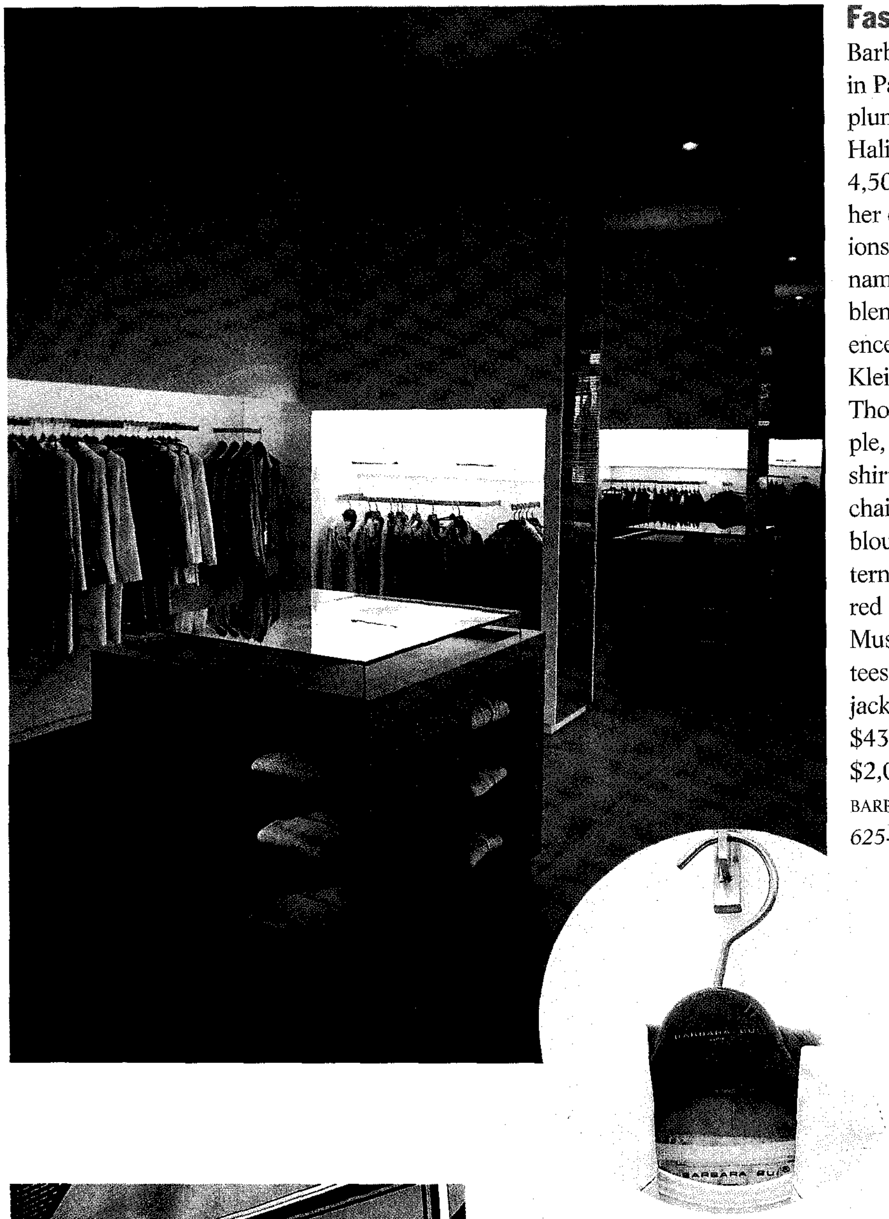


Exterior Design

Fresh, bold, and *inventive*—these adjectives define the hand-painted furnishings and accessories at Amaranth (a flower that never fades). Architect-owners Bonnie Reich and David Holland designed the inviting space, and they provide the surfaces (a vintage end table, a tool box, a night stand, a coat rack), then ask artists (like Christopher Tanner, Norm Magnusson, and Vicki Khuzami) to reinterpret them. Though the results are exuberant, the furniture would slip rather nicely into even understated living rooms. There's a phalanx of clocks ranging from whimsical to outrageous, scads of occasional tables—plus the odd but fabulous poodle bath mat created by Robert Reed (from $30 for a painted wood gem box to $150 for a bath mat to $850 for an end table to $3,000 for a gilded armoire).

AMARANTH INC/*77 Franklin Street/625-1246*

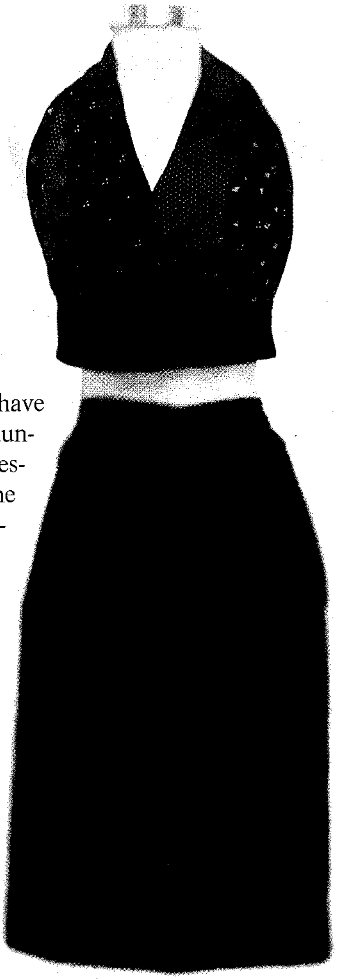




Fashion Fusion

Barbara Bui, the darling of plugged-in Parisians, has taken the New York plunge. She and her partner, William Halimi, have opened a starkly grand 4,500-square-foot depot to show off her quiet, thought-provoking fashions. Bui, whose father is Vietnamese and whose mother is French, blends Eastern and Western influences: Yohji Yamamoto meets Calvin Klein by way of Helmut Lang. Though her fashions are ultra-simple, there are always surprises: T-shirts with metal embellishments, chain-mailish sweaters, transparent blouses, scored leathers, latex-patterned shirts, the occasional searing red to offset the monochromaticity. Must-haves are her body-conscious tees and her precisely cut pants and jackets (from $55 for a tube top to $430 for a stretchy-cotton jacket to $2,000 for a leather coat).

BARBARA BUI/*115 Wooster Street/ 625-1938*



International Language

Brazilian artists Ana Abdul and Lipe Medeiros have filled a soaring space—formerly an industrial Laundromat—with stylish clothing, furniture, home accessories, and art from Europe, South America, and the United States. There's Medeiros's stainless-steel-framed chairs and four-poster beds, R&Y Augousti palmwood-and-shagreen side tables, Soleil Verre glass plates (made by six artists), assorted palmwood, bamboo, and mango-tree bowls and boxes, as well as antique Asian benches and statuettes. The clothing, mostly from young designers, is similarly eclectic: Tufi Duek's sexy dresses, Massimo Mattetti's Lurex tops, and 27-year-old Sibilla Pavenstedt's funky eveningwear (from $7.50 for boxed chopsticks to $484 for a gauzy Duek shift to $3,995 for Medeiros's four-poster bed).

LANGUAGE/*238 Mulberry Street/431-5566*

Photographed by Kenneth Chen

SALES & BARGAINS **ONDINE COHANE**

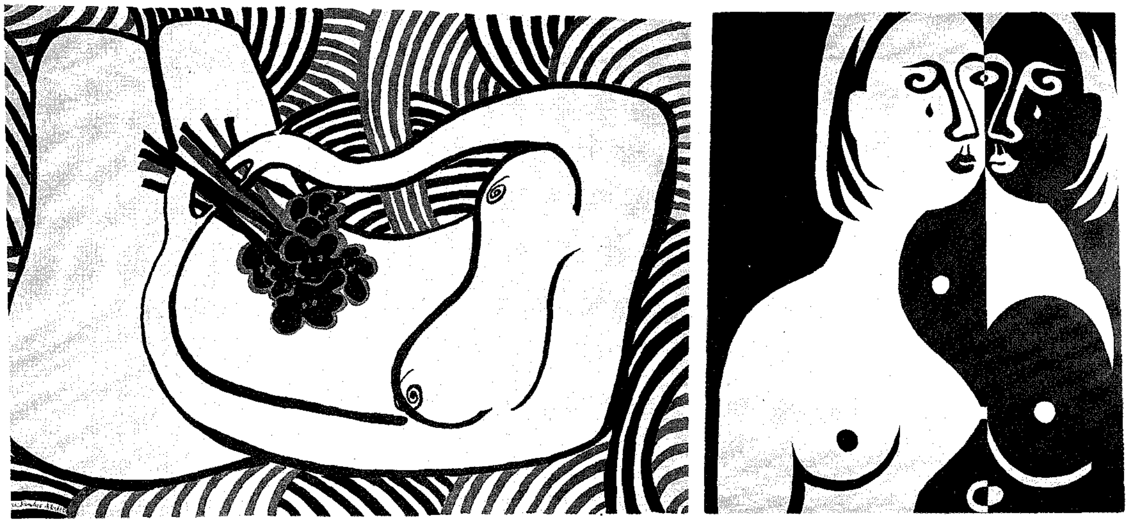
Arts and Leisure

Artist **Edwina Sandys** *commemorates decades of work at her SoHo studio sale; and right across the street, Bliss's treatments help to* **turn back the clock.**

To celebrate a quarter-century of making lithographs, Edwina Sandys is hosting a studio sale. Predominantly a sculptor—Earl McGrath Gallery will be showing her marble work in the fall—her subjects reflect the interests of 25 years, with a common theme: a strong sense of humor. The images of her grandfather, Winston Churchill, are of particular value. The lithographs retail for $300–$3,000; here, they're $100–$1,500. *Edwina Sandys, 565 Broadway, at Prince St., second floor (343-7066); checks accepted; Wed.–Thurs. 12–7 and by appointment; 4/15–4/16.*

Pop Couture

COUTURE CAFE—A WHOLESALE ACCESSORIES showroom that represents fifteen designers—is having its semi-annual sample sale. For example: Japonica's silk scarves and wraps, retail $60–$150, here $25–$60; Karen Pye's sterling-silver jewelry, retail $150–$1500, here $60–$700; Jenniclips's hair accessories, retail $5–$30, here $1–$10; Maruca's fabric bags, retail $10–$80, here $5–$40. *Couture Cafe, 431 Fifth Avenue, near 39th St., fifth floor (213-4353); checks accepted; Tues.–Wed. 10–6, Thurs. 11–8; 4/14–4/16.*



Broadway and prints: Edwina Sandys's *Green Nude* (1974) and *Teardrop* (1997) are included in her studio sale.

Off the Beaten Path

ALTHOUGH PASTEC HAS BEEN OPEN FOR nine years, we only recently ran across this store that carries mostly Italian and some Japanese women's clothing. The atmosphere is very welcoming, and the clothes have a timeless feel and uncommonly fine fabrics. Most items are now 20 to 40 percent off. *Pastec, 459 Broome St. (219-3922); Mon.–Sat. 12–6:30, Sun. 1–6; A.E., M.C., V.; 4/13 until supplies run out.*

A Good Kind of Pressure

ONE OF THE BEST ASPECTS OF THE NEW York Center for Acupuncture and Alternative Medicine is that the people who run it believe in working with Western doctors—a lot of their patients are receiving both kinds of care. The usual fees are $100 for the first visit, now $65, and $65 for subsequent ones, now $50. *New York Center for Acupuncture and Alternative Medicine, 157 W. 57th St., Suite 702 (459-2442); Mon.–Fri. 9–7; checks accepted; 4/13–8/31.*

Slimmer Down

TO COMPARE THE EXPERIENCE OF BLISS'S "Oxygen Herbie" wrap to that of a turkey being slowly cooked in its own juices isn't too much of a stretch. But when *you* emerge from your crinkly wrapping, you're a few pounds lighter and you've had a double oxygen facial (arguably one of the best in the city) in the process. The wrap and facial were $165; as a post-tax-deadline treat, they're $135. The price applies to appointments made during the sale for anytime in 1998. *Bliss, 568 Broadway, at Prince St., second floor (219-8970); Mon.–Fri. 11–8:30, Sat. 9:30–6:30; A.E., M.C., V.; 4/15–4/30.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

For the Lightweights

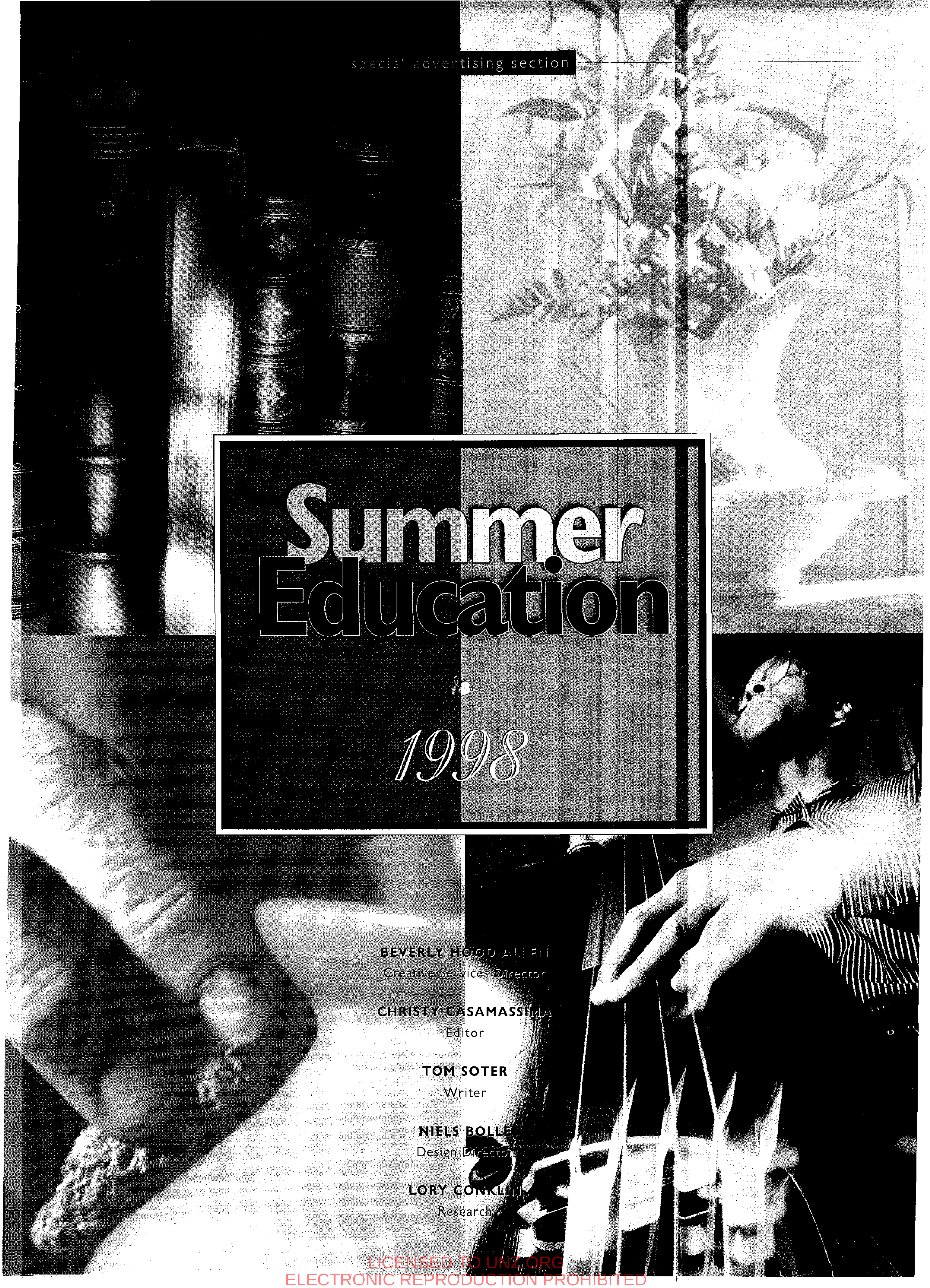
TO FULFILL THE NEED FOR LIGHTER BUSINESSWEAR for the warmer months, Renée DuMarr offers women's day and evening suits for spring and summer. For example: suits, retail $350, here $130–$150; dresses, retail $125–$135, here $50; evening suits, retail $325, here $140. Try-ons are permitted. *Renée DuMarr, 530 Seventh Ave., near 39th St., seventh floor (768-3734); A.E.; Fri. 6–8, Sat. 10–3; 4/17–4/18.*

All in the Footwork

MAIN LINE GROUP—A showroom for women's and men's shoes—is having a sample sale on both sensible shoes and flightier models: Todd Oldham heels, retail $500, here $150; men's Enrico Fantini sandals, retail $195, here $89; Materia Prima platforms, retail $165, here $75. *Main Line Group, 134 Spring St., Suite 202 (965-9493); M.C., V.; Sat–Sun. 12–7, Mon.–Wed. 11–8; 4/18–4/22.* ▬

Photographs by Steven Freeman.

special advertising section



Summer Education

1998

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Summer Education

1998

Summer means free time to do a little career building, satisfy a nagging curiosity, or follow creative impulses–in classrooms all over the city, and beyond. From the Village and SoHo to landscaped country campuses, the Garment District to Lincoln Center, Brooklyn to the Hamptons, into the outer limits of cyberspace, you can learn to play the blues, speak a foreign language, interpret the Bible, bake bread, trim your bonsai, find out what Milton Glaser thinks of your style, write anything from a business proposal to science fiction, overcome your fear of speaking in public, brush up your Shakespeare, design a web page, a kitchen layout, or a dress.

Whether you're working on a degree or just having fun, take advantage of the summer months to shoot to the head of the class.

* * *

The New School

What began in 1919 as the New School for Social Research—a center for "discussion, instruction, and counseling for mature men and women"—has grown by leaps and bounds into **New School University**, occupying a growing campus of buildings primarily on or near lower Fifth Avenue.

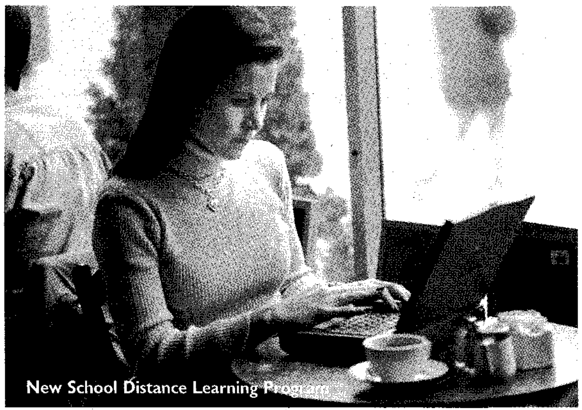
New School Distance Learning Program

Photo: Björg

"We educate the educated," says Elizabeth Dickey, Dean of The New School (66 West 12th St.; 229-5600 or 800-319-4321). "We are constantly creating programs to keep our curriculum timely and timeless—everything from wine appreciation to reading Proust in French—and make all of it available in the most convenient, most accessible ways possible."

There's very little The New School doesn't concern itself with, exploring most topics from every imaginable point-of-view—dozens of courses in the social sciences, communication techniques, financial planning, cooking and baking, computer skills, music instruction from harmonica to audio engineering, fine arts, foreign languages, and a writing program that covers everything from poetry to science fiction. Recreation and physical fitness courses include The Art of Boxing, Magic for Everyone, and How to Stand up Straight.

Photo: ©George Kavanagh/Tony Stone Images

"The New School encourages people to take up issues that interest them

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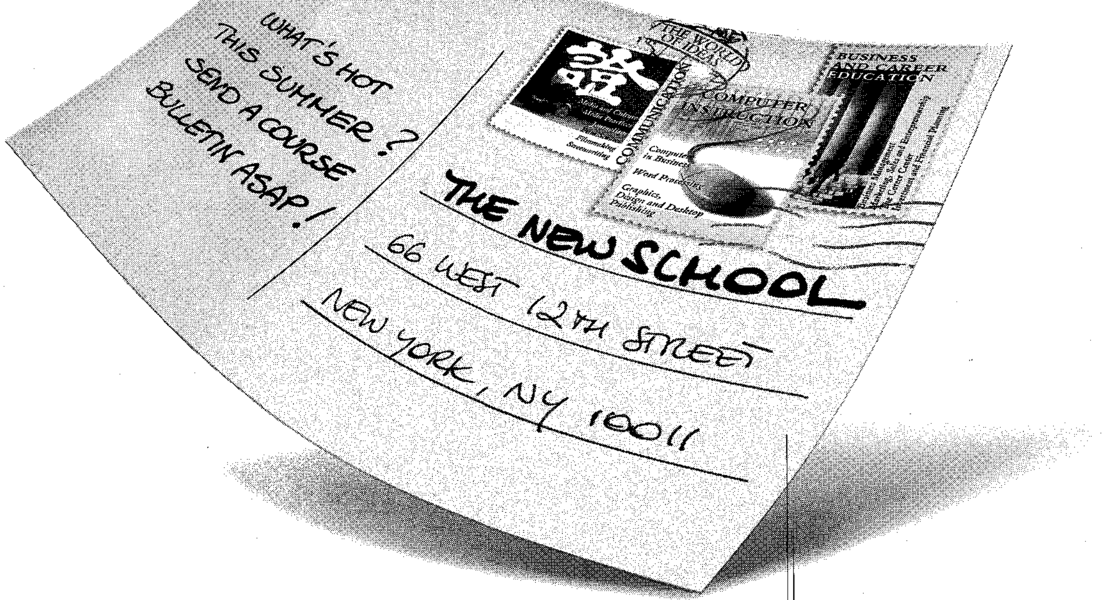
summer with class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Continuing Education
& Special Programs

Photo: Jerry Speier

Parsons Photoshop Class

over time," says Dean Dickey. "We aim to have people develop a lifelong relationship with this learning community of ours."

The Parsons School of Design

(66 Fifth Ave.; 229-8910) has earned an international reputation for excellence in the worlds of fashion, (with campuses in the Village, Garment District, Midtown, and Paris) and the graphic arts. Much of what goes on in the classroom plays out in the computer labs, where 500 Mac stations stay busy from 9 a.m. until 10 p.m.

"We don't just teach software," says Pamela Vassil, Director of Continuing Education. "Everything happens within a design context. Our students are producing portfolio pieces while they're learning."

The summer session includes a new series of AIA/CES courses for architects—five on-campus, two online, and three in Paris that include a two-day tour of buildings fewer than 10 years old. Fashion students can study the latest CAD/CAM software in two- and three-dimensional digital design, fashion trends, and a course that teaches sewing, patternmaking, and draping all in one class. There are drawing and painting classes for "real beginners," as well as classes in fresco painting and silk screen printing. Graphic design courses range from basic techniques to portfolio development. Classes in floral design will help you grow an herb garden in a window-box or trim your bonsai with aplomb.

Mannes College of Music

The halls are alive with the sound of music at **Mannes College of Music** (150 West 85th St.; 580-0210), a renowned classical conservatory. Teaching studios and practice rooms pulse with vocalizing, piano and violin scales, and the rumble of percussion.

"Mannes is known for its emphasis on technical excellence," says David Tcimpidis, Director of the Extension Division. "There's a real intensity and attention to detail in the teaching here. A highly traditional approach in every way."

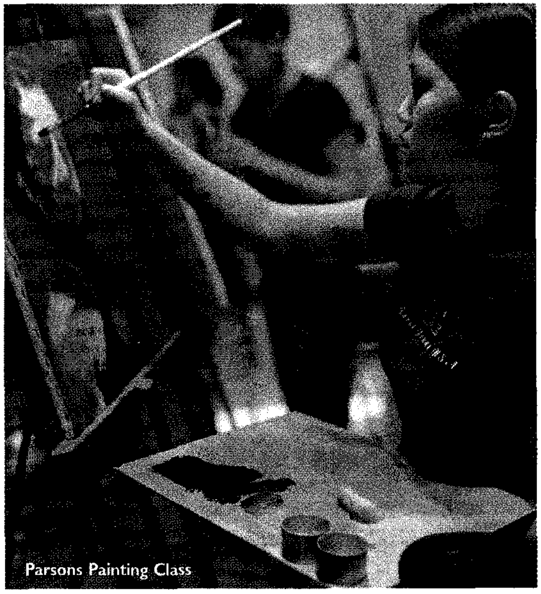
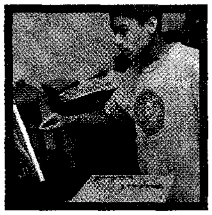

Parsons Painting Class

Photo: Jerry Speier

August Art Camp

Summer camp is over and it's weeks before school starts. What to do with the kids? Send 'em to **Parsons Academy Art Camp** (66 Fifth Ave.; 229-8933) where kids (grades 3 through 6) spend two weeks drawing live models and still lifes, landscapes, and other such real-world images, all under the inspired instruction of Parsons professionals. Campers finish the program with a full sketchbook, and get to see some of their best work hung in the Parsons Fall Continuing Education Student Show.



Photos: Jerry Speier

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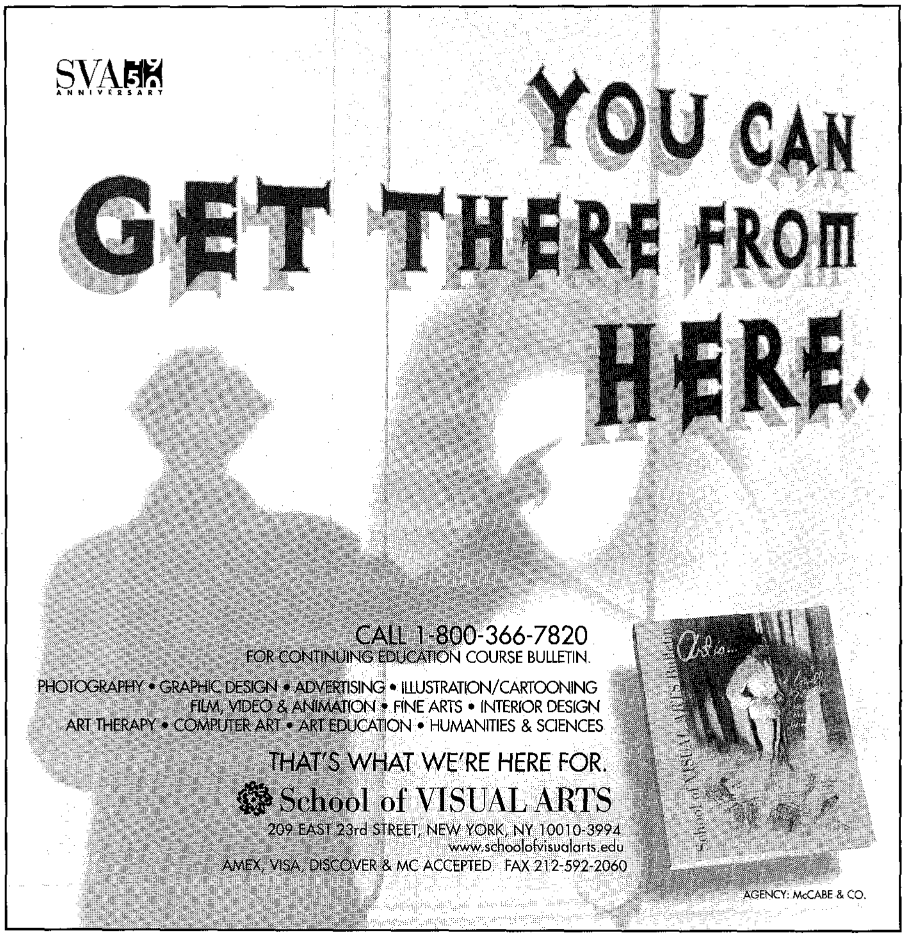
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Singers and instrumentalists study basic music theory, work on performing styles from chamber music to opera, or take advantage of a full range of private lessons. The new seven-station computer lab introduces beginners to composition in cyberspace. All students have access to the Mannes library, which includes 8,000 historic albums and 26,000 scores.

Columbia University

The summer session at **Columbia University** (Broadway and 116th St.; 854-2820) provides a great opportunity to tap into what Frank Wolf, Dean of Continuing Education and Special Programs, describes as "an internationally distinguished research university," with courses in 28 fields of study ranging from anthropology to Yiddish.

The Business Careers Initiative, for example, helps liberal arts graduates prepare for business school by filling in required undergraduate courses they need, such as economics, math, and statistics. And if you're going on to post-grad work in art history, music, or psychology, you can compress a full year of German language study into six weeks of classes.

True to its proper name (Columbia University in the City of New York) there's a special series of courses about the city's history and architecture, an exploration of the city in recent fiction, as well as The New York Theater Event, in which you'll write about the shows on and off Broadway and other forms of entertainment to attend during the program.

Fordham University

As a Jesuit institution, **Fordham University** (Keating Hall, Room 315; 718-817-4665) maintains its traditions of intellectual rigor and open debate in class groups of about a dozen, setting students free to explore issues on all sides. And there's an internship program that allows students to earn credit working in virtually any field.

The Rose Hill Campus, on 85 acres of rolling lawns next to The New York Botanical Gardens and across from the Bronx Zoo, is a center for graduate-level arts and science and religion programs, as well as a wide range of undergraduate courses in business administration and liberal arts. The William D. Walsh Family Library, which opened last May, is a technological marvel with 450 computer stations connected to the library's 60 online databases. Sports facilities include an Olympic-size pool, saunas, weight room, and squash, racquetball, basketball, and tennis courts.

The Lincoln Center Campus offers six different institutes in education for teachers working to advance in their careers. Issues covered include creative problem

SVA Stop Motion Animation Class

Photo: Brian Finke

CYBERSPACE CAMPUS

David Brandstein teaches a New School course called American Indian Spirituality. His students are all over the country. He's on an Indian reservation in Arizona—part of **The New School's DIAL Program** (www.dialnsa.edu; 229-5880).

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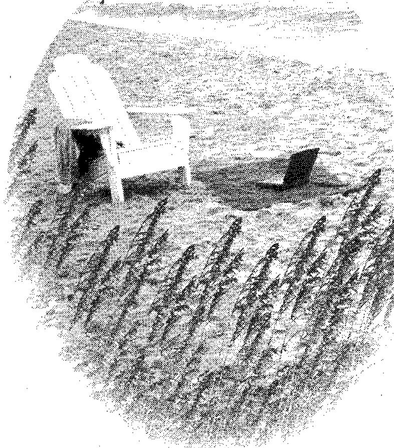
The cyberspace campus includes 303 courses from the curriculum in 20 departments, ranging from music and writing to business, taught by the same instructors. And a student body spread over 29 states and 15 foreign countries. Classes are limited to 15, the same as in a physical classroom. Type in your password and the system knows who you are and where you are in the course. The instructor lectures, asks and answers questions, gives assignments, assesses work, and provides feedback in class or in private. You can post comments and questions that become part of the ongoing seminar instruction.

Photo: ©Charles Thatcher/Tony Stone Images



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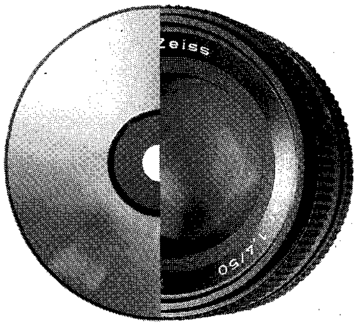

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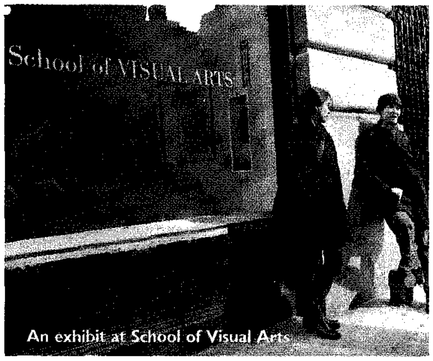

An exhibit at School of Visual Arts

Photo: Brian Finke

School of Visual Arts

Summer at **School of Visual Arts** (209 East 23rd St.; 592-2050) is "intense yet relaxed," says SVA Vice President Anthony P. Rhodes. "The education is as sharp-edged as any other time of year, but classes are smaller, more focused."

And summer at SVA offers special programs available at no other time. The August 3-7 Milton Glaser Workshop includes continental breakfast and lunch, but if you don't do your homework, don't bother coming to class. The legendary Mr. Glaser conducts this intensive, personal graphic design workshop, and each day ends with an assignment required for admission to the next day's session. The 17th annual Summer Studio Residency turns 35 private studio spaces over to painters and multi-media artists from 8 a.m. 'til 11 p.m. where they're visited by faculty for individual critiques. You may sign up for June 1-30 or July 1-31 or both.

And summer is the only time to really take advantage of the program called You Can See the Architecture of the Whole World Without Ever Leaving New York, which meets 12 times, June 8-July 15, spending half your time outdoors visiting hidden temples, palaces, pyramids, ziggurats, palaces, Gothic cathedrals, Roman baths, as well as fine examples of modern architecture.

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Prepare to take on the problems and challenges of starting and managing your own small business. And if you're into leather, FIT's new Leather Apparel Certificate program, the only one of its kind in the United States, lets you specialize in women's or menswear in a series of five evening courses that cover such topics as design, draping, patternmaking, and merchandising.

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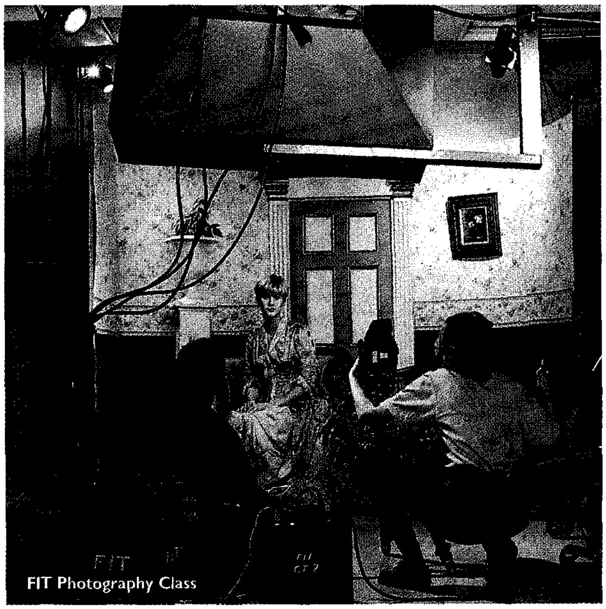
Long Island University or LIU is the largest university on Long Island, spread over three scenic residential campuses, and is, in the eyes of University President David Steinberg, "the most intellectually diverse summer program around."



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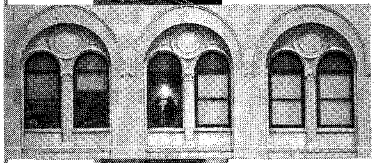
Nyack College: NYC's Evangelical Christian College



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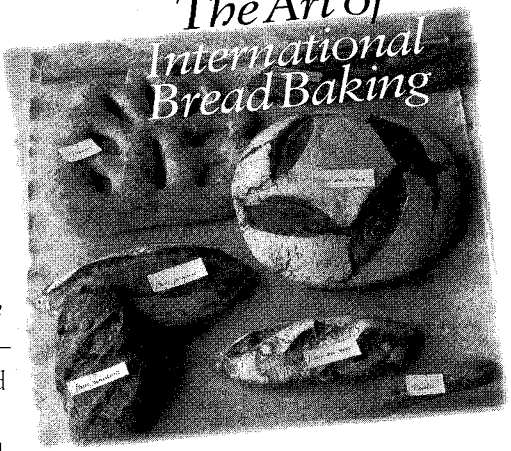
The Art of International Bread Baking



The French Culinary Institute has launched a new program—The Art of International Bread Baking. Under the direction of renowned baker Daniel Leader (author of *Bread Alone*), students will learn the essentials of artisanal bread baking in FCI's brand new state-of-the-art bakery classroom. The curriculum is offered in two week segments (Traditional French, Distinctive European and Traditional Italian with Old World flatbreads) that cover country and restaurant breads. Students who complete all six weeks receive Le Diplôme du Boulanger.

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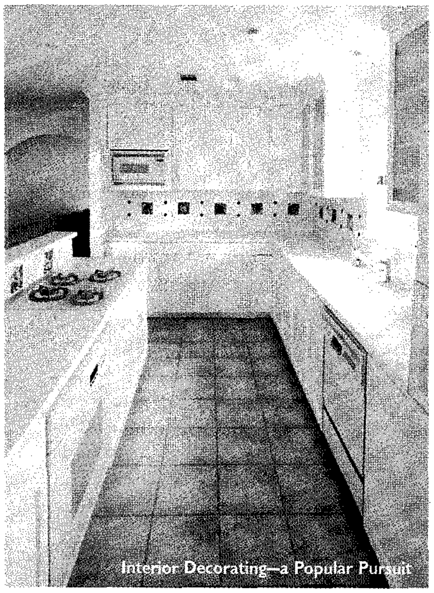


Interior Decorating—a Popular Pursuit

Photo: ©Michael Simpson/FPG International LLC

The Brooklyn Campus (One University Plaza; 718-488-1010) is home to an annual outdoor sculpture show, and you've got Junior's Restaurant (of cheesecake fame) across the street. Courses favor career development, including web page design, professional communications skills, conflict resolution and mediation, and a paralegal studies program (with a special course for nurses) you can complete in three months during the day or six months attending evening sessions.

The **C.W. Post Campus** (720 Northern Boulevard; 516-299-2236) sprawls across 308 landscaped acres that were the estates of E.F. Hutton and Marjorie Merriweather Post. Graduate level Hutton House Lectures (516-299-2580) consider "all things American." The Interior Design Institute offers courses in such things as design, faux finishing, and decorative painting. The Art and Antiques Appraisal Institute is where you'll sharpen your eye for everything from furniture and jewelry to oriental rugs.

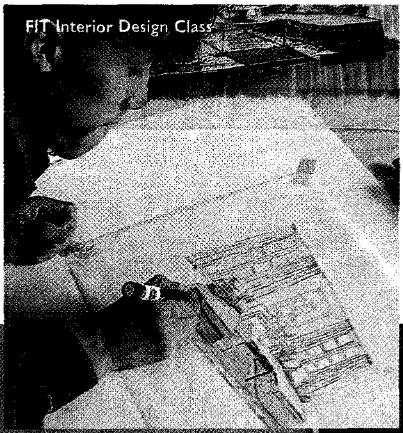
Southampton College (239 Montauk Highway; 516-287-8135) is hosting its 23rd Annual Summer Writer's Workshop, June 29-July 8, with daytime workshops followed each evening by the Writers on Writing Reading lecture series that boasts an all-star lineup that includes Betty Comden ("Singin' in the Rain"), Budd Schulberg ("On the Waterfront"), naturalist-author-explorer Peter Matthiessen, and *Time Magazine* Contributing Editor Roger Rosenblatt.

Nyack College

Courses taught at **Nyack College Manhattan Center** (335 Broadway/93 Worth St., 10th Fl.; 625-0500) provide real-world applications for some truly esoteric studies. The upstate Christian evangelical college opened its branch Downtown this past fall with an enrollment of just over 100—mainly adults who are engaged in ministries throughout the city, and who are described by Associate Dean David Turk as "apolitical born-again Christians."

You can study the New Testament's historical backgrounds, Eastern and Western literature comparing—among many things—Indian and Chinese love poetry and Egyptian and Indian epics, the peoples and cultures of Africa south of the Sahara, and examine Christian foundations including spiritual discipline and "an individual's responsibility for racial reconciliation and justice."

"This is the only evangelical Christian college offering accredited degree programs in the city," says Dean Turk, "Making it possible to study such fields as Business Administration, Elementary Education, or Psychology in a Christian environment that is open to each student's experience, each student's own faith."



FIT Interior Design Class

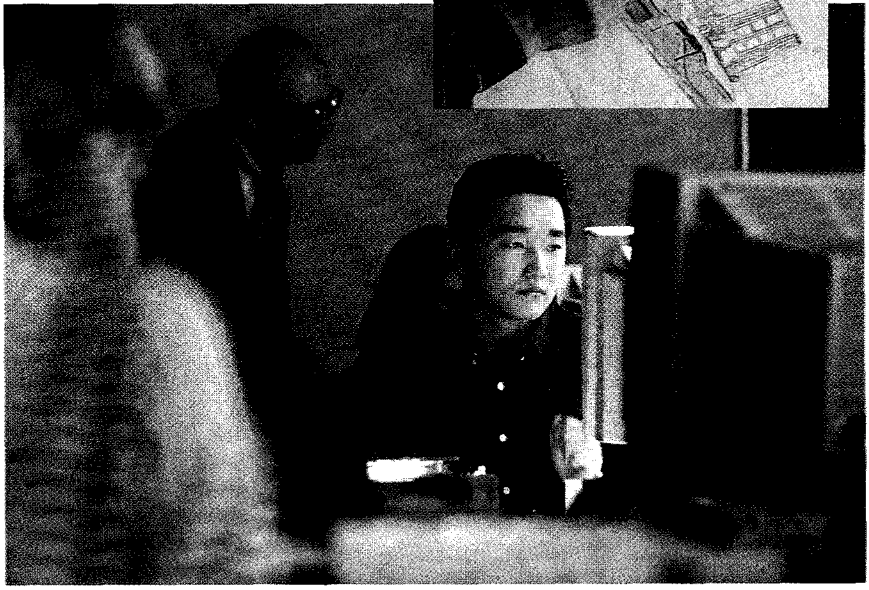


Photo: ©Stewart Cohen/Tony Stone Images

Rising Stars

The first graduating class of the International Bread Baking program at **The French Culinary Institute** (462 Broadway; 219-8890) celebrated with Champagne, hors d'oeuvres, fruits and cheeses, and the 21 loaves of bread that were their final exam. "There's no other place in America to study artisanal bread baking at this level," says master baker Daniel Leader, founder of the internationally known Bread Alone in upstate Boiceville, who created the program and designed FCI's bread kitchen after visiting the top baking schools in Europe.

Students bake 120 different breads with 21 varieties of flour during the intensive six-week program (which may be divided into two-week sessions—French, Italian, and Mediterranean Breads, and Distinctive European Breads). Classwork combines the practical and the scientific, all summarized in a binder that includes recipes, complete with four-color photos of each loaf. Lectures are conducted while the dough is rising.

"Our facility is state-of-the-art," says instructor Walter Luque, a third-generation baker. "But everything you do here, you can do at home. It's really all about how dough behaves in this nice liaison between flour and water. Bread baking comes down to one thing. You have to feel the dough."

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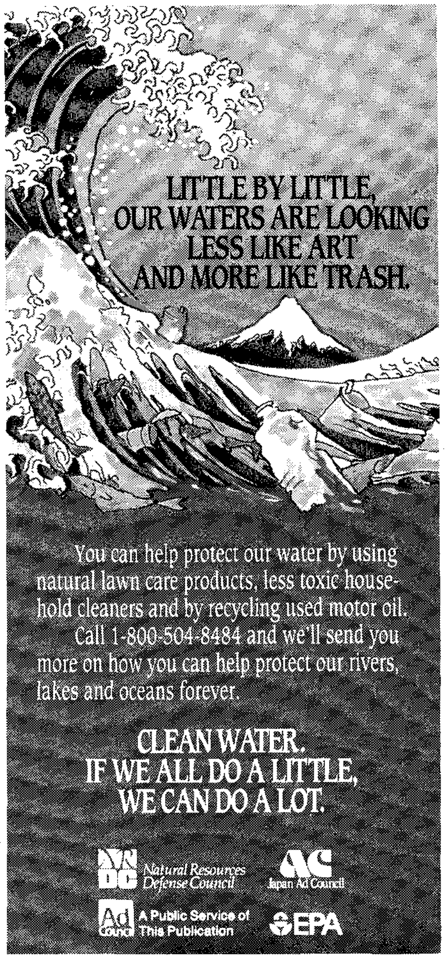
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MOVIES DAVID DENBY

To Live and Fly in L.A.

Gorgeously shot, 'City of Angels' moves Wim Wenders's 'Wings of Desire' from Berlin to Los Angeles—and something crucial's been lost in transit.

Halo, stranger: A wingless Nicolas Cage and a mirthless Meg Ryan find true love in *City of Angels.*

Photograph by Murray Close/Warner Bros. Productions.

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN-BORN CINEMATOGRAPHER John Seale, who gave *The English Patient* such a luminous, sexy glow—Seale's images managed to be crystal-clear and erotically textured at the same time—is back in action in the beautifully photographed **City of Angels.** The movie is set in Los Angeles, a very horizontal city, but Seale, working with the director Brad Silberling, gets his camera up in the air—on rooftops, at the top of skyscraper construction sites, on the hills looking down into the city. The images are very crisp but slightly spooked. This is a movie about angels—real angels. The seraphic presences, who dress in long dark coats, like somber gangsters, stand silently on the successive balconies of a rotundalike library. One of them pitches himself down from way up high, his arms outstretched, like a giant bird making a slow sweep to the ground. The movie is occasionally on the verge of breaking into surreal fantasy. Though I wish I could say that it amounts to more than a few startling images, it doesn't. *City of Angels* is the brainchild of the late producer Dawn Steel, who fell in love with Wim Wenders's 1987 classic *Wings of Desire* and decided to make an American version of it. The movie has its affecting moments, but the drearily inevitable has come true—an original and rather haunting poetic conception has been turned into a literal-minded love story. Take a chance on love: Fall for an angel.

Wenders's movie, elegantly written in collaboration with Peter Handke, was set in Berlin when the Wall was still up—a divided city, somber and scarred, with its war memories, its distinctive melancholy and bittersweet humor. Two very serious angels (Bruno Ganz and Otto Sander) wander about, listening in on the thoughts of ordinary people, offering a slight touch of reassurance—a breath, a tiny pressure—in moments of anxiety. For better or worse, the movie had a super-earthly delicacy—it breathed the spirit of German poetry and chamber music. Shot in silvery black-and-white, it shifted to color only at the end, when the angel played by Bruno Ganz falls in love with a female trapeze artist and decides to give up immortality for eros.

City of Angels, which was written by Dana Stevens, is a love story right from the beginning. Nicolas Cage plays an angel named Seth, invisible except when he wants to be seen, who hangs around the operating rooms of an L.A. hospital, waiting to take away the patients who die. He doesn't kill anyone; he executes orders, presumably from above, and he sits there looking on with tender sympathy, his eyes wide open. No one can be more beseeching than Nicolas Cage—he's like a dog who hasn't eaten for a week. Yet there's now something creepy about the story. It's no longer a poetic conceit: This angel is a sweet-tempered death junkie.

When a wired-up surgeon, Maggie Rice (Meg Ryan), loses a patient on the operating table, Seth falls in love with her, comforting her with an invisible hand as she weeps (it's a lovely moment, equal to anything in the original). Meg Ryan gives one of her best performances; her Maggie feels the strange, consoling presence, and when Seth makes himself visible and stares right into her soul—he's an angel, *boy* is he an angel; no "boorish" advances here—Ryan, stunned, disbelieving, struggles to understand what's happening to her.

But the movie quickly takes a tumble—it becomes an argument for life, for sensuous experience, for not living in the vacuum of immortality. Ah, to feel that water on your back when you jump into the Pacific! To taste some real food! But this is a movie set in Los Angeles, not in shattered, soulful, guilty Berlin. It is set in the narcissists' capital of the world. Could anyone possibly argue against pleasure in the sunlit paradise? There might have been an element of dramatic tension if someone had, but nothing so witty as that happens. The movie becomes a compellingly photographed advertisement for the good life, and nothing, in this setting, could be more redundant or banal. Will Nick accept love—and death? Will Meg take a chance on this strange guy? In other words, Hollywood has made the idea more realistic, more emotional, more communicative, more plausible. But how can it be plausible? The material is entirely fanciful. Silberling, whose only previous feature credit was the kids' fantasy *Casper,* has some talent, but he directs with too confident a belief in his own banalities. The movie is physically beautiful, but the ideas are kitsch—it's a New Age love story, the latest version of the doomed romances of 50 years ago.

IN 1964, DOCUMENTARY FILMMAKER EMILE De Antonio and art-film impresario Daniel Talbot edited the kinescopes of the 1954 Army-McCarthy hearings, cutting down six weeks of testimony into the 97-minute film **Point of Order.** Film Forum is now reviving it (though April 16), and anyone young enough to wonder what McCarthyism was about, or anyone of any age trying to understand the more obsessional and bizarre elements of Kenneth Starr's investigation of the president, should see this movie. *Point of Order* starts rather oddly and then grows more and more dramatic, confrontational, and wild, until it ends in complete dementia—McCarthy alone, in a Senate hearings room, ranting on and on about Communists in government as everyone walks out on him. The movie chronicles the disintegration of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy under public scrutiny. It also, by extension, unwittingly comments on the hysterical elements in today's investigation of such threats to national security as oral sex and bookstore purchases.

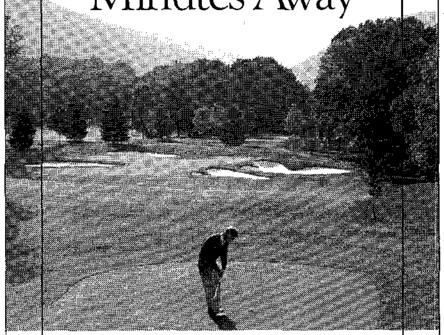
In the spring of 1954, McCarthy was beginning to slide. In March, he had been denounced on the Senate floor by Senator Ralph Flanders, a Republican from Vermont; he had been critically profiled by Edward R. Murrow on CBS; and his claims of Communist infiltration were getting nuttier and nuttier. There were subversives, he claimed, in the State Department, in the CIA, in the nuclear plants; there were subversives everywhere, and the country was in danger of going Red. The immediate cause of the hearings—charges and counter-charges regarding a McCarthy staff member, G. David Schine, who had been drafted into the Army—now seems bizarrely irrelevant. But G. David Schine was only a pawn in a very serious game: McCarthy's committee was beginning to investigate the citadel of respectability, the United States Army. In response, the Army hired ace Boston trial lawyer Joseph N. Welch, who did something very simple that nevertheless had the force of revelation: He subjected McCarthy and his aide Roy Cohn to the kind of cross-examination that anyone making charges in a criminal trial would face. For years, McCarthy had waved mysterious lists of subversives. Now Welch asked him: What is the source of your evidence? How was the evidence treated? Whom exactly are you accusing? And of what?

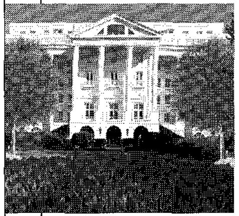
After the initial wrangling about the Army's treatment of Schine, the movie turns into surreal theater—McCarthy, giggling madly, his vocal intonations drooping like molasses over the words, then rising to a high, querulous whine, seems as mad as a hatter, and Roy Cohn, hair slicked down, huge eyes shifting anxiously from side to side, looks like a baby gangster in an old movie. Welch's humble-Boston-lawyer act is itself a prime piece of theater. Welch is actually as tough as nails; he baits and teases Cohn, and shreds some of McCarthy's materials—a cropped photo, a letter denouncing subversives from FBI director J. Edgar Hoover that turns out to be a phony. McCarthy, growing more and more angry, rumbles and makes threats.

And then it comes, The Moment: Grinning and giggling, McCarthy brings up the membership, years earlier, of one of Welch's junior assistants in a Communist-front group. Welch hesitates, secures McCarthy's attention, and then, with the whole nation watching, delivers a rebuke to the senator ("Have you no sense of decency, sir? At long last, have you left no sense of decency?") that, in its phrasing and timing, its hesitations and ultimate certainties, is one of the most devastating pieces of rhetoric in American history. The rebuke is one of those supreme instances in which law and common sense come together—equaled in recent years by Senator Sam Ervin's lecture on the Constitution to John Ehrlichman in the Watergate hearings and perhaps again by Judge Susan Webber Wright's scathing dismissal of the Paula Jones claims.

After the hearings, McCarthy was finished: The Senate condemned his tactics the following fall by a vote of 67 to 22, and he died three years later. Watching this material—the paranoia, the irrationality, the bullying and toadying and righteousness—you may at times have trouble believing your ears and eyes. But in ten years, the investigation into Monica Lewinsky's reading habits will appear no less peculiar. ■

David Denby's 1998 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com,** *along with movie news, a schedule of upcoming openings, and more.*





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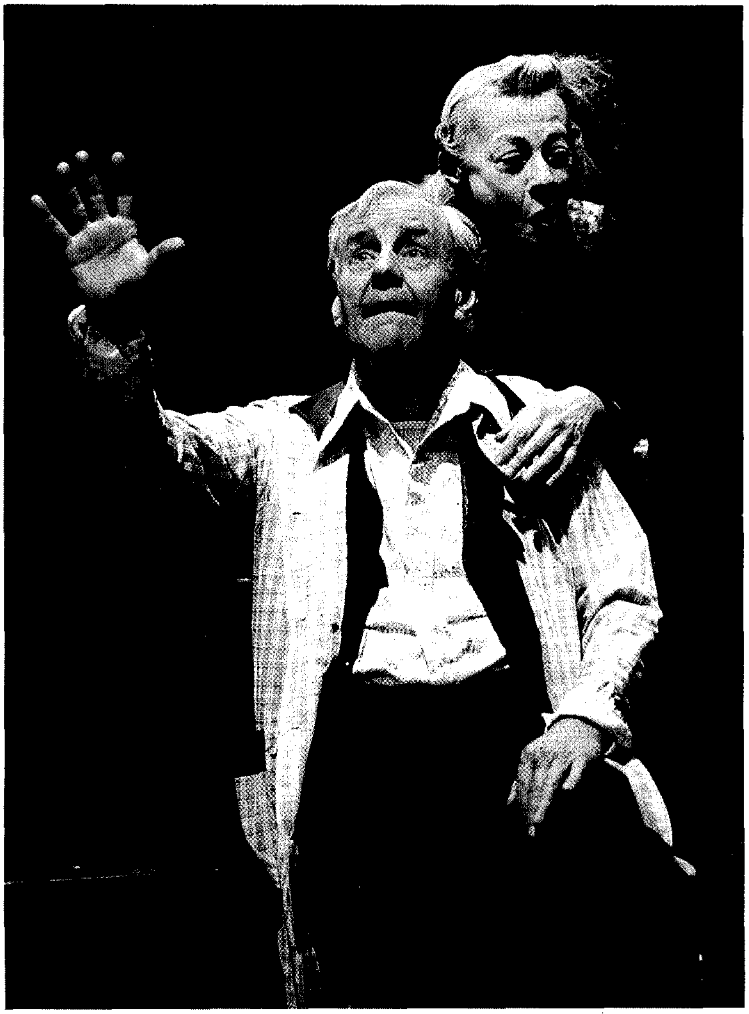
Lost Will and Testament

In Ionesco's provocative 'The Chairs,' an old couple justify their lonely existence before an imaginary audience; 'Much Ado About Nothing' is.

EUGÈNE IONESCO WAS DOGGED BY THE FEAR OF death, with which many of his plays are impregnated. But life, too, could be frightening. In a memoir, he writes: "Torn to pieces between the horror of living and the horror of dying." The tragic farce **The Chairs** concerns a nonagenarian couple, caretakers of an abandoned tower on an isolated island surrounded by stagnant water. They are ready to die, and have invited everyone conceivable to hear the Old Man's testament, which he, unskilled with words, has hired the Orator to deliver for him. The guests—all invisible presences—start coming. The Old Man chats them up while the Old Woman knocks herself out dragging in seating for them. The stage fills up with more and more empty chairs.

The Emperor himself shows up—invisibly. By this time, the accumulated chairs have become a barrier separating the couple. At last, the (visible) Orator arrives to render the apologia. But he proves a deaf-mute, burbling nonsense sounds, then scribbling meaningless messages on a board. Meanwhile, the oldsters have jumped to their separate watery graves from opposite windows. To the audible murmurs of an unseen crowd, the Orator departs. Only the chairs, jiggling slightly, remain.

Not-so-absurd absurdity: Richard Briers and Geraldine McEwan in *The Chairs.*



The exact meaning of every detail is debatable, but the outline is clear enough. We live in terrifying isolation, companioned mostly by imaginary others. We cannot even voice our final justification. The Emperor (God) to whom it is to be presented does not exist, and the Orator (writer, historian, advocate) cannot impart it in speech or writing. The triumphant reality is that of the chairs—dumb objects proliferating all around. "The theme of the play is nothingness," Ionesco has written; "to give unreality to reality one must give reality to the unreal, until . . . nothingness can be heard, is made concrete." To the French critic Claude Bonnefoy, Ionesco summed up, "Total absence: chairs without people."

But around this skeleton there is much embroidery: memories, observations, philosophizing—all of it distorted to the point of absurdity. So it was right to have Martin Crimp adapt the play to today's concerns, and without changing anything substantive make the skewed topical references and preposterous puns more current than 1952 (the play's date) and more English than French. Some few changes seem ill-founded, though. Thus the Old Woman's name, Semiramis, laden with antiquity and myth, becomes Anna-Rosetta. Anna-Rosetta who?

The production, much more elaborate than previous ones, is often inspired. It adds an evocative first set, viewing the couple from the water-girt outside; it arranges the many requisite doors in two tiers, so that chairs can also tumble from above; it diversifies the shape and period of the chairs to ecumenical effect. On top of the Quay Brothers' ingenious scenery, Paul Anderson's lighting and Paul Arditti's sounds are good and eerie. Simon McBurney's staging admirably fulfills Ionesco's wish for "a real ballet with the chairs."

Geraldine McEwan's Old Woman may be a bit too singsongy, and does not quite live up to Joan Plowright's masterly performance in the London and New York premieres. But Richard Briers's would-be debonair, self-satisfied yet insecure dotard could not be more appropriately laughable or pitiful. I disapprove of the Emperor's unjustifiably visible gloves and a gratuitous final transformation by the Orator; otherwise this production incises itself indelibly on those privileged to view it.

DAVID HENRY HWANG'S **Golden Child,** UNCOMPELLING LAST season Off Broadway, makes an even poorer showing on. Revised but not for the better, it chronicles the fictionalized Hwang family's embrace of Christianity, anticipating its emigration to America. But the telling is

Photograph by Stephen Vaughn.

uninvolving and, what with both structural and linguistic shortcomings, seems to limp on bound feet. The survivors from the original cast—Julyana Soelistyo, as the eponymous superchild in both youth and old age, and Tsai Chin, as the first of the paterfamilias's three wives—continue to shine. Of the newcomers, only John Horton, as a gung-ho British pastor, is an improvement. James Lapine's direction can do little to wake up an essentially somnolent work.

FREDERICK KNOTT'S **Wait Until Dark** IS PURE contrivance but with more holes than a tennis net. From Knott's plot's un-Gordian knots, a little logic could easily free the blind heroine beset by three bumbling thugs. They, in turn, could, instead of playing an elaborate charade, win out through simple physical force. The thriller, a lowly theatrical genre, depends on some semblance of rationality and a fair dose of suspense, neither of them provided here.

On the credit side, the always winningly earthy Marisa Tomei, even miscast as a vulnerable flower, emerges warmly appealing; Stephen Lang's raspily manic persona—a human cheese-grater—fascinates as usual, even in a senseless role. Michael McGarty's décor is moody and sassy; Brian MacDevitt's lighting scatters miracles with dazzling prodigality. Under Leonard Foglia's overgimmicky direction, the minor roles are just passably filled.

The real disaster is Quentin Tarantino. This ludicrously overrated copycat director gives a nonperformance to temper the ardor of his most slavish fans. The video store, where Tarantino has acquired his entire education, can teach you to become a flash-in-the-pan director but not, alas, an actor. His chief heavy, Roat, floats like a pothead and stings like a flea.

ENGLAND'S HIGHLY-TOUTED CHEEK BY JOWL, briefly seen at BAM, brought us a dismal **Much Ado About Nothing,** whose title supplies a succinct epitaph for all of that company's offerings. The group, run by the director Declan Donnellan and the designer Nick Ormerod, has just announced its temporary disbanding (possibly because that duo is no longer cheek by jowl), and none too soon for my taste. If any play needs more atmosphere than a wishy-washy unit set consisting of several raised or lowered bits of oblong canvas, monotonously lighted by the irrelevant snowflake projections of Judith Greenwood, this is the one. Paddy Cunneen's music, screechily inapposite Irish jigs scraped out on one or two instruments, is as unhelpful as the by-now-clichéd Edwardian costuming. The direction is unimaginably unimaginative; the acting, without exception, worse.

To do this dashingly aristocratic farandole with barely middle-class accents and countenances, the actors squeezing out words like blackheads, is like imposing on us a poetry recital by a preternaturally brutish troglodyte. The one comely presence was the Hero of Sarita Choudhury, who, however, had the worst diction. I'll mention only Stephen Mangan's plebeian Don Pedro, Bohdan Poraj's loutish street-corner Claudio, Matthew Macfadyen's unsuccessful John Cleese impersonation as Benedick, and Saskia Reeves's pip-squeaky Beatrice—those airy lovers no closer to champagne than rubbing alcohol. Leaving appalled at the break, I wondered how the yet-to-come Verges and Dogberry could possibly achieve the necessary increment in doltishness. I am told they managed.

FOR TOO MANY VIEWERS AND REVIEWERS, transatlantic axiomatically equals transcendent, which is why *The Beauty Queen of Leenane* is moving to Broadway. But Martin McDonagh's other play to be seen here, **The Cripple of Inishmaan,** is better: less claustrophobic, more insightful into a small Irish community, less obvious melodrama. It still basks in the quick reversals McDonagh is overfond of, and the characters are even more inconsistent. But there is greater variety in the humor, and some welcome understatement. The more rebarbative influence of O'Casey is tempered by the gentler one of Synge.

Too much fun still derives from characters' gullibility or stupidity, but the young author is trying to lift himself from farce into comedy. There are moments of adult ruefulness, as when one boy makes fun of an old spinster who talks to stones, and the other rebukes him, "You shouldn't laugh at other people's misfortunes." Comes the stunned answer, "Why?" Response: "I don't know why. Just that you shouldn't is all." A benighted world, this, where one youth doesn't know why wrong is wrong, and the other why right is right. Well acted as it is, the brief exchange is amazingly revelatory of character.

The two imported Irish actors—Ruaidhri Conroy, as the ingenuous young cripple, and Aisling O'Neill, as the pretty hoyden he vainly longs for—are matched in excellence by the local talent. Donal Donnelly (granted, a long-ago Irish transplant) admirably manages to be charming without lapsing into cuteness. Roberta Maxwell and Elizabeth Franz are fine as a pair of elderly shopkeepers who have adopted the orphaned cripple. Michael Gaston as the local strongman, Peter Maloney as the village doctor, Christopher Fitzgerald as a youth enamored of candy and telescopes, and Eileen Brennan as a bibulous but indestructible nonagenarian are all spot on.

So, too, are Tony Walton's sets, Ann Roth's costumes, and Jerry Zaks's direction. But let's not yet go overboard for Martin McDonagh. Back in 1935, Sean O'Casey warned, "English criticism has long lost its virility, and is fast losing its courage." Must this still be true in 1998? ▬

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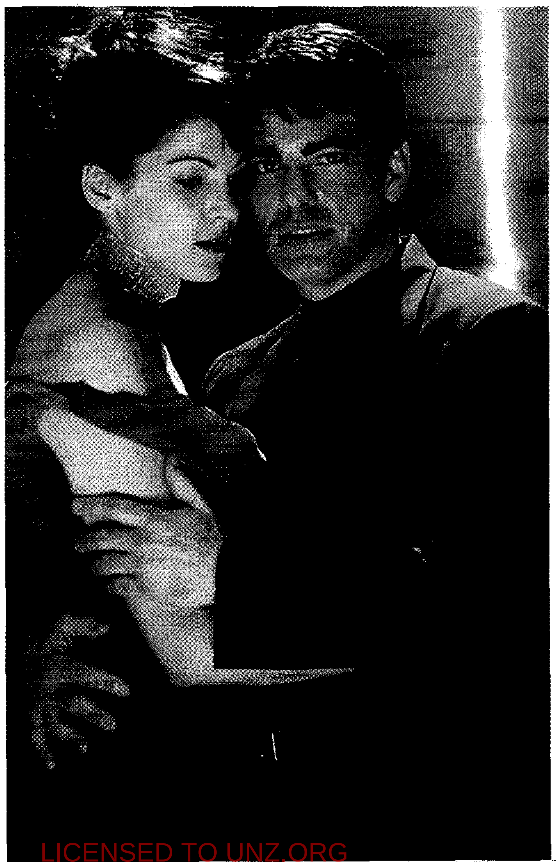
JOHN LEONARD

Grave New World

NBC spins Aldous Huxley's prescient, take-no-prisoners novel about a sated society into just another heavy-handed nighttime soap opera.

IN 1946, FOURTEEN YEARS AFTER HE FIRST PUBLISHED **Brave New World,** Aldous Huxley wrote a foreword to a postwar edition of the novel, forgiving himself for failing to predict nuclear fission but also wishing he'd offered some alternative other than a primitive religion, "half fertility cult and half Penitente ferocity," to his engineered utopia of bottled babies and somatic stupefaction. Such a "third" way would have embraced the economics of Henry George, the politics of Prince Kropotkin, and a humane technology in the service of a faith that sought "the unitive knowledge of the immanent Tao or Logos, the transcendent Godhead or Brahman." We should consider ourselves lucky to have escaped this embarrassment. We aren't so lucky in the improvements foisted on the novel by this TV version (Sunday, April 19; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC).

Within the limitations of a TV-movie budget, it is nifty to look at. While Sikorsky would not develop a successful prototype of Leonardo's original design till 1940, Huxley in 1932 loved the whole idea of helicopters, and they're deployed here like the hounds of Heaven, Roto-Rootering amid celestial spires that only faintly resemble the concrete-Twinkie style of modern skyscraper architecture. The hatcheries where the kidstuffs of the future are "decanted"—from computer-matched DNA samples, according to a color-coded caste system of Alphas, Betas, Deltas, Gammas, and semi-moronic Epsilons—epitomize our worst dreams of gene-splicing, people-cloning, and bell-curved Charles Murrays, as do the nightmare dorms in which these chicks are conditioned, by "hypnopaedia," into everything from "elementary class consciousness" to a hatred of botany and books. I miss the Slough Crematorium, where the novel recovered phosphorus from adult corpses, as well as the Internal and External Secretion Trust. But otherwise, with its nap-time whispers, theme-park slogans, virtual-reality "feelies," pervasive scent, and community sings, this brave new cloud chamber could have been fabricated from the Spam in our e-mail.



Huxters: Lenina Crowe (Rya Kihlstedt) and Bernard Marx (Peter Gallagher) in *Brave New World.*

Photograph by Paul Drinkwater/NBC.

Also watchable are the actors. As Bernard Marx, Peter Gallagher has the sort of wounded-Hamlet wince in which Dirk Bogarde used to specialize—exactly right for an Alpha psychologist beginning to have his doubts about a society of hedonist-consumers who distract themselves with feelies, suck on sex-hormone chewing gum, dope up on super-Prozac soma, plug each other in like Tinker Toys ("Orgy-porgy!"), and get a regular monthly flush of Violent Passion Surrogate ("all the tonic effects of murdering Desdemona . . . without any of the inconveniences"). As Lenina Crowe, a party girl at the State Conditioning Center who'll lose her sailor's blouse, cartridge belt, and "zippicamiknicks" while accompanying Bernard on a whirlybird visit to the D. H. Lawrence badlands of New Mexico, Rya Kihlstedt is a licorice twist of exotic sulk. As "John the Savage," the Shakespeare-quoting malcontent they bring back to London with them, Tim Guinee's a volatile combustion of heat and light, wonder and rage, desire and shame. Not only does Leonard Nimoy play Mustapha Mond, the exalted Controller of all this Community, Identity, and Stability, as part Grand Inquisitor and part Prospero pixie, but he also gets to wear the best and brightest tunics and dashikis. Miguel Ferrer must dress down as the Mother Hen at the Baby Hatch, but at least in the movie, if not in the novel, he will kill somebody. In the novel, the outcast mother of the savage John was merely fat, whereas, in the movie, she's Sally Kirkland.

You will have noticed "Marx" and "Lenina." There are also characters in the novel with names like Sarojini Engels, Herbert Bakunin, and Polly Trotsky, not to mention a Benito Hoover and a Darwin Bonaparte, and a Dr. Wells (for H.G.), although none of them makes it into the movie, not even Helmholtz Watson, who was a much nicer guy than Bernard.

Aldous Huxley was not a nice guy, at least till later in his life, after he had discovered hallucinogens and gone Californian. This is the paragraph you're advised to skip if you don't care what the movie's done to the novel and are so desperate for narrative surprise, you'll scruple at nothing to get it. *Brave New*

(continued on page 68)

RESTAURANTS HAL RUBENSTEIN

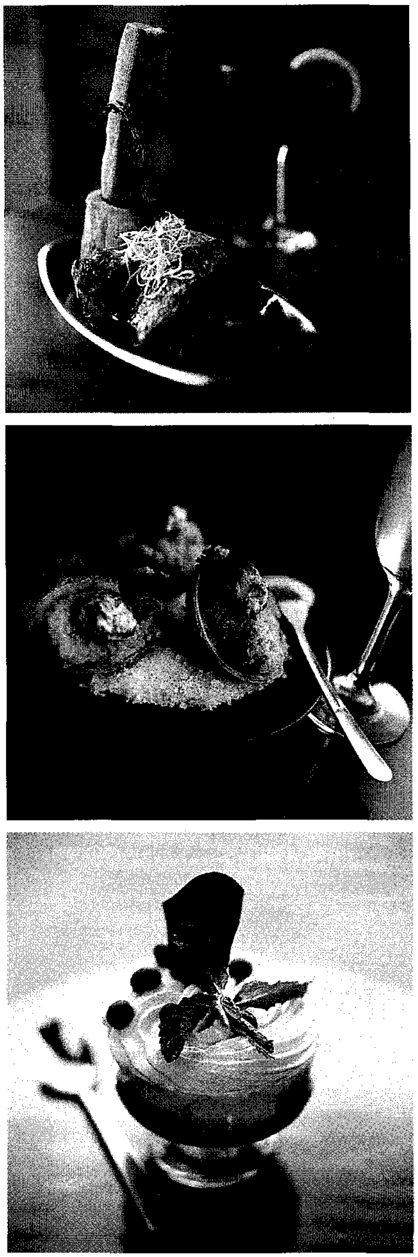
Size Flatters

Lot 61 looks disconcertingly like just another barn-size trendatorium. But its tasty menu, appealing space, and expert service make it a real crowd-pleaser.

WE LOVE BIG WHEN it comes to paychecks, portions, partners, Pucci prints, and Mario Puzo novels, but when the term modifies a restaurant, suspicions grow huge. In such a vast expanse, waiters find uncharted places to hide. The customarily oversize menu imperils the kitchen's precision. Getting your entire party served simultaneously is almost as unlikely as spotting the Giulianis out together in public.

Any wonder that **Lot 61** is cringe at first sight? Wide as a soundstage and deep as the Port Authority Bus Terminal, Lot has been shrewdly conceived to succeed in two ways. First, its resolutely stark, geometric sleekness—alluringly shaded by permanent dusk—beckons anyone scrubbed, randy, thirsty, and 27. Second, interior architects Rafael and Diana Viñoly's Bauhaus art-gallery floor plan is exactly the kind of dramatic and adaptable location that glamour corporations seek when they're looking for a get-down but upscale place to toast a new line or launch a fragrance. A fin de siècle Leonard's of Great Neck to please Revlon and Helmut Lang.

"You see these couches?" says statuesque owner Amy Sacco as she vigorously scrunches the lacquered rubber modules that fill the center of the main room. "They came from an insane asylum. Aren't they amazing?" And frankly, they are—portable, flop-on-able, and rinsable. Remember that first and foremost, this is a bar.



Big place, bite-size portions: From top, beer-braised short ribs, crispy oysters with horseradish stuffing (be sure to order two portions), and chocolate trifle.

Of course, the top-shelf life of such trendatoriums is as fleeting as that of a Paul Simon musical. How long before Asia de Cuba starts having drag nights? (C'mon, Lady Bunny, don't get your beads all bunched. You know what I mean.) But having invested in both art and design on a grand scale, Sacco, formerly of Bouley and Vong, is not counting on mango margaritas to fuel her retirement fund. Instead, she has put together an urban anomaly—a too-hot-not-to-cool-down eatery that has confidently laid the groundwork for longevity.

Encouraging young folks to feel like they own the town, while persuading those who can actually stake a claim to a small chunk of it that they're not chaperons at a sock hop, requires a certain kind of sorcery. So expect your first dinner at Lot 61 to be an evening of minor amazements. If you're old enough to have played "Hi, Bob!" while the Hartleys were still on CBS, you may feel like you're entering the young lions' den. Yet dining is primarily confined to booths and tables along the room's perimeter, where there is little danger of being deafened or encroached upon. In fact, until eleven, the room maintains a surprisingly tolerable population density.

All the better to see the wait staff, my dear. Styled as if by *Detour* magazine and cuter than *Party of Five,* the lot of them could get hired at the Delano in a heart-throbbing beat. Ever try to get service from the lovelies at the Delano? Your tan will fade faster. Yet before you can even begin to kvetch at Lot 61, here comes one to say hi. Disarming as beauty is when paired with charm, the waitpersons are also as informed as they are informal. And distracted by the eye candy as *you* may be, *they* remain as focused as the Wallendas.

Chef Arlene Jacobs's kitchen is just as directed, as if she's secure in the belief that the Palm Pilot–wielding folks sitting in the velvet zebraed banquettes have come just for the food. The only concession to reality is that almost all portions are appetizer-size (and appropriately priced). Figure on selecting seven items per couple to make a satisfying meal, and at a table of four, don't hesitate to order doubles of the dishes that all are curious to try. Otherwise, the crispy oysters with horseradish stuffing are going to disappear so quickly you're liable to be left pouting unattractively, and since the densely packed hacked-duck

Photographs by Amy Freeth.

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> *"...Ever try to get service from one of the lovelies at the Delano?* **Your tan will fade faster.** *Yet before you can even begin to kvetch at Lot 61, here comes one to say hi. The wait staff is also as informed as it is informal..."*

RESTAURANTS

spring rolls are awkward to cut, someone is going to get called a hog.

If you covet foie gras, order your own. You won't easily share the plate of the prosciutto-wrapped liver mousse with port-soaked figs, wild greens, and pears. A house variant of scallop McNuggets—fried with a gingered shrimp mousse—is delightful, as is a crab salad that gets a jolt from a miso-shiso vinaigrette and wakame. Thai mussels are clean and pliant in a fragrant splash of seaweed and greens, and jumbo shrimp with lemongrass ward off the curse of the "cocktail." But it's too bad the Kataifi rolls are stuffed with so many things there's not enough of anything, while the tomato-basil-and-olive bruschetta shatters so repeatedly it would send *La Cage aux Folles'* Albin screaming from the room. Perhaps you could coax him back with boneless quail in a honey glaze. For heartier appetites, the choices are two. Double-order the delicious beer-braised short ribs with some prized marrow (no fighting now) or pungent hanger steak, best requested one grade "weller" than your usual, as the kitchen tends to undercook meat.

Booze and dessert tend to be an ill-conceived pairing, so switch to coffee for a half-hour while you enjoy the lickable chocolate trifle or the sensual hot mochaccino pudding. Forget the triple-orange tart (the crust is too thin) and the rice pudding (not enough brandied cherries at the bottom).

Odds are, you're going to like Lot 61 more than you probably think you will. By the time you've got a couple of spoonfuls of chocolate and two cups of caffeine under your new Gucci belt, you may opt for staying past your bedtime. Hey, who says you're only 27 once? Just remember, hotshot: You'll bounce off a rubber couch. But it's a big room. Hit the floor, and the adorable waiters will carry you out. Probably smiling.

Lot 61, 550 West 21st Street (243-6555). Open Monday through Saturday, 6 P.M. to 3 A.M. Most of the dishes are appetizers $5–$12; entrées $16–$22. All major credit cards. ■

Leonard *continued from page 66*

World the heartless novel laughed at everybody in it, except, of course, for Shakespeare. *Brave New World* the solemn movie would rather melodramatize. In the novel, pop tart Lenina certainly never fell in love with Bernard or anyone else, or ended up pregnant on a beach. And crybaby Bernard didn't escape to join her in parenting on that beach but was shipped off to Iceland for crimes against the state. And John the Savage was less than wholly Noble; he was a self-flagellating sadomasochist (until he hanged himself in a lighthouse Huxley probably borrowed from Virginia Woolf). And nobody murdered anybody.

What can I tell you? They've done it again. Huxley has been networked. Or Epsilonned.

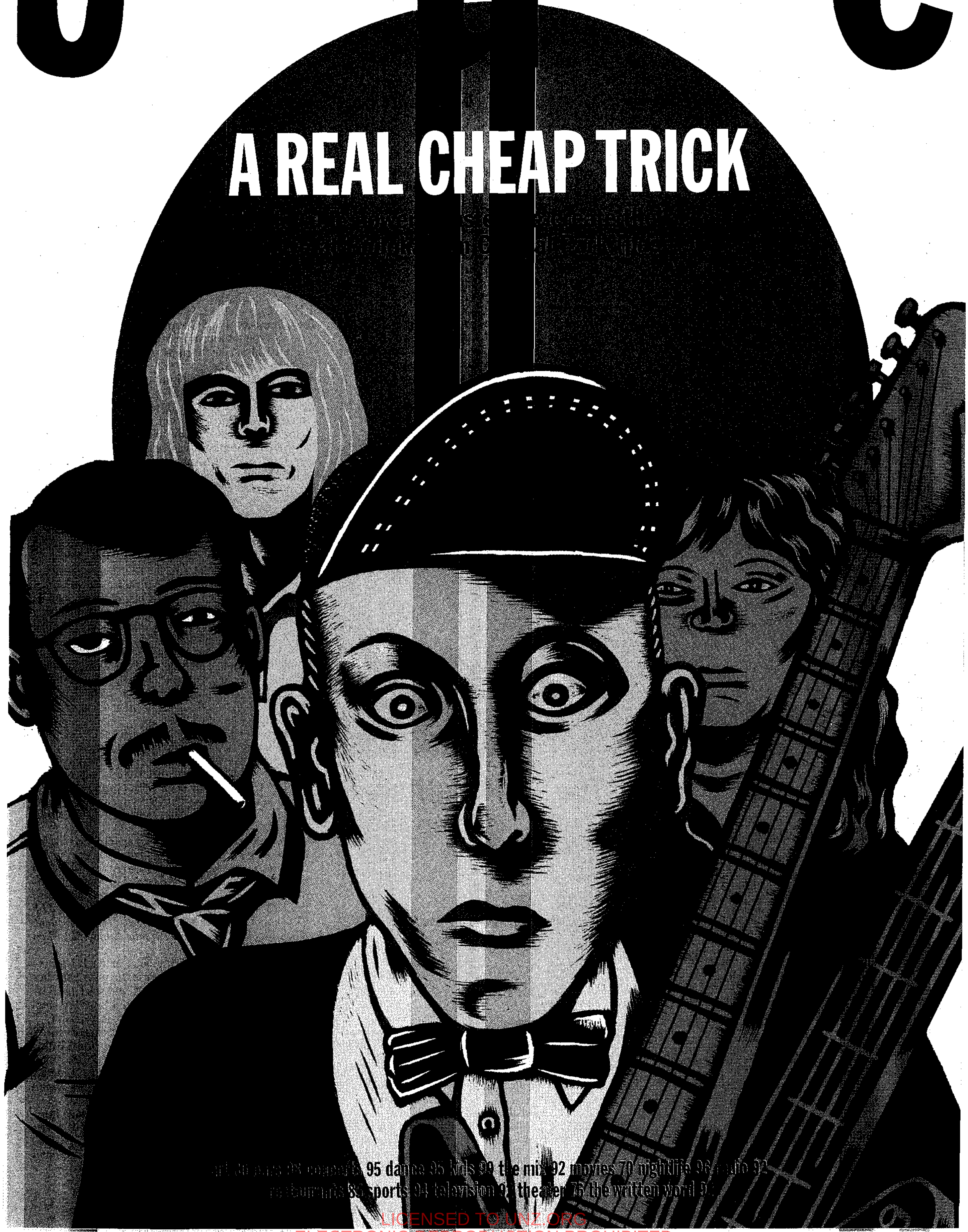
TELEVISION

AND YOU THOUGHT GANDHI WAS A VEGETARian! Ben Kingsley returns with a vengeance worthy of John the Savage. Much as I'd have imagined that yet another version of **The Tale of Sweeney Todd** (Sunday, April 19; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Showtime) would be at best inadvisable, Kingsley as the Fleet Street barber whose close shaves turn wealthy patrons into meat pies is a class-war wonder to behold. Since he doubles as a dentist—and triples as a wig-curler, and quadruples setting broken bones—it's a mystery why he hasn't improved the atrocious teeth of Mrs. Lovett (Joanna Lumley, in a flamboyant departure from her randy flounce in *Absolutely Fabulous*). But maybe bad teeth are an agreed-upon semiotic signal in any meditation on the English caste system in the unbrave old world.

Anyway, Kingsley and Lumley have a high old time converting the plutocratic likes of a Peter Woodthorpe into snacks, till an American insurance investigator, Campbell Scott, arrives in Dickensian London looking for some missing diamonds, falls in love like a *film noir* patsy with the winsome wench at the local pub (Selina Boyack, who just happens to be Sweeney's ward), discovers in St. Dunstan's crypt a finger with a ring on it, and finds himself tumbled down a coal chute into a cellar where human corpses hang from hooks like so many pink candidates for spongiform encephalopathy. I see that I haven't mentioned Charlie (Sean O'Flanagan), the 12-year-old mute who should really have been treated better by an employer as sensitized as Todd to underclass oppression and resentment. Even more of a surprise than Kingsley's performance is that director John Schlesinger, so very serious in movies like *Midnight Cowboy* and *Marathon Man*, would have so much fun with this blackest of humors. I can't think of a nicer present on the occasion of the 150th birthday of *The Communist Manifesto.* ■

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



A REAL CHEAP TRICK

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art 86 bars 98 concerts 95 dance 95 kids 99 the mix 92 movies 70 nightlife 96 radio 92
restaurants 83 sports 94 television 92 theater 76 the written word 9

movies

Wild Man Blues...The Object of My Affection

New Films

Afterglow—Two marriages hit the skids, and, seeking comfort, the unhappy spouses unknowingly swap partners. With Nick Nolte, Julie Christie, Lara Flynn Boyle, and Jonny Lee Miller. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

★**The Apostle**—This is the best movie ever made about a man of God—which is to say, the most honest and morally the most ambiguous. Robert Duvall plays Sonny, a Texas Pentecostal preacher, and he's completely on top of what he's doing. One night Sonny has a vision: His wife (Farrah Fawcett, who is perfectly good) is sleeping with a handsome young minister. He returns home in a drunken rage, and, with half the town watching, takes a baseball bat to the minister's head. Sonny has to disappear fast, so he hits the road and emerges as a newborn itinerant man of God. He settles into a bedraggled but pleasant Louisiana town, where, identifying himself as "E.F., The Apostle," he joins forces with a retired black minister and builds a congregation from the ground up. *The Apostle* gets at something authentic and challenging—the insistent goodness of a man never free of dishonesty or sin. Sonny is too much a sinner simply to possess God. He remains an eternal suppliant, a candidate for blessedness, and therefore, despite everything, a hero. (Denby; 1/12/98) (About 1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room; 59th Street East.*

Photograph by Scott Del Amo/Live Entertainment.

★**As Good As It Gets**—In James L. Brooks's new picture, Helen Hunt plays Carol, a straight-talking single mother obsessed with the care of her severely asthmatic young son. Carol has neglected herself, and she falls into the one thing in the world that she needs least—a relationship with a matchlessly rude writer, Melvin (Jack Nicholson), who suffers from obsessive-compulsive disorder and torments his Manhattan neighbor—a gay artist (Greg Kinnear). But the movie, as we can tell early on, is a Scrooge story. The question is not when Melvin will melt but how. A superbly written and acted tearjerker. (Denby; 12/29/97) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Embassy 2–3; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; The Movies at Bayside.*

The Big Lebowski—Jeff Lebowski, known as the Dude (Jeff Bridges), shuffles through life in a pothead haze. He gets involved in a bizarre intrigue involving another man named Lebowski, a millionaire with a promiscuous young wife who may or may not have been kidnapped. Hired to deliver the ransom money, the Dude suffers a series of disasters, the result of his own ineptitude and the interventions of his bowling buddy Walter (John Goodman), a Jewish paranoid who misinterprets everything he sees. It's only amusing the first time the Dude gets lost in his own story—a story so incoherent that he can't explain it to anyone. (The funniest thing is a cameo appearance by John Turturro as a gay Latino bowler.) Jeff Bridges has so much dedication as an actor that he sacrifices himself to the Coen brothers' self-defeating conception. Even Bridges can't open up a character who remains unconscious. (Denby; 3/16/98) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; Coronet.*

The Big One—Michael Moore takes a camera crew on his book tour and stops at various Fortune 500 companies to question their downsizing. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Crown Gotham; Lincoln Square.*

★**Boogie Nights**—It's the disco-and-cocaine period of bell-bottom L.A. and a small group of porn actors, filmmakers, and hangers-on gather under the wing of Jack Horner (Burt Reynolds), an avuncular producer who likes to have people hang out at his house. Horner takes one look at Eddie Adams (Mark Wahlberg), a busboy in a Valley club, and decides that Eddie has got the stuff. Mark Wahlberg may have something in his pants, but there's no gleam in his eye. What Wahlberg does best is convey Eddie's desperation. In Wahlberg's scenes with Julianne Moore—who plays Amber Waves, a female porn star—Moore does most of the work. Moore, a great actress, has red, red lips and lambent flesh, yet her eyes are anxious; she's a kind of neurotic siren, always available but frantically unhappy. *Boogie Nights* is made up of many vignettes, and while Anderson is a good observer, he hasn't really shaped the screenplay. The movie has its giddy moments, but in the end it is peculiarly depressing. (Denby; 10/20/97) (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Opening
The Quad Fathers

In 'Suicide Kings,' Christopher Walken is a crime boss kidnapped by a group of prep-school gangsters (led by Henry Thomas, of 'E.T.,' and Jay Mohr) who hide him in a Jersey mansion—where he promptly reduces them to mama's boys. Opens Friday, April 17.

The Borrowers—John Goodman stars in the film version of the famous series of books about a miniature family. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Worldwide Cinemas; Centre Sunnyside.*

★**The Butcher Boy**—Francie Brady (Eamonn Owens), grows up in a small Irish town with a drunkard and liar for a father and a beautiful madwoman for a mother. The boy receives no guidance at all—just the fervent guilty nonsense of his dad (Stephen Rea), a forlorn trumpet player who never finishes a tune. Francie and his close friend Joe put together a mental life that is part fantasy, part role-playing, and Francie is an irrepressible entertainer. Jordan's direction is incisive and at times electrifying, with sudden outbreaks of violence that should warn us something bad is coming. Part of the ominousness is produced by sheer incomprehension. Much of the dialogue is delivered in the deep accents of County Monaghan, and I understood no more than half of what Eamonn Owens says. So I find myself in an embarrassing position: I think this is a great movie, but I'm not sure. (Denby; 4/13/98) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Beekman; Lincoln Square.*

Character—A man's lifelong struggle with his overbearing father ends in a murder. Nominated for an Academy Award for best foreign film. (1 hr. 54 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Regency.*

Chinese Box—A dying British journalist (Jeremy Irons) living in Hong Kong is in love with a former prostitute he can't have when he meets an equally engaging street hustler while videotaping the city for memory's sake. With Gong Li, Maggie Cheung, and Ruben Blades. Directed by Wayne Wang. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Opens Friday at Angelika Film Center.*

City of Angels—Nicolas Cage is an angel who falls for the heart surgeon (Meg Ryan) he "meets" when she loses a patient on the operating table. Based on Wim Wenders's *Wings of Desire.* Also starring Andre Braugher and Dennis Franz. (2 hrs. 32 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; 72nd St. East; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas.*

Dangerous Beauty—Catherine McCormack is a sixteenth-century Venetian courtesan who uses her brain to trade beauty for power. Also starring Rufus Sewell and Fred Ward. Directed by *thirtysomething*'s Marshall Herskovitz. (2 hrs.; R) *Gemini.*

Enter the Dragon—Bruce Lee is a martial artist hired by the CIA to bust an opium-dealing ring. Hollywood's first kung-fu film—released 25 years ago—made Bruce Lee an American star. Directed by Robert Clouse. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Everest: The Movie—The first-ever IMAX footage from Everest documents the 1996 summit climb of an international expedition. Directed by David Breashears and Ed Viesturs. (45 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

'CUE' COVER ILLUSTRATION BY GEOFFREY GRAHN
FOR *NEW YORK*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Fireworks (Hana-Bi)—Ultra-talented Takeshi Kitano is a good cop trying to right the injustices around him with a heavy, violent hand. Written and directed by Kitano. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Full Monty—Robert Carlyle stars as Gaz, an out-of-work steelworker in Sheffield, England, who rounds up his unemployed friends and persuades them to put together a male strip troupe. Directed by Peter Cattaneo. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

Genealogies of a Crime—A lawyer's life gets messy when she becomes romantically involved with her client, a young murderer. Starring Catherine Deneuve. Directed by Raoul Ruiz. (1 hr. 53 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

★Good Will Hunting—Mopping up at M.I.T., Will Hunting (Matt Damon) casually solves problems left on the blackboards, problems intended to stump the best mathematical minds in America. The formidable Professor Lambeau (Stellan Skarsgård), recognizing Will's uncanny talent, takes the boy under his wing, keeping him out of jail by agreeing to get him into therapy. Will lands in the office of Lambeau's old friend and rival Sean McGuire (Robin Williams), a bit of a screw-up himself but perhaps the one shrink in Boston who can understand Will. This movie has wit and temperament to burn—there isn't a dead scene in it. In the end, however, the script takes a disastrous turn toward conventionality. What I will always remember is an edge of temper. The film persuades us that genius is of incalculable worth but utter hell to live with. (Denby; 12/8/97) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; New York Twin; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

Grease—The reissue of the 1978 musical. Starring Olivia Newton-John and John Travolta. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Guild 50th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld.*

Grey Gardens—The 1976 Maysles documentary of a branch of the Bouvier family (specifically, Jackie O's aunt "Big Edith" and cousin "Little Edie") that lived in squalor in East Hampton. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

I Think I Do—Five years after graduation, six college friends reunite to attend a classmate's wedding. With Alexis Arquette, Maddie Corman, and Guillermo Diaz. Directed by Brian Sloan. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Junk Mail—A disaffected postman in Oslo breaks into the house of a woman who lives on his delivery route and gets involved in her mysterious life. Starring Robert Skjaerstad; directed by Pal Sletaune. (;) *Quad Cinema; 62nd and Broadway.*

★L.A. Confidential—The best American movie of 1997. Based on James Ellroy's 1990 novel about corruption and honor in the L.A.P.D., it's set in 1953 after the local Mafia boss has gone to prison. A crumb-bum named Sid Hudgens (Danny DeVito) is the publisher of a tabloid scandal sheet; he alerts the police to trivial forms of vice and then photographs for his magazine a celebrity cop, Jack Vincennes (Kevin Spacey), making the bust. A bullheaded cop, Bud White (Russell Crowe), is a tool of the seemingly benevolent but actually vicious chief of detectives, Dudley Smith (James Cromwell). Ed Exley, played by Guy Pearce, is a straight-arrow cop, all ambition and calculation. Kim Basinger, soft and saddened, is very touching as a guilty hooker, a good-bad girl worthy of the high forties. The movie is filled with wonderful actors—David Strathairn, in a pencil-line mustache; Simon Baker Denny as an eager-to-please young actor-stud. This violent story truly earns its quiet, ambiguous final note of exhausted calm. (Denby; 9/29/97) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; New York Twin; 84th Street.*

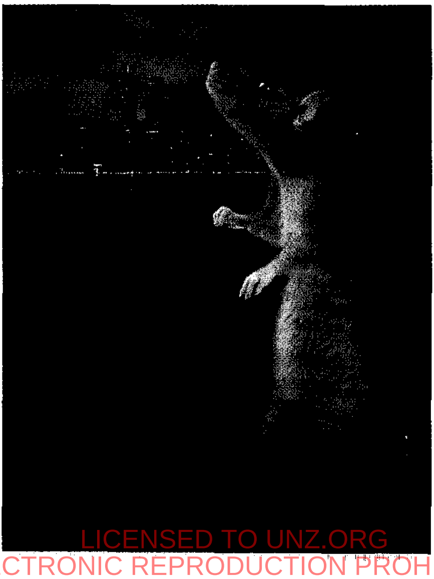
Little Dieter Needs to Fly—A documentary about a remarkable German boy who moves to America, becomes a Navy pilot, and plans a successful escape after six months behind enemy lines during the Vietnam war. Directed by Werner Herzog. (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★Live Flesh—Eager to become the world's greatest lover, our hero Victor (Liberto Rabal) sleeps with the wives of the two Madrid policemen who once put him in jail—first Clara (the great Angela Molina, of the tragic mask), who is much adored by her obsessive husband, Sancho (Pepe Sancho). Taking Victor in hand, she teaches him some of the more essential points of lovemaking, and under Clara's tutelage, he becomes a saner and gentler fellow. Bored with Clara, Victor pursues the exquisite Elena (Francesca Neri), the woman who lured him into trouble some years earlier. It was at Elena's house that the 20-year-old Victor accidentally shot Sancho's partner, a promising young police detective named David (Javier Bardem). After the shooting, Elena, a rich girl dabbling in drugs, was so guilty over her own role in the affair that she married David, who is now confined to a wheelchair. He's a thoroughly virile man in every sense but the literal one. So the adulterous joining of Victor and Elena is charged with the many varieties of desire, guilt, and ambivalence. It's a scene worth waiting for—certainly the most sensual of Almodóvar's heterosexual love scenes. For Almodóvar, sexual passion is part of the cruel joke of Spanish guilt and fatalism. Sex is a matter of life and death that drives people into absurd situations; Almodóvar's most tragic scenes slide into farce (and vice versa). Despite his erotic fixations, Pedro Almodóvar is the cinema's last true innocent. (Denby; 1/26/98) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave..*

Lost in Space—The sixties television show comes to the screen with William Hurt, Matt LeBlanc, Gary Oldman, Heather Graham, and Mimi Rogers. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Astor Plaza; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Movieworld.*

Festival
Green Screens

At the second annual Sierra Club Film & Video Festival, documentaries exploring the life of murdered environmentalist Chico Mendes (*Rubber Jungle*) and New York's quite unendangered rodent population (*Rat*) premiere along with seventeen other features and shorts. At the Tishman Auditorium at the New School for Social Research. See "Museums, Societies, Etc.," for more info.



Photograph by Grove Pashley.

★Love and Death on Long Island—A crusty English writer, Giles De'Ath (John Hurt), falls in love with an image—the face of an American actor, a teen idol named Ronnie Bostock (Jason Priestley). De'Ath is a London widower, a creature of routine who regards the world outside with hauteur and fear. One day he wanders into the wrong auditorium at the multiplex—the one playing "Hotpants College 2"—and is about to leave when Ronnie Bostock appears. De'Ath's astonished face, caught in the reflected light of the screen, suggests a man ravished from soul to bowels by an emotion he has never experienced before. The joke, of course, is that Jason Priestley—sideburns, full wavy hair, rotten-angel smile—looks like a second-rate teen face from about 1954. But De'Ath becomes obsessed, rushing to eastern Long Island, where Ronnie lives with his girlfriend (Fiona Leowi), and turns himself into a seducer of considerable guile. Writer-director Richard Kwietniowski's debut effort is a triumph, a buoyant and elegant achievement—romantic and ruminative yet always precise, a comedy of longing propelled by a strong current of satirical observation. (Denby; 3/16/98) (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Sutton; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Ma Vie en Rose—The incredibly appealing story of a little boy who thinks he's a little girl and the emotional upheavals this stubborn belief creates among his family and neighbors. Winner of a 1996 César award. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Man in the Iron Mask—Leonardo DiCaprio is a lusty French king who keeps his saintly twin brother locked away in the Bastille—until four Musketeers (played by Jeremy Irons, John Malkovich, Gerard Depardieu, and Gabriel Byrne) decide to switch the siblings and save the country. With Anne Parillaud, Judith Godreche, and Edward Atterton. Directed by Randall Wallace. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Lincoln Square; Movieworld.*

Mercury Rising—When an autistic child accidentally breaks the national-security code in a puzzle-book contest, Bruce Willis is the FBI agent who protects him. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza.*

Mr. Nice Guy—Jackie Chan returns as a cooking-show hero who gets involved in a gang war. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center.*

★Mrs. Dalloway—In this accomplished but slightly tedious adaptation of Virginia Woolf's great novel, Vanessa Redgrave is Clarissa Dalloway, a prosperous woman—married to a member of Parliament—who is preparing for her annual party. In the hours before the party, Mrs. Dalloway reviews her life, casting back 30 years to easy summer days at her family's country estate, where, as a young woman, she rejected a demanding, puppyish suitor, Peter Walsh, in favor of the more stable and successful Richard Dalloway. Did she marry the right man? *Mrs. Dalloway* is at its most inventive, and most Woolfian, when Redgrave is front and center, behaving with elaborate social grace and thinking very different things to herself. Just hearing Redgrave pronounce the word "dis-ahs-ter" (her appraisal of her own party) is reason enough to see the movie. In any case, I can't imagine any other actress large enough (in every sense) to hold together this plotless story. Redgrave makes the heroine all of a piece—timid, conventional, but alive to every breeze of consciousness. (Denby; 2/23/98) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

My Giant—Billy Crystal is a talent agent who discovers a giant in Romania and takes him on a road trip to find said giant's long-lost teenage girlfriend. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th*

Street East; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Centre Sunnyside.

The Newton Boys—The true story of four brothers from Texas who made a living out of robbing banks in the twenties. Starring Matthew McConaughey, Ethan Hawke, Vincent D'Onofrio, and Skeet Ulrich. Richard Linklater directs. (2 hrs. 2 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

Niagara Niagara—A woman with Tourette's syndrome takes a handsome loner with her on a harrowing, comical road trip to find a rare doll. Starring Robin Tunney and Henry Thomas. Directed by Bob Gosse. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Village East; Pavilion Theatre.*

Nightwatch—Ewan MacGregor is a law student working part-time as a night watchman in a morgue, while a serial killer roams the city. With Nick Nolte and Patricia Arquette. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

No Looking Back—Lauren Holly is a waitress who must choose between a decent man (Jon Bon Jovi) and a loser (Ed Burns). Also starring Blythe Danner. Directed by Ed Burns. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Gemini.*

The Odd Couple II—Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau are Felix and Oscar again in Neil Simon's new chapter on the cranky couple. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea West; Embassy 2–3; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas.*

Revival

Long Island Unsound

When the documentary 'Grey Gardens' was released in 1976, it thrilled fans of cinéma vérité but embarrassed Jackie O—by showing the squalor and eccentricity of one branch of the Bouvier family. The camera records the true story of Jackie's bohemian aunt, Edith Bouvier Beale, and her never-married cousin, "Little Edie" (above, foreground), as they wander around their crumbling, cat-filled East Hampton manse, cooking dinner over sternos and ruminating on broken dreams of fame. At Film Forum, starting April 17.

Paulie—When a talking parrot talks too much to his little-girl owner, he gets thrown out of the house and has to make his way cross-country to find her again. With Gena Rowlands, Tony Shalhoub, Cheech Marin, and Buddy Hackett. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *Opens Friday.*

The Players Club—A young mother putting herself through college by stripping finds it's not so easy to separate herself from the sleaze. Starring Bernie Mac and Monica Calhoun. Written and directed by Ice Cube. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Sutton; 84th Street; New Coliseum.*

Point of Order—The 36-day saga of the Army-McCarthy hearings pared down to documentary length. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Post Coitum—A successful French book editor with a husband and two children falls in love with another man and the downward spiral begins. Directed by Brigette Roüan. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

A Price Above Rubies—Renee Zellweger is an Orthodox woman who gets a job in the jewelry business and begins to question the religious community she's living in. Also starring Julianna Margulies and Christopher Eccleston. Directed by Boaz Yakin. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Village East; Paris Theatre.*

★Primary Colors—This entertaining but rather peculiar movie (adapted from Joe Klein's novel by Mike Nichols and his longtime collaborator, Elaine May) asks extraordinary questions, and I wish it were better equipped to give the answers. The narrator is a rather bland African-American political operative—Henry Burton, the grandson of a civil-rights leader. Burton, played by Adrian Lester, is forever worrying about the governor's honor. The president-to-be and his circle are portrayed as foul-mouthed and sexually active. The candidate and his wife, Susan (Emma Thompson), are not exactly cooing lovebirds—their relationship is scandalously funny, at times pathetic, at times noble. Physically, Thompson is hard and linear, while Travolta is all rolling ease, his body swiveling, rocking—he seems to carry ball bearings in every joint. Billy Bob Thornton is entertaining as Richard Jemmons, the James Carville stand-in; Kathy Bates, as the Betsey Wright figure Libby Holden, is like a pile driver with superb timing—she's mesmerizing. It's Libby's job to cover the governor's tracks (one gets the impression she's kicked a ton of dirt). But is the portrait accurate? Though I enjoyed all the smart talk and profane irreverence, I didn't take the picture all that seriously. That is, I took it not as reality but as an entertaining convention, a movieish fantasy of what political life is like—quarrelsome, colorful as hell, unburdened by drudgery and nagging detail. (Denby; 3/23/98) (2 hrs. 23 mins.; R) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Coronet; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; Nova; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Bayside.*

Sonatine—An experienced mobster travels to Okinawa to settle a gang dispute, only to realize his peacekeeping mission may cost him his territory back home. Written and directed by Takeshi Kitano. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Sour Grapes—Two cousins' lives are ruined when one wins the slots after borrowing quarters from the other. Written by Larry David, co-creator of *Seinfeld.* (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

★The Spanish Prisoner—Campbell Scott, of the serious brow and the serious cleft, plays a young inventor uneasy among the rich and powerful, yet secretly eager to join their ranks. What it is that Joe Ross has invented we never find out—"the process," it is called, some sort of masterpiece that will earn untold millions for Joe's company. A shadowy international businessman (Steve Martin) shows up and flatters Joe and the trap has been set. Mamet's wife, Rebecca Pidgeon, is quite extraordinarily dislikable—intrusive, insinuating—as a secretary who claims to be Joe's ally. As Joe gets more and more isolated, Mamet takes us deeper into fear than he ever has in the past, and that's an achievement. Hitchcock is the model here, but to become Hitchcock's equivalent, Mamet has to learn to trust the camera more than he does; he has to stop trying to control everything with language; he has to just give in to the fluency, the ease, the free-flowing pleasure of making a movie. (Denby; 4/13/98) (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Species II—An American spaceship returns from Mars carrying an alien species intent on taking over the earth. Starring Natasha Henstridge. Directed by Peter Medac. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Plaza.*

Stolen Moments—A documentary of the lost history of lesbians in Europe and America. Narrated by Kate Nelligan; directed by Margaret Westcott. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Suicide Kings—A group of prep-school boys kidnap a Mafia kingpin and hold him for ransom. Starring Christopher Walken, Denis Leary, Jay Mohr, Johnny Galecki, Henry Thomas, Sean Patrick Flanery, and Jeremy Sisto. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

Taste of Cherry—In the hills outside Tehran, the handsome Mr. Badii (Homayoun Ershadi) drives about in a Range Rover looking for someone to help him commit suicide. He is a healthy and affluent man—not at all the type to kill himself. So it is a puzzle. Mr. Badii picks up a variety of strangers and demands the same favor of each: He is willing to pay good money if any of them will return the next morning to a prearranged spot—a hole by the side of the road—and either pull him out if he is still alive or shovel dirt on his dead body. Boredom knocks at the door, at first quietly, then insistently. Inside the car, director Abbas Kiarostami cuts back and forth between single shots of Badii and his passengers. These simple exchanges (first one man speaks, then the other) are varied, now and then, by views of the dirt road through the windows of the car, or by shots from above of the car making its way around a curve. What have we got here? A road movie going in circles? So it would seem, and we get the point: Life is a constant revisiting of the familiar. This is a movie of great interest—an original work—but it lacks the courage, the surprise, the ravenous hunger for life, of a serious work of movie art. (Denby; 4/6/98) (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Object of My Affection—Jennifer Aniston falls for her charming gay roommate (Paul Rudd) and tries to convince him to be a father to her child. With Alan Alda. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

★Titanic—Writer-director James Cameron has pulled it off. This fabulously expensive watery epic is actually a very good movie. *Titanic* begins with a treasure hunter, Brock Lovett (Bill Paxton), who is obsessed with the sunken hulk. Lovett's submersible robot enters one of the deluxe staterooms to retrieve not the famous diamond he was looking for but only a drawing of a naked young woman wearing the stone. It turns out that the woman, Rose, is still alive; she's an articulate 100-year-old beauty (Gloria Stuart) who joins Lovett at his ship and then holds him and his crew of techno-ruffians in thrall with her story of what happened. Back in 1912, the 17-year-old Rose DeWitt Bukater (Kate Winslet) boards the ship in utter misery. Rose is accompanied by her awful fiancé, Cal Hockley (Billy Zane), a domineering steel-baron heir from Pittsburgh, and her snobbish mother (Frances Fisher). Onboard, Rose meets her soul mate, Jack Dawson (Leonardo DiCaprio). A gambler, Jack has the wit to see that Rose's unhappiness hides a bold, deeply romantic and sexual nature. Except for the crude, good-hearted Denver millionairess Molly Brown (Kathy Bates), the wealthy are unspeakably rude or just frightened and starchy. Jack, the interloper, takes Rose down to steerage, where the real people are having themselves a fine time drinking and dancing up a storm. This sort of cheesy stuff is redeemed only by the romantic charge between Winslet and DiCaprio. The sinking is lovely—detailed, agonizingly slow at first and then rushed and panicky and grandly gruesome at the end. As Jack and Rose hang at the railing, people lose their grip and go crashing down the deck or fall from the heights into the water. After the ship goes under, Cameron has his finest, cruelest moment—the survivors left in the

Photograph from Film Forum/Maysles Films.

vast expanse of freezing water wailing in confusion. As for Rose, she is delivered into an active and brilliant life. The ship may be ponderous, but Cameron's conception stays light in the water. (Denby; 12/29/97) (3 hrs. 17 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

TwentyFourSeven—Bob Hoskins sets up a boxing club in an attempt to restore dignity to the youth of his dying English town. Directed by newcomer Shane Meadows. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Opens Wednesday at Lincoln Plaza.*

U.S. Marshals—Tommy Lee Jones plays his tenacious character from *The Fugitive,* but this time he's chasing Wesley Snipes. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Lincoln Square.*

★**Wag the Dog**—Barry Levinson's political and media satire goes as fast as the wind, and that's a relief because the idea behind the movie is thin. Very thin—and at times offensively glib. So if Levinson had directed with a heavy hand, or paused for more than an instant's reflection, he would have killed the nasty fun. It's less than two weeks before an election, and the president, seeking another term, is accused of molesting a teenage girl just outside the Oval Office. That the allegation may be false is not the point; the Washington *Post* is about to run the story. What to do? The president's operative Winifred Ames (Anne Heche) calls in a Dick Morris–like Mr. Fixit, Conrad Brean (Robert De Niro), and Brean, together with a big-deal Hollywood producer, Stanley Motss (Dustin Hoffman), distracts the press and the public. They whip up a nonexistent war with mighty Albania, complete with sinister Albanian terrorists crossing the Canadian border carrying a nuke in a suitcase. Now, satire doesn't have to be responsible, but it does have to be internally coherent, and this idea, however funny, is so extremely opportunistic—and at times so crassly conceived—that it falls into a variety of contradictions of its own making. (The script was written by David Mamet, who claims never to have read the novel—*American Hero,* by Larry Beinhart—that an earlier version of the screenplay was based on.) I have to say that *Wag the Dog* is accomplished and at times viciously funny. Levinson, shooting very fast and cheaply, creates a likable, low-key world of rogues and scoundrels working together to gull the public; we enjoy their company, we enjoy the pretense that political and media life is like this—fast, wisecracking, devastatingly effective. The picture conveys an irresistible pleasure in fakery for its own sake, and that's its charm. (Denby; 1/19/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

★**The Wedding Singer**—In Adam Sandler's new comedy (set in 1985), he's a suburban New Jersey entertainer at weddings and "functions," a charmer with long hair who makes eyes at aunts and uncles as he sings. On the side, he gives voice lessons to an old lady (Ellen Dow)—basically, he's a mild fellow who wants to get along and make his way in the world. He spends most of the film making eyes at Drew Barrymore, who plays a plump angelic blonde. It's a very pleasant movie but soft as a down quilt. Sandler's not only the life of the party; he's a part-time shrink, a peacemaker who brings people together. Of course, no one takes him very seriously. Why would anyone wed a man who sings at weddings? Will this schlumpy guy defeat an overconfident Wall Street type and win Drew Barrymore? Sandler is a gifted young man, but if he's going to become a big comedy star in the movies, he's got to either blow the place sky-high or find a more challenging turf. He makes comedy about the underside of blandness. In *The Wedding Singer,* the blandness threatens to take over. With Christine Taylor and Alexis Arquette. (Denby; 3/2/98) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Village East.*

Who the Hell Is Juliette?—Filmmaker Carlos Marcovich studies two girls—one a Cuban teenager and the other a Mexican model—over the course of three years. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Wild Man Blues—Woody Allen and his old-style Dixieland jazz band tour Europe, giving 19 concerts in 23 days. With Soon Yi Previn and Eddy Davis. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG) *Opens Friday.*

Wild Things—It is my dreary duty to report that this film lacks fantasy and flamboyance, that it lacks, precisely, wild things, and that most of it is just flat. Matt Dillon plays a guidance counselor at what appears to be a very backward high school at the edge of the swamp. The boys are louts, and literally every girl in the school makes eyes at Mr. Dillon. One of them (Denise Richards, of the big pouty lips) accuses him of rape. Is he a louse who sleeps with students? An honorable guy framed by an imaginative teen? Or is there some larger game at stake? And the druggy girl with short dark hair (Neve Campbell), a dropout who sits in a bungalow reading Céline—obviously she's up to no good. The movie's most prominent feature is a series of sudden plot twists. The press has been sternly advised not to give any of these developments away, and I shall obey, though I can't help pointing out that the twists are so abrupt and mechanical, and so little related to character, that they may very well have been devised by a dirty-minded 10-year-old diddling an interactive video game before nodding off to sleep. (Denby; 4/6/98) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Movieworld.*

Talent
Music Men

Woody Allen's most intriguing relationship in the documentary *Wild Man Blues* (opening Friday, April 17) isn't, as you might expect, with wife Soon-Yi. It's with his banjo player, the jovial Hoosier Eddy Davis. Allen and Davis have been playing early Dixieland jazz together for 35 years—longer than any of Woody's romantic attachments—and they're quite familiar with each other's quirks, like how Woody forever fusses with his clarinet's mouthpiece ("He's always in search of the perfect reed," Davis clucks with exasperation). It's through Davis that Woody chooses to communicate with the rest of the band. And they have a mutual admiration for each other's opinions. "Woody likes to say that this kind of jazz is the only true art form," Davis says, "because we have no arrangements, no intros, no endings. Every time the tune is played, it's a new project as far as he's concerned." The two met at a club on Chicago's Rush Street in 1963, when Woody—who was doing a stand-up routine down the block—came in and asked Davis if he could join the band for a few songs. "He'd just play 'I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate' and a B-flat blues." Since then, Davis has played with Allen on various movie sets, and he believes Woody's repertoire and talent have grown tremendously—the result of practicing two hours a day and performing to sold-out crowds every Monday at the Cafe Carlyle. But it's Woody's enthusiasm that's been a constant inspiration for Davis, a professional musician and a composer. "Woody's playing makes me try to find this purity in life that he comes to by nature," he coos. "I'll tell you this: There are five, six, maybe seven clarinet players trying to play this style of jazz, and if you were to think of him in that old-style-clarinet way, he's right there on the money." **PATRICIA FALVO**

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Big One; The Butcher Boy; Character; Gummo; Love and Death on Long Island; Romeo and Juliet; Sonatine; The Spanish Prisoner.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Mercury Rising; The Odd Couple II.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Enter the Dragon; Who the Hell Is Juliette?.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Fireworks (Hana-Bi); Grey Gardens; Little Dieter Needs to Fly; Point of Order.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Genealogies of a Crime; I Think I Do; Junk Mail; Ma Vie en Rose; Stolen Moments.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *The Apostle.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *As Good As It Gets; Good Will Hunting; Niagara Niagara; The Players Club; A Price Above Rubies; Three Ninjas: High Noon At Mega Mountain; The Wedding Singer; Wild Things.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *The Big Lebowski; City of Angels; Grease; Lost in Space; The Man in the Iron Mask; My Giant; Titanic.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Primary Colors; Species II.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *As Good As It Gets; Lost in Space; My Giant; The Players Club; Species II; Wild Things.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Primary Colors; Species II; Titanic.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *City of Angels; Good Will Hunting; Grease; Mercury Rising; Primary Colors; Titanic.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *The Big Lebowski; The Odd Couple II.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Barney's Great Adventure; City of Angels; Good Will Hunting; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising.*

Photograph by Myles Aronowitz/Fine Line Features.

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The Apostle.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Lost in Space.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Live Flesh; Lost in Space.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Big Lebowski; Primary Colors.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *L.A. Confidential; As Good As It Gets; Mercury Rising; Mr. Nice Guy; The Newton Boys; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *The Big One.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Character.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Ride.*

Embassy 2–3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *As Good As It Gets; The Odd Couple II.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Grease.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *A Price Above Rubies.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *City of Angels; Good Will Hunting; The Man in the Iron Mask; Titanic.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Love and Death on Long Island; The Players Club.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Afterglow; Boogie Nights; The Borrowers; The Full Monty; Hard Rain; Mouse Hunt; Wag the Dog.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Primary Colors.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *City of Angels.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Mercury Rising; Primary Colors.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for renovations.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *The Butcher Boy.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Grease; Mercury Rising; The Odd Couple II; Species II; Titanic; Wild Things.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *As Good As It Gets; Dangerous Beauty; No Looking Back.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *L.A. Confidential; Good Will Hunting.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *As Good As It Gets; City of Angels; Lost in Space; Primary Colors; Species II; Titanic; Wild Things.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Grease.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Junk Mail.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *L.A. Confidential; Lost in Space; The Players Club; Primary Colors; Species II.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Love and Death on Long Island; Mrs. Dalloway; Post Coitum; The Spanish Prisoner; Taste of Cherry.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *As Good As It Gets; Barney's Great Adventure; The Big One; The Butcher Boy; City of Angels; Good Will Hunting; The Man in the Iron Mask; Mercury Rising; My Giant; The Odd Couple II; Titanic; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.* IMAX: *Across the Sea of Time; Everest; L5–First City in Space.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Primary Colors; Species II.*

Opening
Just Friends

Jennifer Aniston is a girl stuck on the only guy she can't have in *The Object of My Affection*, an engaging (though somewhat maddening) saga of a Park Slope social worker who hopes to build a family with her handsome gay roommate (Paul Rudd). The movie—written by Wendy Wasserstein—opens Friday, April 17.

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; The Players Club; Species II.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Lost in Space; Primary Colors; Species II.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Lost in Space; Titanic.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Character.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Barney's Great Adventure; City of Angels; Grease; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; Mr. Nice Guy; My Giant; The Players Club; Ride; Species II; Titanic; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Barney's Great Adventure; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; Mr. Nice Guy; The Players Club; Ride; Species II; Titanic; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Barney's Great Adventure; City of Angels; Lost in Space; The Man in the Iron Mask; Mercury Rising; Mr. Nice Guy; My Giant; The Players Club; Ride; Species II; Titanic; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *As Good As It Gets; Barney's Great Adventure; Good Will Hunting; Grease; Mercury Rising; The Odd Couple II; Three Ninjas: High Noon At Mega Mountain; Titanic.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Lost in Space; Ride; Titanic.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *City of Angels; Lost in Space; The Man in the Iron Mask; The Players Club; Species II; Wild Things.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Mercury Rising; The Players Club; Ride; Species II.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Lost in Space; Mercury Rising.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Barney's Great Adventure; Lost in Space; The Players Club; Ride; Species II; U.S. Marshals.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *City of Angels; Mercury Rising; My Giant; The Odd Couple II; Titanic.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *As Good As It Gets; Good Will Hunting; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Barney's Great Adventure; City of Angels; Good Will Hunting; Grease; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; Niagara Niagara; The Odd Couple II; Primary Colors; Species II; Titanic.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Mercury Rising; Primary Colors; Species II; Titanic.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Barney's Great Adventure; Grease; Lost in Space; The Man in the Iron Mask; Meet the Deedles; The Newton Boys; Primary Colors; Titanic; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *The Man in the Iron Mask; Mercury Rising; Mr. Nice Guy; The Newton Boys; Titanic; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Barney's Great Adventure; City of Angels; Good Will Hunting; L.A. Confidential; Lost in Space; The Man in the Iron Mask.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Barney's Great Adventure; The Borrowers; City of Angels; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; My Giant; Species II.*

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *As Good As It Gets; City of Angels; Lost in Space; The Odd Couple II; The Players Club; Wild Things.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Grease; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; Species II; Titanic.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Barney's Great Adventure; Good Will Hunting; The Man in the Iron Mask; U.S. Marshals.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Meet the Deedles; Ride; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Grease; Lost in Space; The Man in the Iron Mask; Mercury Rising; Mr. Nice Guy; The Newton Boys; Primary Colors; Titanic.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *As Good As It Gets; Lost in Space; Species II; Titanic; Wild Things.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Newton Boys; Primary Colors.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Barney's Great Adventure; Good Will Hunting; Grease; Mercury Rising; My Giant; Primary Colors; Species II; Titanic.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; Titanic.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *City of Angels; Mercury Rising; The Odd Couple II.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for renovations.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Grease; Lost in Space; The Man in the Iron Mask; Meet the Deedles; Mercury Rising; The Newton Boys; Titanic; Wild Things.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Primary Colors; The Wedding Singer.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Mercury Rising; Species II.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *As Good As It Gets; The Newton Boys; Primary Colors; Titanic.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *The Odd Couple II.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Barney's Great Adventure; City of Angels; Good Will Hunting; Grease; Lost in Space; Meet the Deedles; Mercury Rising; My Giant;*

Photograph by Barry Wetcher/Twentieth Century Fox.

Primary Colors; Species II; Titanic; Wild Things.

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Grease; Lost in Space; Mercury Rising; Primary Colors; Titanic.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *As Good As It Gets; Barney's Great Adventure; Good Will Hunting; Grease; Lost in Space; The Man in the Iron Mask; Meet the Deedles; Mercury Rising; Mr. Nice Guy; The Newton Boys; Primary Colors; Titanic; U.S. Marshals; Wild Things.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Women Film Pioneers." 4/18: *Linda* (1928) and *The Red Kimona* (1925). 4/19: *La Belle Dame Sans Merci* (1920) and *Maternité* (1929), plus shorts. 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $16 nonmembers; $8 members.

Anthology Film Archives—Through 4/30: *Pereira Declares* (1995). Through 4/19: *Forgotten Light* (1996). 4/14–4/15: *Uncle Vanya* (1970). 4/16–4/19: *Rest in Pieces: A Portrait of Joe Coleman* (1997). 4/18–4/19: *Valley of Abraham* (1993) and *Diary of a Chambermaid* (1946). 4/18: *Another Sky* (1955). 4/21–4/22: *Asya's Happiness* (1967). "Essential Cinema: Sidney Peterson." 4/17: shorts. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Different Light—4/19: *Daughters of Darkness* (1971). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—"Blue Collar Blues: Labor Documentaries." 4/16: *The Wobblies* (1979). "We Are Not Alone!" 4/15: *Planet of the Apes* (1968). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"Fourth New York African Film Festival." 4/15 and 4/18: *Fools* (1997). 4/15 and 4/17: *Gypsy Cab* (1996). 4/16 and 4/18: *Scrap Heap* (1997) and *Tree of Blood* (1996). 4/16: *Love Brewed in an African Pot* (1980). 4/17–4/18: *Skirt Power* (1997). 4/17–4/18 and 4/20–4/21: *Kini and Adams* (1997). 4/19–4/20: *Africa I Will Fleece You* (1992) and *When the Stars Meet the Sea* (1996). Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $8.50.

French Institute—4/14: *The Diary of a Seducer* (1995). 4/21: *The Mother and the Whore* (1973). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Museum of Modern Art—"Poet of Apprehension: From Yaddo to the Screen." 4/16 and 4/18: *The American Friend* (1977) and *The Story Teller* (1989). 4/17 and 4/20: *Tell Him I Love Him* (1977). 4/17, 4/19, and 4/23: *Strangers on a Train* (1951). 4/17 and 4/21: *Patricia Highsmith* (1995). 4/19 and 4/21: *The Glass Cell* (1977). 4/20 and 4/24: *Edith's Diary* (1983). "Eisenstein." 4/14: *October* (1927). "Special Screenings." 4/16: *L'Inhumaine* (1923). 4/19: *Dreams That Money Can Buy* (1947). "Bogdanovich Presents." 4/17: *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (1956). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

New Works Festival—4/13–4/18: More than forty films and videos and five screenplays from students in the Columbia University Film Division. DGA Theatre, 110 W. 57th St. Tickets are $8–$12 and available at the Miller Theatre box office, 116th St. and Broadway (854-7799). Call 854-1547 for festival information.

Sierra Club Film & Video Festival—4/17–4/19: Seventeen environmental films and documentaries. Tishman Auditorium of the New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12th St. Tickets $3–$5; call 869-1630 for more info.

Symphony Space—"The Envelope Please: 50 Years of Foreign Film and the Academy awards." 4/14: *Woman in the Dunes* (1964) and *Farewell My Concubine* (1993). 4/21: *Loves of a Blonde* (1965) and *Knife in the Water* (1962). 2537 Broadway, at 96th St. (864-5400); $8, $5 members.

The Screening Room—Weekends at midnight: *Valley of the Dolls* (1967). Sunday brunch: *Valley of the Dolls* and *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Lippert *continued from page 31*

many as a dozen guests per 33-minute hour) that, after allowing for the fighting, there's little opportunity for any other sort of expression. Most of the talk between women degenerates into "I'm a bitch? Well, you're a whore!" There are variations such as "She's a fat-assed bitch!" / "You're nothin' but an ugly slut!," as well as the time-honored favorite from cat-fight central, "If you knew how to take care of him, he wouldn't be sleeping with me!"

When the women come out primed for a fight, the audience applauds, as if this constitutes progress. (When men fight, there are boos.) Sisterhood is complicated on this show, mostly nonexistent. Especially if you're sleeping with your roommate's boyfriend, as Kim is with Laura's. "Why did you do it?" Jerry asks. "'Cause he's a great hunk of ass," replies Kim. "It was a booty call."

SPRINGER OFTEN TRAVELS TO VARIOUS CITIES to press the flesh of station managers and ad-sales people, get interviewed on the local news, and speak at area colleges. As an old pol, he's great at it, but he hardly has to campaign. Students account for a huge chunk of Springer's viewership—amazing, these days, for an irony-free show—and at colleges he's greeted like the pope. A few weeks ago at Temple University in Philadelphia, a hall overflowing with a racially diverse crowd of more than 400 kids (most in oversize pants) broke into pandemonium at his appearance to moderate a "battle of the sexes." Doing their best to approximate the sub-Mensa style of the actual *Springer* show, the students made such fightin' statements as "Men have brains in their genitals," and "Women need to watch what they wear when they go outside." One genius went off the topic with, "How much can Steve bench-press?," and the audience erupted in "Steeeeve!," a tribute to the shaven-skulled Chicago cop who's head of *Springer*'s security.

But when Jerry took questions from the audience, the first, posed by a female African-American biology major and basketball player, was, "I know you show minorities, but why doesn't your show show positive aspects of minorities?"

His answer: "That is true. That is true of anyone who is on our show."

Television is a Darwinian business. In the world of syndicated talk shows (aside from Oprah's New Age dictatorial imploring and Rosie's relentless celebrity cheerleading) there is no pretense of upholding social good, only a bottom-line response to the market and ratings. If, bowing to public pressure, any individual stations decide to drop *Jerry Springer* (and rumor has it that even WMAQ, his own host station in Chicago, is discussing the possibility), "many, many stations are standing by to steal it," according to Henry Schleiff.

"More and more stations are using it as a lead-in to the news," says Schleiff—ironic, hilarious even, given Springer's dogmatic anti-news moralizing. "Jerry's bringing a huge fresh audience to the five o'clock news. He should get a Peabody Award for bringing more new viewers to the news than anyone in history."

Funny he should mention the Peabody. Last year, a controversy erupted at WMAQ when the station manager hired Springer to provide news commentary on the ten o'clock news. Carol Marin, one of the longtime anchors and a respected journalist, resigned in protest, and for his first commentary Springer went on the offensive, making references to "elite snobbery," "Walter Cronkite wannabes," First Amendment rights, and even the Holocaust. He told a story of having to decide, when he was mayor, whether to allow neo-Nazis to march in Cincinnati: how his dad had reminded him "that this is America, that this is the freedom that we sought when we escaped to here."

But local Cincinnati papers claimed Springer was lying, that signing the permit wasn't even a decision within the mayoral range of duties. Springer resigned as commentator after two appearances, saying that the fights had gotten too personal. Recently Marin was given a Peabody Award award for her "personal commitment to ethics and integrity in local broadcast journalism." She's now a correspondent for *Public Eye With Bryant Gumbel.*

Robert Feder, the Chicago *Sun-Times* television columnist who covered the whole front-page-making debacle, says, "It's hard to believe that Springer had no idea of the storm [coming back to the news] would create or how he is perceived. He really was shocked and outraged at the negative reception." Regarding Springer's career, Feder says that "the tragedy of it is that someone like Jenny Jones can't do anything else. She has no brains. But Springer's actually a smart guy."

One of Springer's trademarks is his "Final Thought," a sort of Norman Vincent Springer sermonette that he always closes with "Take care of yourself—and each other." In a recent "Thought," he counseled guests who worked in "the erotic entertainment business" over the objections of their families:

"When the money is good . . . and the work's not too tough, other arguments also pale. . . . But you may lose more than you think. The future opportunities become limited. . . . Yeah, the money's good, but the ultimate price you pay may be too great." ■

theater

Interfaith Antics . . . The Herbal Bed

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh, the 28-year-old Anglo-Irish playwright with the precociously long résumé, made his American debut with this drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. It was a huge hit at the Atlantic this spring; now it reopens for an unlimited Broadway engagement. Previews begin 4/14. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

The Herbal Bed—Peter Whelan's drama about lurid accusations of adultery—leveled against Shakespeare's eldest daughter. Directed by Michael Attenborough; presented by the Royal Shakespeare Company. $20–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/16 opening. *Eugene O'Neill Theater, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

High Society—What a swell party this is! Music and lyrics by Cole Porter (with an assist from Susan Birkenhead); book by Arthur Kopit. Based on Philip Barry's *The Philadelphia Story,* drolly immortalized onscreen by Katharine Hepburn, Jimmy Stewart, and Cary Grant. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/23 opening. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Honour—A writer's life is thrown into disarray when a young journalist arrives to profile her husband. Jane Alexander, the recently departed head of the National Endowment for the Arts, leads the cast; after four years in Washington, she ought to know something about the theme. Written by Joanna Murray-Smith; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $25–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/26 opening. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44 St. (239-6200).*

A View From the Bridge—One of the most distressing tales Arthur Miller ever told. Anthony LaPaglia stars as Eddie Carbone, the longshoreman who lusts after his niece; Allison Janney plays his long-suffering wife. Michael Mayer directs. $30–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/15 opening. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Now Playing

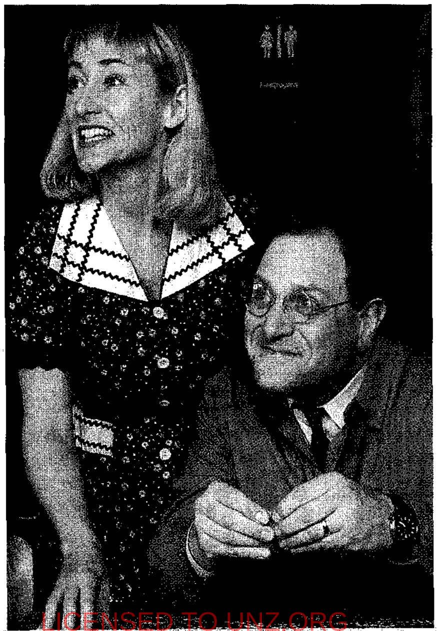
Ah, Wilderness!—This charming Eugene O'Neill comedy concerns the Miller family in a small Connecticut town. Father Nat is a newspaper editor happily married to Essie, doting mother of Arthur, a complacent Yalie; Richard, the high-school grad and authorial alter ego; Mildred, the tomboy; and Tommy, the brat. The time is July 4 and 5, 1906, and, save for fireworks bursting in air, the world is at peace. Daniel Sullivan has staged O'Neill's foray into Twain-and-Tarkington territory with style. Craig T. Nelson as the bumbling patriarch Nat and Debra Monk as the maternally conniving Essie contribute handsomely. Sam Trammell's Richard—boyishly defiant, winsomely naïve, and bottomlessly decent—offers a memorable tribute to being 17. (Simon: 4/6/98.) $45–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996, and won awards in both cities. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue requires high-powered actors to animate it, and happily, it gets them. As Marc, Alan Alda puts to insidious use his ability to pester with polish. Victor Garber's dapper Serge harbors under the façade of a convivial man-about-town a defensive arrogance expressed with mounting bile. As Yvan, Alfred Molina is pure perfection. (Simon: 3/16/98.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Deborah Gibson plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100).*

Previews
Playing Post Office

In times of war, your mail carrier can be a stand-in for the Grim Reaper. The hero of David L. Paterson's 'Pieces of the Sky' is a World War II postman who spends his days delivering death notices and his nights romancing the seen-it-all owner of the local diner. Opens April 22.



Photograph by Gerry Goodstein.

Bring In 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cabaret—I question converting the Henry Miller Theatre into the Kit Kat Klub for this show, complete with poorer sight lines and tables for overpriced and distracting drinks. Otherwise, the Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for recreating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Robert Brill resuscitates a very functional but also eye-catching set. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The major performances are all at least a mite off, but the supporting cast delivers staunchly. Natasha Richardson is—at last!—an authentically British Sally Bowles, but she is stolid, blatant, lacking in girlish vulnerability. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) $50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/19/98. *Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. (719-1300).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200).*

The Chairs—Ionesco's 1952 absurdist comedy—it stars two nonagenarians and 62 chairs, and not necessarily in that order—was an unexpected sellout in the West End last fall. The play now runs here, for a twelve brief weeks, with the same cast (Geraldine McEwan, Richard Briers) and, perhaps more critical, the same chairs. $35–$60. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8. Through 6/13. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; minimalism prevails. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Karen Ziemba, Hinton Battle, and Ernie Sabella. (Simon: 12/2/96.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Deep Blue Sea—He, sadly, is best known these days as the smirking pitchman for Dodge minivans, and she as Gwyneth Paltrow's mother. But with any luck, Edward Herrmann and Blythe Danner will reestablish themselves as sovereigns of the New York stage in this 1952 Terence Rattigan drama about a woman who leaves a dependable husband for an undependable lover. *Roundabout Theatre Company Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

The Diary of Anne Frank—Natalie Portman, the electrifying teen cutie from *Beautiful Girls,* stars in this newly adapted version of the 1955 play. Also starring Linda Lavin, Harris Yulin, George Hearn, and Austin Pendleton. $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed.

and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/4/97. *Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Freak—John Leguizamo has proved, in various mediums and genres, that he is versatile, witty, inventive, and charming. He writes and delivers funny dialogue within his monologues, interrupts his acting to execute nimble dance steps both elegant and satirical, and creates characters with facial expressions, vocal mannerisms, and body language that blend into a riotous lingua franca. He brings these skills to his Broadway show, which purports to be semi-autobiographical and is surely, in Anatole France's great phrase, a story truer than truth. (Simon: 3/2/98.) $17.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/4. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Golden Child—After returning to his Chinese hamlet from a business trip, Eng Tieng-Bin, the protagonist of this new memory play, proudly presents his three wives with a new waffle iron, a cuckoo clock, and a phonograph. But his less tangible acquisitions—a new faith, a changed outlook on education, and an overpowering desire to unbind his daughter's feet—do not blend so seamlessly into his traditional home. Directed by James Lapine; written by David Henry Hwang, author of *M. Butterfly.* $30–$50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/2/98. *Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St.(239-6200).*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind,* is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy.* The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St.(239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen *Lion King* onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

The Old Neighborhood—Three interconnected one-act plays by David Mamet, starring Peter Riegert, Patti LuPone, Vincent Guastaferro, Mary McCann, and Jack Willis. Directed by Scott Zigler. $45–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 11/19/97. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, $357 million, and almost 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

1776—The book of this 1969 musical, the gifted Peter Stone's masterpiece, is surely one of the best ever. Thrillingly incorporating the potentially divisive issue of slavery, it succeeds in keeping us, despite our knowledge of the outcome, in a state of wonderfully paradoxical suspense. Splendid as was Peter Hunt's original production, this Scott Ellis revival very nearly matches it. It will provide you not only with three hours of choice theatergoing but also with three very rich hours of life. (Simon: 8/25/97.) $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiére. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat,* plays the nun turned governess, and Michael Siberry plays the widower captain. $50–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Sunshine Boys—This Neil Simon play is a triumph of strategy. (1) It is full of one-liners: easily detachable and portable laughs. (2) The main characters, a retired vaudeville team, now hate each other, hence ever-popular insult comedy. (3) Willie Clark and Al Lewis are also Jewish, so we get audience-tickling Jewish jokes. (4) The background is show business, providing cherished showbiz humor. Add the stage-screen-and-TV-enshrined duo of Jack Klugman (Willie) and Tony Randall (Al), and it's platinum-edged-securities time. This production at the National Actors Theatre revival is rattling good fun. (Simon: 1/5/98.) $30–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/8/97. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Opening

Bridal Paths

Intermarriage gets the sitcom treatment in Oren Safdie's *Jews & Jesus.* His musical spoof intertwines the romantic plights of two couples struggling with interfaith love. April 16 to 26 at La MaMa.

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Wait Until Dark—Even if a girl weren't blind, she'd find it pretty unnerving to be trapped in a house with Quentin Tarantino. Unfortunately, the new production of Frederick Knott's 1966 thriller requires that Marisa Tomei be both (blind and trapped, that is) and that Tarantino, as a psychotic drug dealer, torture her. Robert Duvall and Lee Remick starred in the original Broadway version; Leonard Foglia *(Master Class)* directs the revival. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/5. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Aloha Las Vegas—Edward Sakamoto's new comedy about the allure of Sin City. Presented by Pan Asian Rep. $30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Previews begin 4/17 for a 4/22 opening. *St. Clement's Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. (245-2660).*

Bad Sex With Bud Kemp—Sandra Tsing Loh's new comedy about dating and other hazardous ventures. $32.50. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Wed. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 4/21 opening. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (787-3392).*

From Above—A young widow is lured out of her grief when a young man appears at her door, claiming to be her dead husband. Written by Tom Donaghy; directed by David Warren. Starring Patricia Kalember (*Sisters, Thirtysomething*). $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 4/21 opening. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Miss Julie—Strindberg's classic about the romance between a highborn woman and low-stationed man. $18–$24. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun.

Photograph by Jonathan Slaff.

at 2. In previews for a 4/20 opening. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (598-9802).*

Pieces of the Sky—A World War II postman, disliked in his Nebraska community for both his religion (Jewish) and the bad news he brings, romances the owner of a diner. Written by David L. Paterson; presented by Urban Stages. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 4/18 for a 4/22 opening. *28th Street Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. (421-1380).*

Power Plays—A series of three one-act comedies, starring and written by Alan Arkin and Elaine May. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Previews begin 4/14 for a 5/7 opening. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Quidam—Cirque Du Soleil's ninth spectacular—which should, like its previous eight, chill, tickle, and trompe many an oeil. $15.75–$59.50. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 6 and 9:30, Sat. at 4:30 and 8:30, Sun. at 1 and 5. In previews for a 4/16 opening. *Big Top at Battery Park City. (800-678-5440).*

Too Jewish Two—Avi Hoffman's sequel to *Too Jewish?* is a tribute to the tummlers, the precursors of the Borscht Belt comics and shtickers. Presented by the Jewish Rep. $35. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. at 2. Previews begin 4/18 for a 4/28 opening. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Now Playing

Amazing Grace—After Timothy McVeigh's conviction, Ted Kaczynski's confession, and the Texas execution of a born-again Christian, the public may not be very eager to spend more time thinking about the death penalty. But this latest drama from Blue Light Theater Company—about a murderer awaiting her execution—could well be worth looking at, because Michael Cristofer wrote the script and Marsha Mason plays the condemned. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Anadarko—The unheroic and generally unbecoming human response to captivity has long fascinated writer-actor Tim Blake Nelson, and he returns to this subject with verve in this new play. Set in a tiny prison cell, the drama follows two Oklahoma drifters as they torment each other and fend off attacks from their jailers. $15. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 7. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

As Bees in Honey Drown—Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane; alertly directed by Mark Brokaw (*How I Learned to Drive*). Starring Bo Foxworth and Kristine Nielsen. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 7/24/97. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

The Broadway Kids Sing Broadway—A musical revue of songs made famous by Broadway kids. Expect tunes from *Annie, The Sound of Music, The Wizard of Oz, Oliver!,* and *Bye Bye Birdie.* $20. Sat. and Sun. at noon. Through 6/21. John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (354-2220).

Checking Out—A ghost and a lonely Puerto Rican cross paths in the Bronx. Written by Candido Tirado. $20. English performances on Wed.–Fri. at 8; Spanish performances on Sat. at 2 and 8 and Sun. at 2 and 6:30. Through 4/19. *Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (354-1293).*

The Cripple of Inishmaan—An Irish orphan, Cripple Billy, dreams of landing a part in a Hollywood filmmaker's documentary in order to impress his beloved. The play is Martin McDonagh's first in his Aran Island trilogy and his second to open in New York this season. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *The Public's Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Dinah Was—A play about Dinah Washington, Queen of the Blues. Yvette Freeman (*ER, Working*) plays the diva—come rain or come shine; Oliver Goldstick wrote the script. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 4/26. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Eddie Izzard: Dress to Kill—Britain's hottest, cross-dressingest comic offers his views on dinosaurs, the space program, and being raised by wolves. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (307-7171).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

A Flea in Her Ear—Bill Irwin, who proved himself a first-class interpreter of French farce in the Roundabout production of *Scapin* two years ago, now brings his directorial energies to bear on this 1907 Feydeau comedy about the misadventures of a suspicious wife. Mark Linn-Baker, last seen on his way to the forum, stars. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 5/10. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Gerard Alessandrini's update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $40–$45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5/97. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

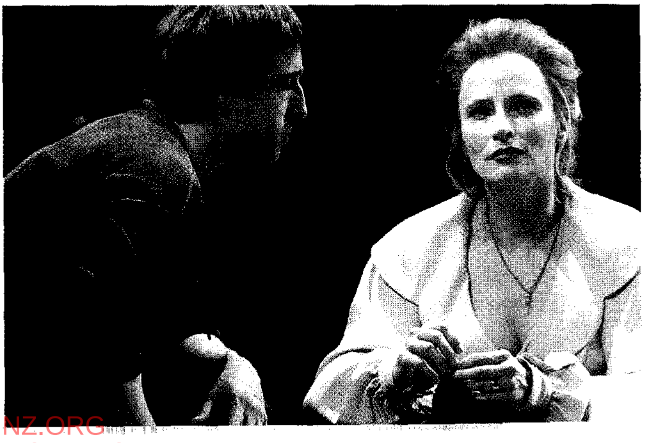
Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell—actor, director, and founding member of the Drama Dept.—wrote and stars in this rock concert-cum-musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $35. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Miss Vogel has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Mark Brokaw has directed inventively. (Simon: 3/31/97). Now star-

Opening

The Unmerry Wife of Avon

In really good sex scandals, it's not the juicy details but the thorny moral issues that count. In that respect, the dirt that playwright Peter Whelan has dug up may be more than 300 years old, but it's as good as it gets. *The Herbal Bed,* first presented by the Royal Shakespeare Company two years ago and opening April 16 at the Eugene O'Neill Theater, is Whelan's take on one of the few known facts about William Shakespeare's eldest daughter, Susanna, wife of the upstanding Stratford-upon-Avon doctor John Hall. Susanna was publicly accused in 1613 of having a venereal disease and of conducting a sexual liaison with Rafe Smith, a married man and family friend. Susanna sued for slander and won her case when her accuser, the doctor's apprentice, recanted and failed to show up at the trial. But Whelan set his sights on what didn't get recorded. "I enjoy using the gaps in history; there were some nice unknowns in this story," says Whelan, whose previous play for the RSC, *The School of Night,* speculated on the shady circumstances surrounding the death of Shakespeare's contemporary Christopher Marlowe. Filling in some of those gaps, Whelan suggests that Shakespeare's daughter may not be entirely blameless in the charge of adultery and implicates her husband in a coverup, giving the Elizabethan sex scandal a contemporary ring. In *The Herbal Bed,* both Susanna and Doctor Hall have good reasons for fearing an inquisition by the overzealous Vicar General, a seventeenth-century Kenneth Starr who insists on conducting an examination even after the case is closed. "Either something happened or it didn't, but I thought that there could be circumstances in which Doctor Hall would be reluctant to probe into the facts, because he could then lose his practice and his wife," says the playwright. "Lying, it seems, has become a very current issue. Should we probe into the private lives of people in the public eye?" When writing the play, he had in mind a Thatcher cabinet minister who was forced to resign over an extramarital affair. Of course, at the time, the world still hadn't heard about Monicagate. GERARD RAYMOND



Photograph by Henry Grossman.

ring Deirdre Lovejoy and Cotter Smith. $45–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 3/16/97. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, died in June of 1996, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Fri at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

I Will Come Back—A new musical celebrating Judy Garland's life. Written and directed by Timothy Gray, an associate of the diva; starring Tommy Femia, a cabaret performer who's made a healthy living out of impersonating her. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Players Theatre, 115 MacDougal St. (239-6200).*

Jails, Hospitals, & Hip-Hop—Danny Hoch, the *bandittel* from Queens, plays twelve urban misfits, then spews buckets of vitriol at Jerry Seinfeld. $10–$25. Wed. and Thurs. at 8:30, Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 11. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Joseph Gabriel Magic—Magician Joseph Gabriel mixes sleights of hand with large-scale illusions. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Long Day's Journey Into Night—This is an immense play, the towering achievement of American drama, which grows, incredibly, with each successive viewing. It brings out the best awareness we can muster even in this production, scaled down to a tiny stage that cannot convey a rambling cottage crisscrossed by living ghosts. None of the actors is quite right for the job. Yet they all gradually grow into their parts and, overleaping their lacks, etch themselves into our consciousness. Even cut and somewhat defanged, O'Neill's masterwork epitomizes both the human comedy and the tragic sense of life. (Simon: 4/6/98.) $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Mindgames—Marc Salem, a mentalist and former director of research for *Sesame Street,* does a slew of fancy math tricks, stops his own pulse, and predicts the contents of people's wallets. $40. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, 7, and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Mizlansky/Zilinsky or "schmucks"—A new comedy from John Robin Baitz about a pair of Hollywood hustlers' last-ditch effort to seal a deal. Nathan Lane, fresh from Los Angeles, where he evaded mice and other vermin, plays one of the two title schmucks; Joe Mantello, the talented young actor who directed Neil Simon's *Proposals,* directs here, too. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Through 4/26. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Mystery School—Tyne Daly, the powerhouse actress who nearly out-Etheled Ethel Merman in the 1989 revival of *Gypsy,* gets the stage all to herself in this site-specific production from En Garde Arts and Long Wharf Theatre. Through portraits of five female characters—an academic, a recovering alcoholic, a Christian fundamentalist, an archaeologist's widow, and a cable-access talk-show host—Daly shows how adaptive human beings, not to mention fine actresses, can be. $32.50–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 4/19. *Angel Orensanz Foundation Center for the Arts, 172 Norfolk St. (239-6200).*

Never the Sinner—The sensational story of Leopold and Loeb—two wealthy, well-educated teenagers who in 1924 murdered a young boy on a whim—moves from the American Jewish Theatre, where it played to great acclaim earlier this season, to a home farther uptown. $25–$45. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Peep Show—The latest installment in the Ronnie Larsen chronicles of New York sleaze. $30–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 3/31/98. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South, at Sheridan Sq. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Saturn Returns: A Concert—A nonnarrative cycle of songs about faith and longing, based on myths and hymn texts. Music and lyrics by Adam Guettel. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *The Public Theater's LuEsther Hall, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $42.50–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

St. Nicholas—The *other* young Irish dramatist, Conor McPherson, debuts here with this cryptically entitled play. The first ten minutes, and a few subsequent ones, mock a drama critic and are capital fun. The rest concerns said Dublin critic's trip to London in pursuit of an actress, and his entanglement there with a bunch of vampires. Thus is a Richard Brinsley Sheridan start reduced to Sheridan Le Fanu. Still, this 90-minute one-man show may be worth it for Brian Cox. He gives a bravura performance that transmutes pointlessness into poignancy. (Simon: 3/30/98.) $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 4/25. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

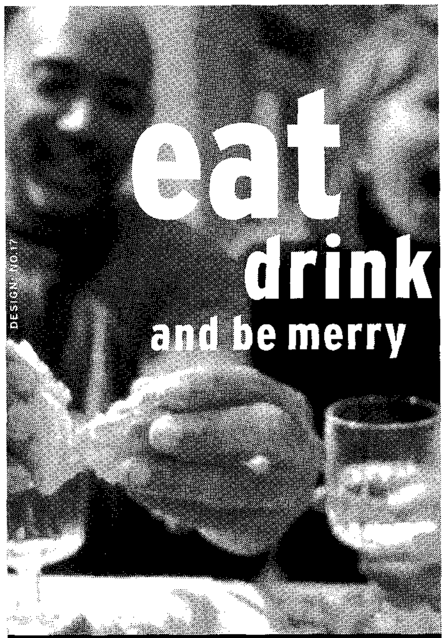
Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

The Summer in Gossensass—Maria Irene Fornes's tribute to Elizabeth Robbins and Marion Leah, two actresses whose passion for Ibsen led to the first London production of *Hedda Gabler.* $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Two Pianos, Four Hands—Ted Dykstra and Richard Greenblatt, a pair of talented pianists who never made it to the recital halls, wax philosophical about pushy parents, arrogant students, and smug concert judges. $25–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 6. Opened 10/30/97. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 14th St. (239-6200).*

Visiting Mr. Green—Eli Wallach, who made his Broadway debut more than a half-century ago, stars in this new comedy about a young man and Jewish widower. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*



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THE SALVATION ARMY
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art

Victor Hugo's Drawings...Yong Soon Min

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Bill Barrett—Maquettes for sculptures; through 5/9. Nardin, 605 Madison Ave. (486-1888).

Fritz Bultman—Life drawings of the female nude; through 4/30. Schlesinger, 24 E. 73rd St. (734-3600).

Caio Fonseca—New abstract paintings; through 5/9. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

Vincent La Scala—Collages and constructions incorporating photographs, illustrations, paper, wood, glass, metal, and other materials; through 5/9. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

Albert Marquet—Paintings by the French artist (1875–1947), who was involved in the Fauve movement and exhibited at the Salon d'Automne in 1905, including figures, interiors, and scenes from his journeys through Europe and North Africa; through 5/23. Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (879-0500).

Jedd Novatt—New steel and bronze sculptures that suggest freehand drawings of boxes; through 4/25. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

57th Street Area

Gabrielle Bakker—Figurative paintings on themes from Greek mythology; through 5/5. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

James Barsness—New large-scale paintings that incorporate pages taken from comics and coloring books and make references to art history and popular culture; through 5/9. Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (644-5665).

William Beckman/Kent Bellows—Figurative drawings by both; through 5/9. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Katherine Bowling—Paintings whose images suggest memories of nature; through 5/2. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Alice Dalton Brown—Paintings and pastels of landscapes and interiors; through 4/25. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Sir Anthony Caro/Richard Estes—"The Trojan War," 40 recent sculptures based on the characters of Homer's epic poem *The Iliad*/Six realist paintings of urban landscapes. Through 4/25. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

John Ferren—Abstract paintings made when the artist was living in Paris between 1931 and 1939; through 4/25. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (262-1160).

Michael Filmus—Recent paintings of landscapes in the Berkshires; through 4/25. David Findlay, 41 E. 57th St. (486-7660).

Jorge Galindo—Photomontages and paintings; through 5/2. Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (644-9090).

Eva Hesse—Drawings in ink and gouache made during the sixties, when the artist was a painter and a recent graduate of the Yale School of Art & Architecture; through 5/2. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Ken Kelly/Jan Green—Paintings that depict undulating biomorphic forms/Small-scale paintings of landscapes in the Catskills. Through 5/2. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Jack Levine/Isabel Bishop—Paintings on such themes as the American civil-rights movement and prison conditions in Franco's Spain, executed between 1960 and 1975/Drawings spanning the artist's career from the late twenties through the eighties. Through 5/2. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Agnes Martin—New acrylic and graphite paintings that are primarily blue; through 4/25. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

G. Daniel Massad—Recent still-life drawings; through 4/29. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

George Negroponte—Recent abstract paintings; through 5/23. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

George E. Ohr—A selection of six pots by the "mad potter of Biloxi" (1857–1918), each of which shows a different aspect of the artist's work; through 5/2. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (246-2205).

William Patterson—Large-scale landscapes, still lifes, and interiors; through 4/25. French, 24 W. 57th St. (247-2457).

Photography

Fantasy Island

Taken at an artists' colony in the Caribbean, Sally Gall's recent photographs are meditations on isolation, intimate glimpses of figures and landscapes that render an island retreat as an inner state of mind. At Julie Saul Gallery, 560 Broadway; through May 22.

Photograph by Sally Gall, courtesy of the Julie Saul Gallery.

Philip Smith/Theresa Chong—New paintings that depict incised hieroglyphic drawings on monochromatic fields/Gouache paintings on rice paper. Through 4/25. Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (223-2227).

John Wilde—Recent magic-realist portraits and self-portraits; through 4/25. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Matthew Antezzo—Painted portraits of American artists and a painting depicting an image taken from a computer screen; through 4/25. Basilico, 26 Wooster St. (966-1831).

Mel Bochner—Printed works; through 4/23. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0960).

John Chamberlain—Two monumental painted steel sculptures; through 4/25. Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Pier Consagra—Sculpture and drawings; through 4/25. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Valentina DuBasky—Large-scale fresco paintings with incised botanical and fossil forms; through 5/16. Pelavin, 13 Jay St. (925-9424).

Helmut Federle—Recent large-scale abstract paintings; through 5/31. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Susanna Heller—Recent paintings and drawings that evoke aerial views of urban lanscapes; through 5/23. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

George Hildrew—Abstract paintings with stenciled forms; through 5/6. BG, 23 Thompson St. (334-1339).

Peter Hristoff—Recent large-scale paper pieces based on the formal structure of prayer rugs, and paintings that continue to explore themes of hope, despair, death, and regeneration; through 4/25. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Lani Irwin—Recent figurative paintings; through 5/5. Perlow, 560 Broadway (941-1220).

Sean Mellyn—Meticulously rendered paintings of children that suggest that what we see on the surface is not what it seems; through 5/2. Kustera, 41 Wooster St. (965-1527).

Yong Soon Min—Sculpture and photographs by a California-based artist that continue her exploration of the ongoing conflict and division in her native Korea; 4/18–6/27. Art in General, 79 Walker St. (219-0473).

Frank Moore—New paintings that depict American vernacular imagery such as the bald eagle, the buffalo, the bear, and the American flag; through 4/25. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Nurit Newman—A video installation, still photographs from the video, and a series of sculptural towers placed through the gallery in a forestlike configuration; through 4/25. Silverstein, 476 Broome St. (226-0640).

Manfred Pernice—Drawings and architectural models that comment on the inherent opposition between interiors and exteriors; through 5/9. Kern, 558 Broadway (965-1706).

Paul Henry Ramirez—New paintings that combine geometric shapes with the artist's signature drips, swirls, and pools of color; through 5/16. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Julia Scher—An installation of a fake "smart room" complete with digital manipulations, audio interface, and a children's surveillance play station; through 4/25. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Shawn Spencer—Recent paintings; through 5/2. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).
Fred Stonehouse—Paintings of creatures in surreal, dreamlike scenes; through 5/2. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).
Rubén Torres-Llorca—A narrative and conceptual installation of sculpture, by a Cuban artist; through 4/25. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2093).
Brian Wall—Recent abstract steel sculptures; through 4/25. Lowinsky, 578 Broadway (226-5440).
Jeff Way—The artist's early lyrical abstract paintings from the sixties and seventies; through 5/2. Algus, 25 Thompson St. (966-1758).
Philemona Williamson—Paintings that depict female figures in menacing environments; through 4/30. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Chelsea

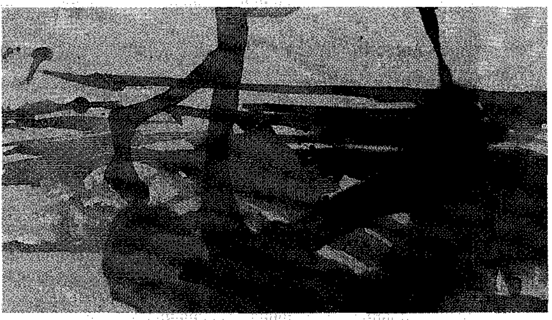
Siah Armajani—Park furniture and "City Center" drawings; through 5/13. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).
Matthew Benedict—Works in gouache on paper, embroideries, and stencil works; through 4/25. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474).
Jimbo Blachly/Bill Smart—An installation of hanging sheets of paper that have been painted with horizontal stripes/Geometric abstract paintings. Through 5/9. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (463-9666).
Eshrat Erfanian—Paintings on paper that evoke illuminated manuscripts and Persian miniatures; through 4/25. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-9930).
Gregory Green—Sculptures and installations that emphasize the power of nonviolent means for effecting change in existing political and economic structures; through 4/25. Feigen Contemporary, 535 W. 20th St. (929-0500).
Anish Kapoor—Two monumental sculptures, including *Turning the world inside out,* a globe-shaped sculpture with a mirrored surface and receding, concave center; through 5/22. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (206-9300).
Brendan Kass—New paintings and works on paper; through 5/9. Anderson, 453 W. 17th St. (463-0970).
Win Knowlton—Recent sculptures, including a bank of clouds made with galvanized steel and papier-mâché birds arranged on Oriental rugs; through 5/9. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).
Robert Motherwell—A selection of prints and drawings; through 5/5. Kempner, 501 W. 23rd St. (206-6872).
Alice Neel/August Sander—Paintings from the fifties through the seventies that depict men in suits and have not been previously exhibited/Photographs of businessmen, entrepreneurs, and industrialists from the twenties and thirties. Through 4/25. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727).
Robert Overby—Five latex casts of architectural elements in an abandoned house that were made by the artist in 1971; through 5/2. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555).
Dan Walsh—New abstract paintings and a series of thirteen books, each with twenty unique drawings to scale of the artist's paintings; through 4/25. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (255-1105).
Mary Weatherford—Large-scale paintings that incorporate actual starfish and shells and whose fields of color suggest panoramic views of the sea or charts of constellations; through 4/29. Debs, 529 W. 20th St. (647-7080).
Clemens Weiss—A ten-foot-tall cathedral of glass cases filled with drawings and stacked on metal shelves; through 4/30. Great Modern Pictures, 17 W. 24th St. (242-2581).

Retrospective

Victor Hugo Does It Again

Victor Hugo is hot again. He's got a long-running Broadway hit, a fat new biography (Graham Robb's *Victor Hugo,* Norton; $39.95), a full-length Disney cartoon (*The Hunchback of Notre Dame,* complete with singing gargoyles), and a soon-to-be-released movie (*Les Misérables,* starring Liam Neeson and Uma Thurman). When he died, in 1885, he was the most celebrated (and prolific) French poet and novelist of his century, but it may come as a surprise to many that he also drew and painted throughout his life. Perhaps that's because Hugo, who had a colossal opinion of his writing (as Jean Cocteau famously put it, "Victor Hugo was a madman who thought he was Victor Hugo"), was uncharacteristically modest about his artistic efforts. The real stunner is that Hugo's art has held up better than his writing. Using such then-unorthodox materials as blackberry juice, soot, coffee, and his own blood, Hugo kept many of his landscapes and abstractions—which go on view this week in "Shadows of a Hand: The Drawings of Victor Hugo" (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster Street; April 17 through June 13)—hidden in cardboard boxes, apparently fearing them too daring for their time. Hugo's first experiments with abstraction—his washes, ink *taches, pliages* (foldings), and lace impressions—were produced while he was living in exile with his family on the British Channel island of Guernsey between 1855 and 1870, and may have been inspired by séances he'd engaged in with the medium Delphine de Girardin. For years, Hugo's art was scarcely known outside his circle of poet and writer friends, who received his drawings as New Year's cards. His extraordinary prescience was finally acknowledged in 1936, when the Surrealists—recognizing his visionary automatic methods—named Hugo as their progenitor. But a late-twentieth-century overnight sensation in SoHo? Not even Hugo, who claimed to have communicated with God and the ocean, could have imagined that.

EDITH NEWHALL



Drawing by Victor Hugo, courtesy of The Drawing Center.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (627-4424). "Scent of Ink," 50 masterworks of Chinese painting, with hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, and album leaves; through 6/20.
Friedman—32 E. 67th St. (794-8950). "The Art of Turning: Masters in Wood," an exhibition with works by Holzapfel, Horn, Hoyer, Kent, others; through 4/25.
Gagosian—980 Madison Ave. (744-2313). "The New York School," with works by De Kooning, Gorky, Kline, Newman, others; through 4/25.
Gray—1018 Madison Ave. (472-8787). "Painting and Sculpture in the Post War Period"; through 5/30.
Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Eccentric Orbits," with works by Hayter, Howard, Merrild, Sage; through 5/29.
Shapolsky—152 E. 65th St. (452-1094). "Earthly Delights," with works by Johnson, Miles, Slonem, Waitzkin; through 5/31.
Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "Polish Avant-Garde, 1920-1945," with work in various media from the Formist, Constructivist, Blok, and Unist movements; through 5/16.

57th Street Area

Archives of American Art—1285 Sixth Ave. (399-5015). Rare periodicals and art posters from the Chicano art movement that were collected by Tomás Ybarra-Frausto and given to the National Museum of American Art; through 5/28.
Associated American Artists—20 W. 57th St. (399-5510). "Five Sides to a Square," with paintings by Albers, Indiana, Smith, Soto, Vasarely; through 4/25.
Boone—745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929). An exhibition guest-curated by Klaus Kertess, with works by Andresen, Mayerson, Nelson, others; through 5/9.
McKee—745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951). Sculptures by Kohn, Lipchitz, Humphrey, Madsen, others; through 4/30.
PaineWebber—1285 Ave. of the Americas (713-2885). "World Port New York: Celebrating 30 Years of the South Street Seaport Museum," artifacts and historic photographs from the Fulton Street Fish Market; 4/16-5/26.
Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). "Defining the Edge: Early American Abstraction," with works by Bengelsdorf, Browne, Drewes, Glarner, others; through 5/30.
St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). "TABOO: Sex and Sin in Modern Art," with works by Attie, Coe, Dix, Heckel, others; through 5/30.
Spanierman—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). American watercolor paintings from the past 125 years, with works by Burchfield, Cropsey, Demuth, Hassam, others; through 5/30.
Yoshii—20 W. 57th St. (265-8876). "Giacometti and Japanese Sculpture;" through 4/25.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Bravin Post Lee—476 Broome St. (966-2676). Works by Lukas, Seliger, Wiener; through 4/25.
Brownstone—39 Wooster St. (334-3455). Works on the theme of identity, by Arnold, Brown, Gordon, Lamb, London, Klupsch; through 4/24.
Dorsky—379 W. Broadway (966-6170). Drawings by Fasnacht, Friedman, Horn, Kelly, Schwartzberg, Stout; through 4/29.
Gibson—568 Broadway (925-1192). "Raw Ideas," drawings for large-scale projects by Adams, Beckley, Bladen, Oppenheim, others; through 5/16.
Goldstein—39 Wooster St. (431-0314). "To Believe and Not Quite to Believe," with works by Danilova, Blau, Tenberken; through 5/12.
Hoffman—429 W. Broadway (966-6676). "small scale—LARGE SCALE," with works of all sizes; 4/18-4/25.
Kent—67 Prince St. (966-4500). "A Delicate Condition," with works by Applebroog, Bing, Cusick, Dickson, others; through 4/25.
Postmasters—80 Greene St. (941-5711). "Usefool," with works that appear to have a useful function by Cooper, Fischli & Weiss, McElheny, West, others; through 4/25.

Sundvik—26 Grand St. (226-6361). "Granny Pine," featuring video and photography by eight young Finnish artists; through 4/25.

The Swiss Institute—495 Broadway (925-2035). An exhibition exploring common assumptions about art and systems of representation, with works by artists based in Zurich, Berlin and New York; through 5/19.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). "Archigram: Experimental Architecture, 1961–1974," with more than 400 drawings, models, multimedia installations, magazines, and re-created environments; through 4/25.

TZ' Art & Co.—28 Wooster St. (966-9059). "Memory," with paintings, sculpture, drawings, and photographs by Armando, Hafif, McConaughy, McGill, Sterck and Rozo; through 5/16.

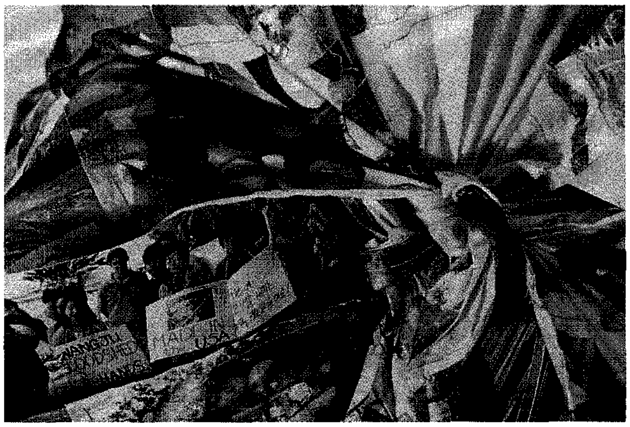
White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (924-4212). "Inventory," an investigation of how artwork serves as a recording device, with works by Baum, Bennet, Corbin, Edwards, others; 4/17-5/24.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer, Inc.—504 W. 22nd St. (691-5956). A "conversation exhibition" of watercolors by Patricia Kronin, video stills by Deborah Kass, paintings by Jenny Hankwitz, and project wall by Gabrielle Leidloff; through 4/25.

Billis—526 W. 26th St. (645-2621). "Color in Motion," a show examining color, line, and design in abstract painting, with works by Arredondo, Atria, Battis, Campbell, and Terry; through 5/5.

Talent **California-based artist Yong Soon Min addresses the division of her native Korea in "Bridge of No Return," a traveling exhibition of photographs and sculpture on the theme of boundaries and the consequences of crossing them. At Art in General, 79 Walker Street; April 18 through June 27.**



Photograph by Yong Soon Min.

Dorfman Projects—529 W. 20th St. (352-2275). "Tip of the Iceberg, Part III," with works by Mary Beth Edelson, Merrill Wagner, and Bettye Saar; through 4/25.

Elder—529 W. 20th St. (462-2600). "Decorative, Functional, and Sculptural Objects for the Garden," with works by Calyer, Swanson, Godowsky, Tannen, others; through 5/2.

Marlborough Chelsea—211 W. 19th St. (463-8634). Over 40 prints and artist's books by Baechler, Dunham, Hammond, Jensen, others; through 5/2.

Stux—529 W. 20th St. (352-1600). Paintings by Trajkovic and by the collaborative team Stepanek & Maslin; through 4/25.

Other

Hostos Center for the Arts & Culture—500 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-518-4455), Mon.–Fri. 10–6. "Dream Houses: Three Latino Constructions," with drawings and models by Warren Antonio James, Miguel Rivera, and Madeleine Sánchez; through 6/19.

Rotunda—33 Clinton St. Brooklyn (718-875-4047). "Only Child (Wanna Come Out and Play?)," works evoking a child's sense of fantasy, by Allen, Cox, Eicher, Del Valle, others; through 5/16.

Photography

Tina Barney—New large-format color photographs of the artist's friends and family, and a video, *Rhode Island Summer*; 4/15–5/16. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Ilse Bing—Photographs made in Frankfurt in the late twenties and in New York in the thirties, drawn from the photographer's personal collection; through 5/9. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (750-7070).

Leendert Blok—Photographs of tulips and landscapes by a Dutch photographer (1895–1986) who was employed by Dutch flower farmers to create a visual record of all flowers cultivated in the Netherlands; through 4/25. Schoormans, 12 E. 2nd St. (477-6953).

Hannah Collins—Black-and-white photographs shot during the artist's travels in Eastern Europe, Turkey, Barcelona, and Tel Aviv; through 4/25. Castelli, 420 W. Broadway (431-5160).

Lois Conner/Ed Burtynsky—A survey of the photographer's platinum panoramics of China/Color photographs made at mineral-tailing sites and industrial recycling plants in Ontario; 4/15–5/30. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Danziger—851 Madison Ave. (734-5300). Seminal works by Peter Hujar, Joel Meyerowitz, and Milton Greene, many of which have not been previously exhibited; through 5/9.

Jerald Frampton—Photographs of children and adults engaged in mundane activities; through 5/9. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (243-5937).

Sally Gall—New photographs that record the artist's state of mind during a six-week sojourn at an artist's colony in the Grenadines; through 5/22. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Gat—1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441). Film stills and action photographs by the Viennese Actionists Kurt Kren, Otto Muhl, Guenther Brus, Rudolph Schwarzkogler, and others; through 5/31.

Charles Hagen—New color photographs in which the artist's 4-year-old daughter is a primary subject; through 4/26. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Tues. 11–8 (voluntary contribution 6–8), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4 students and seniors. "Micha Bar-Am: An Israeli Photobiography." Images of life in Israel by its premier photojournalist; through 5/31.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (860-1777), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 admission by voluntary donation), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4. "Robert Capa/Photographs." A retrospective of the legendary photojournalist (1913–1954) known for his images of the Spanish Civil War, the North African and European battles of WWII, the Israeli War for Independence, and the end of the French Indochina War, and for his portraits of artists and writers; through 6/7.

Simpson Kalisher—Black-and-white photographs of railroad workers taken between 1951 and 1956 that were published in the 1961 book *Railroad Men*; through 4/25. De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. (327-1482).

Evelyn Lauder—Photographs that depict the essential forms in nature (all proceeds will be donated to breast-cancer research); 4/15–25. Winston Wächter, 39 E. 78th St. (327-2526).

Anne Arden McDonald—Portraits of couples and group portraits; through 4/25. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660).

Ralph Eugene Meatyard—Vintage prints from the photographer's estate; through 4/25. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Inge Morath—An exhibition celebrating the Magnum photographer's 75th birthday, including recent work and a selection of well-known images; through 5/2. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Lilo Raymond—A retrospective of the photographer's images of interiors, still lifes, and carved-stone angel sculptures in cemeteries; through 4/25. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Tokihiro Sato—Photographs of urban scenes and bucolic landscapes that fuse conceptualism with straight topographic documentation; through 4/25. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (255-8450).

Ed van der Elsken—Black-and-white vintage photographs documenting Paris's café scene of the fifties; through 4/25. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

William Wegman—New Polaroid prints and editioned digital ink-jet prints that depict the artist's dogs with a new simplicity of form suggestive of classical statuary; through 4/25. Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Wessel and O'Connor—242 W. 26th St. (242-8811). "The Body in Question," photographs by artists from Sydney and New York, including screen prints and large format color work; through 5/10.

Stanislaw Ignacy Witkiewicz—Moody seascapes and landscapes and close-up portraits and self-portraits by the prophetic Polish photographer (1885-1939); through 5/2. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Paper + Finland = Art." Works on paper by contemporary Finnish artists; through 5/10. . . . "Expressions in Wood: Masterworks From the Wornick Collection." Turned and shaped wood artworks by 56 artists from the United States, Europe, and Australia, drawn from the collection of Anita and Ron Wornick; through 5/10. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through 8/30. . . . "Drawing Shadows to Stone: Photographing North Pacific Peoples, 1897–1902." A commemoration of the American Museum of Natural History's Jesup North Pacific Expedition of 1897–1902, including approximately 100 archival photographs of scenes from daily life; through 5/31. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Great Cities, Small Treasures: The Ancient World of the Indus Valley." Over 100 examples of sculpture, ceramics, metalwork, seals, and other artifacts made by inhabitants of the Indus River Valley between 2600 B.C.E. and 1900 B.C.E., drawn primarily from collections in Pakistan; through 5/3. . . . "More Than Meets the Eye: Japanese Art in the Asia Society Collection"; through 8/16. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 seniors and students.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Finnish Modernism in Design: Utopian Ideals and Everyday Ideals, 1930–1997." A survey of works produced by Finnish designers for the ceramics firm Arabia, the glass factories of iittala, Karhula, and Nuutajarvi, and the textile and clothing manufacturer Marimekko; through 6/14. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Tomie Arai: Double Trouble"; 4/16–8/23. . . . "Rimer Cardillo: Araucaria"; 4/16–8/23..."1898: Artists Respond"; 4/16–6/21. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat.

and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation; $2 students; $1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Jewels of the Romanovs: Treasures of the Russian Imperial Court." 250 objects and works of art spanning three centuries of the Romanov Dynasty, among them royal portraits, court gowns, military uniforms, and a selection of Crown Jewels; through 7/5. . . . "Mexican Prints From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." 126 prints by 47 Mexican artists, among them José Orozco, Diego Rivera, and Rufino Tamayo; through 8/9. . . . "Sally Victor: Mad Hatter, 1935–65." A selection of hats by the American milliner, beginning with her earliest creations of the thirties through the decline of the popularity of the hat in the mid-sixties; through 6/21. . . . "Joan Snyder: Working in Brooklyn." Works on paper from the past decade; through 6/14. . . . "Scattered Petals, Fallen Leaves, Shards of Glass: The Work of Bing Hu, Working in Brooklyn." An exhibition of sixteen sculptures that incorporate material found on the streets of Brooklyn by the Chinese artist; through 5/10. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Smithsonian Institution—"Arquitectonica: The Times Square Project." The first New York exhibition of photographs, models, and drawings by the Miami-based architectural firm, highlighting its plans for a hotel, entertainment, and retail complex at 42nd Street and Eighth Avenue; through 5/10. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5. Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Training an Artist: Alexandre Cabanel and the Academic Process in Nineteenth-Century France." Paintings and drawings by the nineteenth-century French artist; through 6/13. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Robert Irwin." Part one of a two-part site-specific installation; through 6/14. . . . "Tracey Moffatt: *Free-falling*." A group of 25 photographs and a video installation by the Australian artist and filmmaker; through 6/14. . . . "Richard Serra: *Torqued Ellipses*." Three monumental sculptures of Cor-Ten steel that explore the shaping of space rather than material as their primary subject; through 6/14. . . . "Dan Flavin: 1962/63, 1970, 1996." Three installations using fluorescent light and six separate fluorescent works by the late sculptor; through 6/14. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

The Drawing Center—"Shadows of a Hand: The Drawings of Victor Hugo." The first exhibition in the United States devoted to the drawings of the nineteenth-century French writer (1802–1885), addressing his prescient relationship to art movements of the twentieth century; 4/17–6/13. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

El Museo del Barrio—"Taíno: Pre-Columbian Art and Culture From the Caribbean." The first comprehensive survey of the art of the Taíno, the dominant culture in Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Cuba, Jamaica, and the Bahamas from about 1200 A.D. to the arrival of Columbus in 1492; through 5/3. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Shiro Kuramata 1934–1991." Furniture and objects by one of postwar Japan's most influential designers; through 5/2. 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Wed. 11–8, Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"China: 5,000 Years." More than 500 artworks and artifacts from seventeen provinces of China; through 6/3. . . . "After *Mountains and Sea*: Frankenthaler 1956–1959." A survey of the artist's early paintings, including her groundbreaking *Mountains and Sea* of 1952, which laid the stylistic groundwork for her subsequent works; through 5/3. . . . "Visions of Paris: Robert Delauney's Series." An exhibition focusing on the artist's series paintings of Saint-Séverin, the Eiffel Tower, and Paris as seen through his window; through 5/24. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"China: 5,000 Years"; through 5/25. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $8, $5 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"Still More Distant Journeys: The Artistic Emigrations of Lasar Segall." The first major United States retrospective of the preeminent Brazilian artist, a major contributor to the development of German Expressionism and Brazilian modernist painting; through 5/10. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5; free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Paul Strand circa 1916." An exhibition of 50 rare prints tracing the artist's transition from soft-focus pictorial style to modernism; through 5/31. . . . "Augustin Pajou, Royal Sculptor." The first comprehensive exhibition of the work of the eighteenth-century French sculptor; through 5/24. . . . "Pierre-Paul Prud'hon." The first American retrospective of the works of the eighteenth-century French court painter and draftsman; through 6/7. . . . "The Nature of Islamic Ornament, Part I: Calligraphy." An exhibition surveying the development of Islamic calligraphy; through 6/28. . . . "When Silk Was Gold: Central Asian and Chinese Textiles in the Metropolitan and Cleveland Museums of Art"; through 5/17. . . . "Evocative Fragments." A selection of twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs depicting fragments of the human body; through 6/14. . . . "Honoré Lannuier, Parisian Cabinet Maker in Federal New York"; through 6/14. . . . "Elegant China Ware: Paris Porcelain in America"; through 6/14. . . . "American Ingenuity." A survey of twentieth-century American sportswear; through 8/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum at F.I.T.—"Norman Norell." The first retrospective of the American designer (1900–1972) known for his tailoring perfection; through 4/18. . . . "Toledo/Toledo: A Marriage of Art and Fashion." Approximately 100 pieces of clothing designed by Isabel Toledo, and paintings, fashion illustrations, sketches, sculptures, and mannequins by her husband, Ruben Toledo; through 4/25. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-5966), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Museum for African Art—"African Faces, African Figures: The Arman Collection." African sculptures from the collection of the sculptor Armand P. Arman; through 4/19. 593 Broadway, bet. Houston and Prince Sts. (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Self-Taught Artists of the 20th Century: Perspectives on Patterning." A survey of works by five self-taught artists whose *oeuvres* are characterized by a consistent use of overall patterning, including Morris Hirshfeld, Leroy Person, Martin Ramirez, Eugene Von Bruenchenhein, and Joseph Yoakum; through 6/7. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

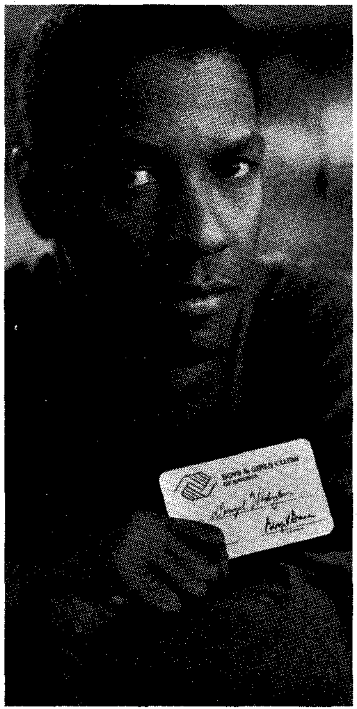
Museum of Modern Art—"Chuck Close." A retrospective of paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs by the American artist known for his monumental, psychologically charged portraits of artists and anonymous sitters; through 5/26. . . . "Alvar Aalto: Between Humanism and Materialism." The first United States retrospective of the works of the renowned Finnish architect, designer, and town planner, including sketches and competition drawings, models, new and archival photographs, and examples of furniture and glass; through 5/19. . . . "Fernand Léger." A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the French artist (1881–1955) from his early series "Contrastes de Formes (1913–14)," the first fully abstract works to emerge from Cubism, through his last realist paintings of construction workers of the late forties and early fifties; through 5/12. . . . "Fabrications." An exhibition developed jointly by MOMA, the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, and the Wexner Center for the Arts, comprising a total of twelve installations simultaneously constructed at all three venues by architects and architectural teams; through 4/28. . . . "The Clutter of Happenstance: Photographs by Robert Cumming." Photographs of ordinary objects in tableaux of the artist's devising, made between 1969 and 1981; through 6/15. . . . "Maria Magdalena Campos-Pons: Spoken Softly With Mama." A site-specific installation exploring the artist's African-Cuban roots; through 5/26. . . . "Rethinking the Modern: Three Proposals for the Museum of Modern Art." Design proposals for the expansion and renovation of the Museum of Modern Art, featuring the work of the Japanese architect Yoshio Taniguchi, who was chosen in December 1997 to design MOMA's expansion and renovation, and by the Swiss architectural firm Herzog & deMeuron, and the New York–based architect Bernard Tschumi; through 4/28. . . . "Garry Winogrand: Selections From a Major Acquisition." Twenty-six photographs from a collection of 200 prints ranging in date from the fifties through the seventies that were acquired by the museum from the New York collector Barbara Schwartz through purchase and through her gift in memory of her late husband, Eugene M. Schwartz; through 5/31. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Berenice Abbott's Changing New York, 1935–1939." A selection of 175 prints from the museum's own collection of the photographer's "Changing New York" project of the thirties that was funded by the Federal Art Project of the W.P.A. and sponsored by the museum; through 6/21. . . . "Bridging New York." An exhibition of paintings, prints, drawings, postcards, and vintage photographs exploring the role played by bridges in the creation of Greater New York; through 6/28. . . . "New York From Above: An Aerial View." Paintings depicting aerial views of the city by Spelman Evans Downer; through 6/14. . . . "A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades." A survey of New York City's ethnic parades; through 10/17. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Doris Salcedo." New sculpture by the Colombian artist; through 5/31. . . . "Cardoso Flea Circus." A miniature flea circus accompanied by a video documenting a performance piece; through 5/10. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"A War in Perspective, 1898–1998: Public Appeals, Memory, and the Spanish-American Conflict"; through 8/29. . . . "A Secret Location on the Lower East Side: Adventures in Writing, 1960–1980." An exhibition focusing on the writers, artists, publishers, and communities who produced publications associated with the use of the mimeograph machine from the sixties through the early eighties; through 7/25. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Unconventional Currier & Ives." Lesser-known works produced by the printing firm, among them prints, photographs, certificates, and advertisements; through 7/5. . . . "Militant Metropolis: New York City and the Spanish-American War 1898." A selection of newspapers, caricatures, letters, pho-



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BOYS & GIRLS CLUBS OF AMERICA

The Positive Place For Kids

Davis *continued from page 37*

now, it's a blessing." Silicon Alley will fulfill its promise if people just give it time. "You've got to show the whole picture: If you judge Silicon Alley on the first three years, it will be a bunch of losers. If you judge it in 30 years, it will be the greatest success story in the history of business."

And where will Calacanis fit into that history? "Someone once said to me, 'You're the mayor of Silicon Alley,' " he says. "And I said, 'I'm not the mayor; I'm the press secretary. It's more important than the mayor.' "

THE PRODUCT

GIVEN THAT THE "NEW" WAY TO MAKE money on the Web is through selling merchandise, it's time for **InterWorld,** one of the few real software companies in the city, to cash in.

Retail sales online doubled in the last year, but the real growth is going on behind the screen, as retailers try to rejigger their order-fulfillment and inventory software for the Web. Late last year, InterWorld launched Commerce Exchange 2.0, a $75,000-to-$195,000 all-in-one software package (with ongoing maintenance charges) designed to increase revenue, decrease operating expenditures, and enhance customer service. Brøderbund, J&R Music and Computer World, and Scholastic are among those companies that have signed on to InterWorld's so-called turnkey solution.

"It's been tough, because we expected e-commerce to mature early on," says Michael Donahue, who founded InterWorld in 1994 with two other partners. Micro Warehouse, a computer catalog retailer, was InterWorld's first big customer in 1995. But perhaps the most significant factor in InterWorld's favor can be summed up in two words: George Soros. The billionaire financier "has supported us on every round of financing, so he's basically been our biggest supporter," says Donahue. "What we were able to do is spend a lot of time in R&D. We took almost two to three years just developing the right architecture. And now we have technology which doesn't have to be completely re-engineered."

InterWorld has raised a staggering total of almost $50 million to date, not just from Soros but also from such other investors as GE Capital and Comdisco. With such substantial private investment from heavy-hitting players and the recent turn toward acceptance of e-commerce on the consumer side, Interworld's upcoming IPO could be the next DoubleClick. ■

tographs, and other materials from the Society's Lathrop Colgate Harper Collection of Spanish-American War materials; through 7/12. . . . "New York Landmarks, Present and Future Direction." Photographs of New York City landmarks from the new book *Landmarks of New York III* (Abrams) by Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel; through 8/23. . . . "Paul Robeson: Bearer of a Culture." A exhibition of photographs and memorabilia commemorating the centenary of the actor's birth; through 7/12. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Vertical Painting Show"; through 6/28. . . . "Wish You Luck." 22nd National and International Studio Program Exhibition; through 4/19. . . . "Meg Webster 'Pool' "; through 6/28. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $4 suggested donation, $2 students and seniors.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"A Seal Upon Thine Heart: Glyptic Art of the Ancient Near East, ca. 3500–2100 B.C." A selection of seals from the Library's collection and from the Yale Babylonian Collection, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and several private collections; through 4/26. . . . "To Observe and Imagine: British Drawings and Watercolors, 1600–1900"; through 5/3. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $6; $4 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Robert Colescott: Recent Paintings." A survey of paintings from the past ten years that explore issues of racial identity, power, and gender by this 72-year-old African-American artist; 4/22–8/30. . . . "Dawoud Bey." New large-scale Polaroid portraits of students from three Queens high schools; 4/22–8/30. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Abigail Adams Smith Museum & Gardens—"Sitting in Style: Fancy Chairs and Other Highlights From the Permanent Collection." Selections of nineteenth-century chairs and silver from the museum's collection; through 7/31. 421 E. 61st St. (838-6878), Tues.–Sun. 11–4 (Tues. evening to 9 in June and July); $3, $2 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Bill Viola." The first full-scale overview of the work of the California-based video artist, including 15 installations, 25 videotapes, and drawings and notebooks from the past 25 years; through 5/10. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"*Garden of Qián*, by Ming Fay." A fantasy garden of trees and fruits handcrafted from paper, wire, synthetic fibers, and layers of polyurethane; through 4/17. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 4/16 at 10 and 2: "Fine English Furniture and Objects of Art." On view from 4/11. 4/21 at 10 and 2: "Important Silver, Objects of Vertu, and Russian Works of Art." On view from 4/16.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 4/20 at 10 and 2: "Silver." On view from 4/16. 4/21 at 10 and 2: "Furniture and Decorative Arts." On view from 4/17.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (570-4830). 4/21 at 12: "Antique and Fine Jewelry." On view from 4/16.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 4/15 at 10:15 and 2: "Rugs." On view from 4/9. 4/16 at 10:15: "Sporting Paintings." On view from 4/11. 4/16 at 2: "Porcelain." On view from 4/11. 4/17 at 10:15 and 2: "English Furniture." On view from 4/11. 4/21 at 10:15 and 2: "Books." On view from 4/17.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 4/16 at 10:30: "Books." On view from 4/11. 4/20 at 10:30: "Rocketry and Space Flight: Fiction Into Fact." On view from 4/15.

restaurants

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Happening
World Chews Tonight

Diners who feel disappointed by the menu uniformity of such gastronomic ghettos as Little Italy and 6th Street's Indian alley will want to attend the New School panel "Ethnic Food in America: How Authentic Should We Expect It to Be?" On April 21, WNYC's Leonard Lopate engages culinary ambassadors Madhur Jaffrey (author of 'An Invitation to Indian Cooking') and Josefina Howard (chef-owner of Rosa Mexicano) in a conversation about the genuine and the generic. (66 West 12th Street; call 800-709-4321 for tickets.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Canal House—The restaurant at the SoHo Grand Hotel, a beige-on-beige dining room with *Alice in Wonderland* fixtures and furniture, turns out surprisingly tasty regional American fare. Try the macaroni and cheese, the crab cakes, and the cornmeal-crusted chicken breast, or—if you're the type who likes to loiter in hotels—nurse a cocktail in the lounge. *310 West Broadway (965-3588). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Il Mattone—In a neighborhood populated by pricey destination restaurants, this affordable Italian place is a great, dependable alternative. Try the brick-oven pizza or house specialties like penne alla vodka, pollo Sorrentino, seafood scampi, and vitello saltimbocca. *413 Greenwich St. (343-0030). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and for dinner the bankers on their way uptown, offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country-French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $45.00. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Wall Street Kitchen & Bar—As downtown grows more and more residential, its halls of finance, like this former bank building, are being converted into service establishments. This sister of SoHo Kitchen & Bar offers a similarly extensive selection of beers

Illustration by Danny Hellman.

C Restaurant at the China Club

Innovative eclectic cuisine in the heart of the Theater District.

After Theater:
Complimentary Admission to the China Club

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Executive Chef: Eban D. Ross

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and wines by the glass, plus such eclectic American fare as beer-braised short ribs with egg noodles, and pizza topped with shrimp, smoked bacon, and roasted tomatoes. *70 Broad St. (797-7070). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is just a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. (A newer uptown branch offers a similar menu of American classics like chicken potpie and grilled steaks and burgers, and is decorated with a similar canine motif.) *190 W. 4th St. (633-2275). Also, 1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

53 Grove Street Cafe—This American bistro on a charming Village side street has the requisite exposed brick walls and outdoor patio (in warm weather). There's a raw bar from which one—actually, two—could order the plateau fruits de mer, which comes with vodka or champagne. Or try the sesame-crusted tuna with lemongrass marinade, the filet mignon in bourbon sauce, or the salmon en papillote with oranges. *53 Grove St. (924-8299). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Salam Cafe and Restaurant—This casual Arabic restaurant ensconced in a Village brownstone offers a broad variety of Middle Eastern food, including kebabs, couscous, and lamb with yogurt-and-sesame sauce, plus lots of vegetarian options. Try the Lebanese wine. *104 W. 13th St. (741-0277). (I–M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-

CHEF'S RECIPE FOR COOKING UP A USDA RESPONSE

Data

Food Fighters

The notion of eating as a political act may have crept into the public consciousness during the lentil-laden seventies, when Frances Moore Lappé's revolutionary *Diet for a Small Planet* took on the gargantuan, resource-squandering beef industry. Two decades later, the ghost of culinary activism has snuck back into the kitchen. Concerned chefs and restaurant owners are using their menus as a battleground for environmental issues, like the swordfish boycott spearheaded by such major leaguers as Gramercy Tavern and Felidia. The latest call to arms—the crisis that brought three dozen chefs, farmers, and consumer advocates to Savoy restaurant for coffee and frittatas two weeks ago—is what many consider the botch the USDA has made of organic-farming regulations. The agency's proposed rules, announced last December, would allow foods that have undergone irradiation, genetic engineering, and even fertilization with sewage sludge to be labeled "organic." To the anxious representatives from Angelica Kitchen, Café Loup, Across the Street, Follonico, Oznot's Dish, and 131 Duane who gathered at Savoy that morning, these loopholes would grant the giants of agribusiness access to the burgeoning (and increasingly profitable) organic industry, confusing the customer and driving small family farms out of business. Some see, between the lines of the proposal, a nefarious attempt to co-opt their cherished movement. "It's already happening," said Betsy Lydon, outreach director for Mothers & Others for a Livable Planet. "Disney just bought Muir Glen Organic Tomatoes." The chefs brainstormed ways to make their disapproval known to the USDA, which has extended its comment period through the end of April. Savoy owner Peter Hoffman passed out stacks of pre-addressed postcards, which chefs will ask concerned customers to fill out and mail to Washington. Greenmarket events coordinator Joel Patraker announced a public forum to be held at Union Square on April 18. Katy Sparks of Quilty's proposed more direct action: "We should have a blowout, go down to Washington, and cook for the people making policy." Someone else suggested targeting Clinton's chef. From the back of the room, Herban Kitchen's Adam Ruderman demanded clarification: "You mean McDonald's?"

ROBIN RAISFELD

peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, stout-glazed chicken with apricots and juniper berries, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample from the city's largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mendy's —This kosher midtown deli proudly claims to be New York's only Jewish sports bar and serves hearty American fare like soups, salads, steaks, and chops. *61 E. 34th St. (576-1010). Also,*

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208 W. 70th St. (877-6787). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Bice—It's always buzzing at this midtown Italian hot spot, where the fashionable crowd takes a hiatus from air-kissing to partake of dishes like lobster salad with baby vegetables, porcini risotto, and veal chop Milanese. *7 E. 54th St. (688-1999). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Diners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Domingo—The opera star's very own Spanish kitchen right in midtown Manhattan. Downstairs there's a Castilian-style tapas bar; upstairs, a more formal dining room with dramatic skylights. Drop in for churros y chocolate, or make a full meal of the regional Spanish specialties such as paella Valenciana. *209 E. 49th St. (826-8269). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Istana—Situated in the lobby of the New York Palace hotel, this Mediterranean newcomer is rightfully proud of its olive bar, the only one, chances are, of its kind. Tapas are ideal cocktail accompaniments; heartier appetites are readily satisfied by paella-style roasted fish, pumpkin ravioli with walnuts, or baby chicken with Tunisian spices. *455 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (303-6032). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—Chef Kurt Gutenbrunner left David Bouley's kitchen to man the stoves at midtown's elegantly reconstructed Monkey Bar. His refined style—deliberately devoid of most butter, cream, and rich sauces—is evident in chestnut soup with Armagnac prunes, yellowfin-tuna tartar, venison stew with herb spaetzle, and scallops with vanilla endive and tropical fruits. *60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

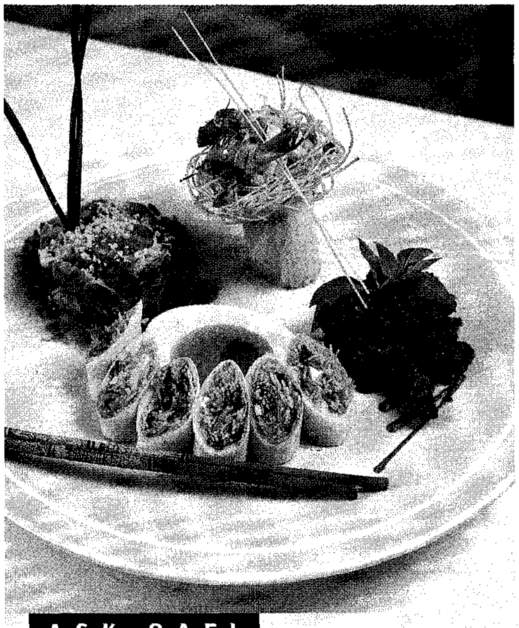
Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the French-American fare concocted by ex-Lespinasse chef Fabrizzio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neal Myers, formerly of Ben Benson's, transports his expertise with meats and creatively prepared seafood, like pepper-crusted tuna with winter squash and black vinegar sauce, and crab cakes accompanied



ASK GAEL

I'm lazy. I don't want to leave the Upper West Side.

Trust me—I'm a West Sider, too. It was pouring one night and we sloshed the few blocks to Rain. Poetic, I thought, and, surprise—though I loved chef Taweewat Hurapan's fiery pan-Asian cooking from the start, the kitchen seemed stronger than ever. What's new? I asked. And a quartet of starters appeared on a ceramic platter big as a satellite dish: Smart vegetarian summer rolls. Fragrant green-papaya salad. And, new for us, crisp dancing shrimp and crusted beef jerky. Since too much is never enough, the four of us went on to Thai duck "fajitas," green-curry chicken, fiery jumbo shrimp, and the inevitable pad thai. Our hoity-toity pals from upper Park were suitably impressed, and we were back for more just three days later. (100 West 82nd Street; 501-0776.)

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

by cole slaw rolls. Try something from the extensive raw-bar menu. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by its founding family. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. A $55 spring tasting menu features new fish dishes. The garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

C2 at the China Club—The restaurant at the newly relocated China Club is conspicuously upscale for its Eighth Avenue address and surprisingly calm for its affiliation with the dance club upstairs. Chef Eban Ross has created an eclectic menu of Asian-influenced dishes like tuna-and-salmon tartare with daikon-hijiki slaw and braised lamb shank with maple-roasted acorn squash. *268 W. 47th St. (398-3800). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Molyvos—This interpretive Greek restaurant a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall is a large, stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. Sit at one of the tables up front for drinks and meze, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and vegetable dolmades. *871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

SeaGrill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, lobster salad with couscous in spicy lobster oil, and pepper-seared tuna steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchotchkes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Café Botanica—This American restaurant in the Essex House hotel is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday

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brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of poached tuna Niçoise and rack of lamb. *160 Central Park So. (484-5120). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, nonprofessionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pondicherry—Although the entrance is situated directly next to the Paris Theatre, this new restaurant is somewhat sequestered down a flight of stairs. But the serene, comfortable environs are anything but cramped. Filmmaker Ismail Merchant is credited with contributing several recipes to chef Jean-Luc Kieffer's French-Indian menu. Some representative dishes include bouillabaisse, chicken biryani, Mauritius-style lamb, and grouper in banana leaf "papillote." *8 W. 58th St. (750-7474). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

The Boathouse—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an extensive American menu, featuring such enticing dishes as the "lobster Martini," house-smoked, pan-roasted swordfish, and grilled veal chop with truffled mashed potatoes. For postprandial excitement, rent a bicycle, a rowboat, or a gondola. Live jazz Monday through Thursday. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Boxers—This uptown outpost of the Greenwich Village Boxers has a similar menu of American staples like chicken potpie, burgers, and steaks. This spot, in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge, enjoys the distinction of being one of the birthplaces of the Upper East Side swinging singles scene. In fact, the Tom Cruise vehicle *Cocktail* was filmed on the premises. *1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Decade—This place bills itself as the Classic Rock Supper Club, and thus appeals to the sort of over-30 crowd that would know exactly what classic means. Besides dinner—which could be pan-seared wild salmon with a horseradish-potato crust, duck-confit-and-vegetable spring roll, or Arctic char in a fennel consommé—there's a 4,000-bottle wine vault, nearly 200 humidors, and original artwork by Warhol and Rosenquist. And dancing, of course. Jackets required. *1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (835-5979). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Giovanni 25—This elegant regional Italian restaurant has a loyal neighborhood following that partakes of a menu heavy on game and dishes luxurified with seasonal truffles. Try the Dover sole and the black risotto with cuttlefish. *25 E. 83rd St. (988-7300). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with bottles from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa City—Bobby Flay's uptown bastion of innovative southwestern fare offers dishes like mango-glazed tuna steak and tortilla-crusted grouper. The bar attracts regulars with the house margarita, spiked with cactus-pear juice, and its selection of twenty brands of tequila. *1059 Third Ave., nr. 62nd St. (207-1919). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *135 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mendy's West—This kosher deli proudly claims to be New York's only Jewish sports bar and serves hearty American fare like soups, salads, steaks, and chops. *208 W. 70th St. (877-6787). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at*

Opening
The Foy of Cooking

It was a shock when chef Dennis Foy abruptly stalked out of the late Mondrian in 1990 after rave reviews. Now, his pair of New Jersey restaurants humming along, Foy slips into Manhattan again with EQ, a joint venture with partner Estelle Quinones on a quiet corner of West 4th and Perry Streets. Plush wide-wale corduroy lines the walls. Sea creatures swim on velour banquettes. And the heft of the cutlery portends such upscale doings as white gazpacho with oysters, morel-and-asparagus lasagna, roasted saddle of rabbit with summer truffles, lobster thermidor, and chicken en ballottine. Entrées, $19.50 to $26. (267 West 4th Street; 414-1961.) G.G.

Photograph by Safia Fatimi.

71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The $42.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

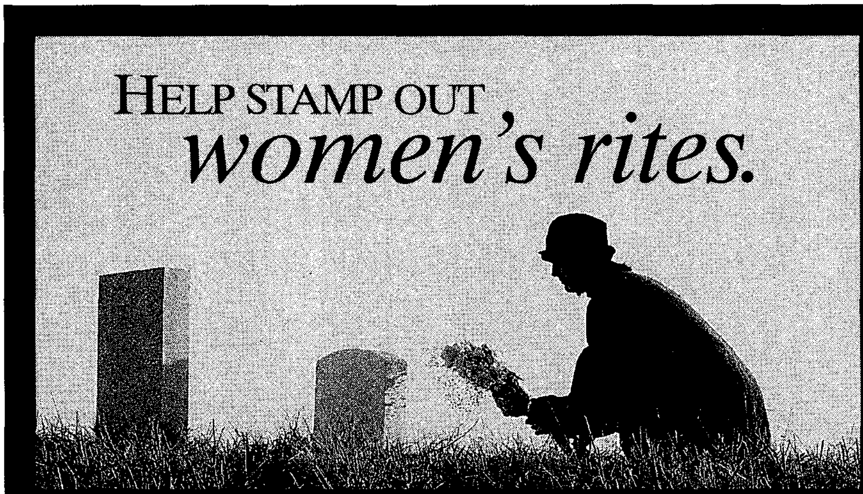
Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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the mix

New York: An Illustrated History of the People... **Michael Byers**

John Leonard's TV Notes

Love Boat: The Next Wave (4/14; 9 to 10 P.M.; UPN) returns for an encore, only one night after its debut, with Robert Urich as the new skipper of the *Sun Princess,* a multi-culti crew resentful of all the attention they must pay to his angry and delinquent 15-year-old son (Kyle Howard); a stand-up comic who makes fat jokes; a couple of guys in the honeymoon suite; and so on unto Caribbean cruise-ship doldrums even in the middle of El Niño. I'm glad Urich gets so much work. I sometimes wish he'd turn some of it down.

In the Life (4/14; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) goes global to report on Hong Kong (will Communist China be good for gays?), the Philippines (lesbians in increasing numbers swim upstream against a strong conservative Roman Catholic current), Brazil (lively ghettos, but a gay is murdered every three days), the Netherlands (where "out" athletes will compete this August in the 1998 Gay Games), and France.

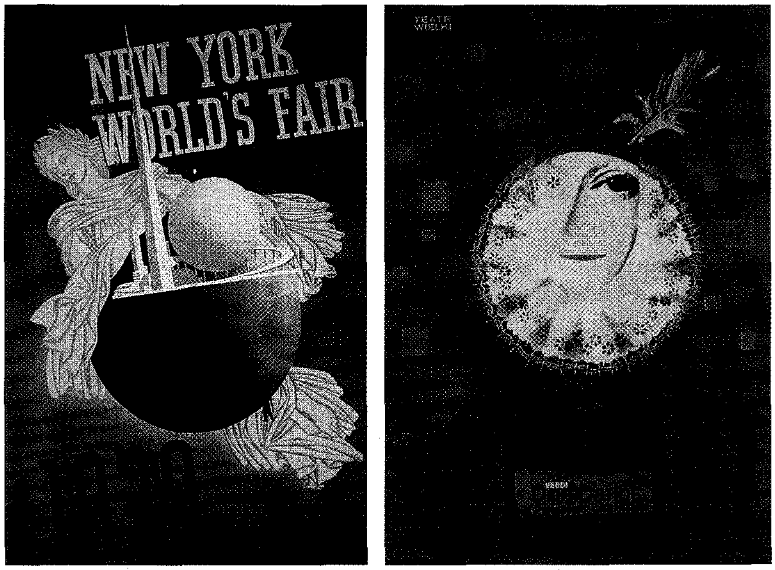
Hostages: Rescue in Peru (4/18; 8 to 9 P.M.; The Learning Channel) observes the the first anniversary of the commando raid that routed the Tupac Amaru guerrillas from the Japanese ambassador's residence and ended a four-month hostage crisis, with a self-serving interview of Peruvian president Alberto Fujimori, who also shows us his private home videos of the blood bath. Everybody gets to talk except the rebels, all of whom of course are dead.

The Spree (4/18; 9 to 11 P.M.; TMC) asks cat burglar Jennifer Beals to trust cop-gone-wrong Powers Boothe, when it's clear from the start that they don't belong together in the same movie, much less the same bed. Even cable *noir* needs more than static cling to achieve friction. Jennifer's mother, Rita Moreño, would have done a sexier job of it than these low-watts, though director Tommy Lee Wallace (*It*) works hard to be moody.

Mind Games (4/19; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) is a semi-gripping variation on *Fatal Attraction,* more fun to watch, because of the cast, than to think about, because of the predictability. Jayne Brook (*Chicago Hope*) and Kyle Secor (*Homicide*) submit their troubled marriage to a therapist (Lindsay Frost, so wonderful in *Mancuso*), who, for the usual twisted reasons of her own, hates Jane, wants Kyle, destroys their marriage, and kidnaps their child. Maybe, since satanic ritual abuse didn't pan out, we are about to enter a new television age of unkindness to therapists. She's blonde, she's Freudian, she's evil.

The Echo of Thunder (4/19; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) sends Judy Davis back to Australia where she came from, to prove there's more to her than neurotic riffs in Woody Allen movies. In this Hallmark Hall of Fame presentation, the 196th, she is the second wife, and outback palm-tree-cultivating helpmeet, of Jamey Sheridan, when a 15-year-old daughter of his (Lauren Hewett) from a first marriage arrives in the bush to complicate relationships with her own three kids, only one of them (Chelsea Yates) an unresentful human being. There are hard times, and even harder work. There are aboriginal rock paintings, of which I wish we'd seen more. And there is a dog, who will be shot. Davis is dazzling, in exactly the sort of family feel-good uplift that propels CBS to a ratings win in the TV-movie sweepstakes almost every Sunday night.

People's Century (4/19, 4/20 and 4/21; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) launches an ambitious BBC miniseries (produced in conjunction with WGBH-Boston) that proposes to think about the twentieth century from the point of view of "ordinary men and women" to whom that century has done such terrible things. Of the first six hours, I found the first two old-hat, getting us through trench warfare in world war; the last two, about movies and sports, merely diverting; but the middle two, about the Russian Revolution, the Stalin years, and the disintegration of the Soviet empire unto velvet Czechoslovakia in 1989, to be remarkable, with footage I'd never seen before and survivors whose perspectives enthrall. You haven't heard "We Shall Overcome" until you've heard it sung in Czech.



On View **The International Vintage Poster Fair always offers not only a nonpareil selection of classic travel, film, and advertising posters (above) but also a history tutorial (this year's formal exhibition is "Mai '68 Revisited," featuring protest propaganda created by anti-Gaullist students). The biannual event returns to Chelsea's Metropolitan Pavilion, April 17 through 19. See listings.**

Photographs courtesy of the International Vintage Poster Fair.

Radio Highlights

New York and Company—Weekdays at noon. 4/13: John Grizhinsky and chef Peter Hoffman with Joan Gussow from the Organic Standards Board on organic eating; Jill Eikenberry and Michael Tucker on battling breast cancer; food critic Ruth Reichl on *Tender at the Bone.* 4/14: Nadine Gordimer on *The House Gun;* David Dante Troutt on *The Monkey Suit;* Toni Morrison on *Paradise.* 4/15: Jeffrey Rothfeder on *The People vs. Big Tobacco;* Lynne Tillman on *No Lease on Life;* Phyliss Birnbaum and Daniel Rosenblum on *The Broken Bridge;* Wayne Wang on his new film *Chinese Box.* 4/16: Carter Wiseman on *Shaping a Nation;* Peggy Noonan on *Simply Speaking;* a panel discussion on the hazards of boxing, with Evelyn Nieves, Gerry Cooney, and Dr. Barry Jordan. 4/17: Deborah Tannen on *The Argument Culture;* Joseph Heller on *Now and Then;* Jeff Benedict on *Public Heroes, Private Felons.* 4/20: Robert Thurman on *Inner Revolution;* Gil Amelio on *On the Firing Line;* Mandy Sayer on *Dreamtime Alice.* Leonard Lopate hosts. WNYC, AM 820.

Casper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 4/14: Pat Buchanan, Stephen Fried, and Zhu Xiao Di. WOR, 710 AM.

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sunday evenings at 8. 4/19: Russell Banks, author of *Cloudsplitter;* 4/26: Ruth Reichl (New York *Times* food critic), author of *Tender at the Bone.* WNWK, 105.9 FM.

The Written Word

"New York, New York: A Celebration"—4/28 at 6 P.M.: With readings by Anne Jackson, Philip Hamburger, and Patricia O'Connell. The New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (930-0654); $10.

Yehuda Amichai—4/20 at 8 P.M.: The Israeli poet reads from his work. Unterberg Poetry Center, 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $12.

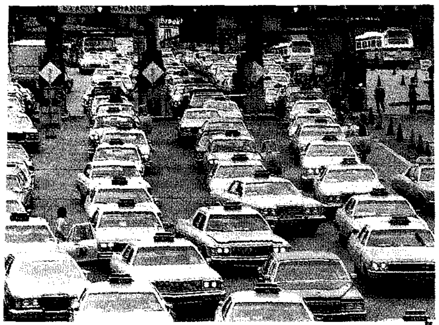
David Gilbert—4/14 at 7:30: Reading from his new book, *Remote Feed.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (420-1322); free.

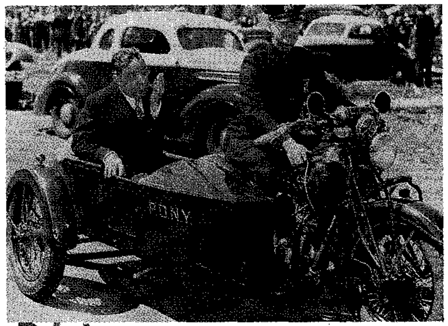
Douglas Cooper—4/15 at 7:30: Reading from *Delirium.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (420-1322); free.

J. D. McClatchy—4/14 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *Ten Commandments.* Outloud/Fordham University at Lincoln Center, 113 W. 60th St. (636-6793); $5.

Hal Sirowitz—4/14 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading his poetry from *My Therapist Said.* Barnes & Noble, 70-00 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-793-1395); free.

Beatrix Gates, Joan Larkin, Michael Lassell, Jaime Manrique—4/15 at 6:30 P.M.: Reading at the Publishing Triangle/Jefferson Market branch of NYPL, Sixth Ave. at 10th St. (243-4344); free.





In Print

It's a Helluva Town

Picture books on the history of cities run the risk of lavish obviousness. Their unstartling thesis tends to be that immigration was good, public transportation was better, and egg creams were best. Allon Schoener's 'New York: An Illustrated History of the People' is indeed lavish—arrestingly so, thanks to the work of graphic designer Massimo Vignelli—but it is saved from obviousness by Schoener, a persevering researcher with an eye for the compellingly quotidian. (He's also the author of the celebrated 'Harlem on My Mind.') Schoener's humble title for himself is "collagist," but his collages and captions have the strangely unclassifiable pull of nothing less magnificent than the Ellis Island museum. (Norton; $59.95.)

George Lang—4/14 at 7 P.M.: The Cafe des Artistes restaurateur reads from *Nobody Knows the Truffles I've Seen.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Russell Banks, Rick Moody, Chase Twichell—4/16 at 7 P.M.: Reading at Friends' Seminary Meeting House, 222 E. 16th St. (718-625-4079); $10.

Wole Soyinka—4/13 at 6 P.M.: Interviewed by Jerome Brooks. Unterberg Poetry Center, 92nd St.Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $10.

Marjorie Fasman—4/14 at 1: The author of *The Diary of Henry Fitzwilliam Darcy* reads from the imagined writings of the infamous Darcy of Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice.* Small Press Center, 20 W. 44th St. (764-7021); free.

Reg E. Gaines—4/18 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *The Original Buckwheat.* Nkiru Books, 76 St. Marks Ave., Brooklyn (718-783-6306); free.

Candace Bushnell, Anthony Haden-Guest—4/18 at 8 P.M.: At the Sullivan St. Lounge, 158 Bleecker St. (420-1999); $6.

Tribute to Denise Levertov—4/19 at 3 P.M.: With Paul Lacey, Deborah Larsen, Chester Biscardi, others. Poetry Project/St. Marks Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); $7.

E. E. O'Donnell—4/15 at 4 P.M.: If you haven't had enough of the *Titanic* yet, join the author of *The Last Days of the Titanic* for a reading and signing on the anniversary of the famous sinking. Museum Bookstore, 12 Fulton St. (748-8600); free.

***The Hudson Review*'s Fiftieth**—4/21 at 7:30 P.M.: With Jocelyn Bartkevicius, Gary Khrist, and others, reading from the fiftieth-anniversary issue on "American Themes." Barnes & Noble, 675 Sixth Ave., at 21st St. (727-1675); free.

Lectures and Panels

"Learn How to Love Your Work"—4/21 at 7 P.M.: With Dr. Rick Jarow, author of *Creating the Work You Love.* Marble Collegiate Church, 3 W. 29th St., at Fifth Ave. (686-2770); $5.

Poetry Writing Workshop With Gertrude Morris—4/16, 4/23, 4/30 at 5 P.M.: An opportunity to foster growth in style and form. The New York Public Library's Hudson Park Branch, 66 Leroy St. (243-6876); free.

Memoir Writing Workshop—4/16, 4/23, 4/30 at 6 P.M.: Poet Patricia Spears Jones explores the genre, emphasizing tone, narrative control, and issues of confidentiality. The New York Public Library, Harlem Branch, 9 W. 124th St. (348-5620); free, pre-registration required.

On Being Martha Stewart—4/16 at 6: A rare interview with Stewart, exploring how she became what she is, and what she predicts for households in the twenty-first century. The New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12th St., bet. Fifth and Sixth Aves. (229-5488); $15.

Tours

Centennial Cities—4/18 at 1 P.M.: Celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the consolidation of New York City, a tour exploring Manhattan's City Hall and Brooklyn's Borough Hall. Meet at the Nathan Hall Statue, located at the Murray St. entrance to City Hall Park (439-1090); $15.

Historic Hoboken—4/18 at 2:45: Visit this one-square-mile city and learn about its surprisingly significant role in American history as well as its culturally diverse present. Meet at the northwest corner of 31st St. and Sixth Ave. (in Manhattan). Call 265-2663 for more information; $5 (plus $2 roundtrip PATH fare).

Rockefeller Center—4/13 at 12:30: A tour of this landmark district, the "most significant planned development in New York City" (according to the Municipal Art Society). Urban historian Francis Marrone is your guide. Meet at the Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Call 935-3960 for reservations or further information; $10.

Art From Ancient Chinese Tombs—Tuesdays at noon; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 4: A museum tour concentrating on the range of objects discovered in Chinese tombs on recent archaeological finds. Meet at the information desk in the main rotunda of the Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Call 423-3500 to confirm the day and time of the tour; the schedule is subject to change.

"The Search for a National Identity: Expressions of Ireland's Nationhood in Bronze and Stone"—4/22 at 7 P.M.: A lecture with art historian Dr. Sighle Breathnach-Lynch. NYU's Main Building, 100 Washington Sq. E., Room 300 (998-3950); $5.

Central Park—4/18 at 1 A.M.: A walking tour through New York's collective backyard. Meet at the northwest corner of 66th St. and Central Park West (439-1090); $9.

Downtown Skyscraper Evolution—4/16 at 12:30: Tour the dense canyons of Manhattan's tip (and take in nine decades of skyscraper history). Meet at Trinity Church, Broadway and Wall Street. Call 935-3960 for reservations or further information; $10.

A Celebration of Queens—4/15–4/16 from 1 to 3: A guided tour of the ethnically diverse borough (on the occasion of the city's centennial), followed by workshops in which you'll design and create an architectural scale model of a Queens city block. Call 534-1672, ext. 257, for reservations (they're required), meeting place, and further information. Sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York ($3 materials fee for each workshop).

Gramercy Park—4/17 at 11 A.M.: Explore the still-elegant enclave that was home to (among others) Stanford White, Elsie de Wolfe, and O. Henry. Meet at the northwest corner of 14th St. and Third Ave. Call 935-3960 for more information; $10.

"The Streets Where We Lived"—Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 2:30: A regular walking tour inviting visitors to stroll the Lower Est Side and discover how different immigrant groups shaped the city. Lower East Side Tenement Museum, 90 Orchard St. (431-0233); $8.

Metropolitan Opera Backstage—Weekdays from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.: A unique, behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Includes costume and set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call for reservations and times (769-7020); $8.

Exhibitions

"America's Concentration Camps: Remembering the Japanese-American Experience"—Through 1/5/99: An exhibition that tells the story of this shameful chapter in American history through the eyes of the incarcerated. Photographs, mementos, and home videos contributed by some of the 120,313 people held in the camps—two thirds of whom were American citizens—will be on display, along with maps and statistics from each camp. Ellis Island Immigration Museum, New York Harbor (363-3200); $5.

"Landmarks of New York"—Through 8/23: An exhibition of photographs by Barbaralee Diamonstein, coinciding with the release of *Landmarks of New York III,* which documents more than 1,000 historic sites. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $5.

Sixth Annual Poetry Publication Showcase—Through 5/9: An exhibit celebrating National Poetry Month. Poets House, 72 Spring St. (431-7920); free.

"Return Address: Revisiting Exposures"—Through 4/23: An exhibition of photographs by Israeli artist Margalit Mannor. 92nd St. Y, Weill Art Gallery, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); free.

Bridging New York—Through 6/28: Selections from the museum's painting, print, and photographic collections dealing with the city's bridges. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5 suggested contribution.

"Proudly We Served"—Through 9/5: Photographs, artifacts, and models commemorating 200 years of service by African-American veterans. Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum, Pier 86, W. 46th St. (957-7055); $10.

Events

38th Annual New York Antiquarian Book Fair—4/16–4/19: The oldest show of its kind in the United States, offering book lovers and collectors an ex-

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Municipal Archives; Corbis Bettmann; New York *Daily News.*

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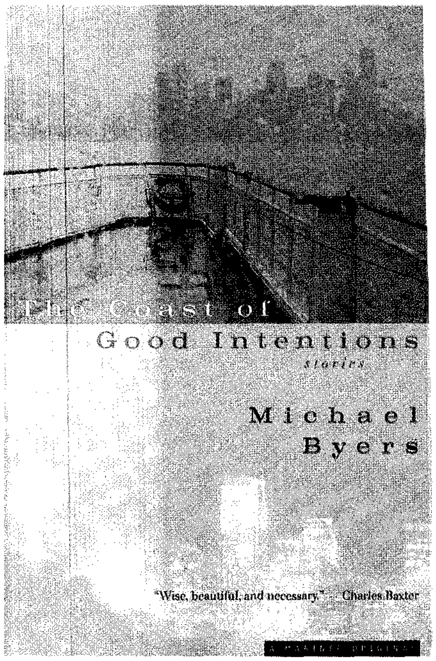
Happening
Coast Guard

Short-story writer Michael Byers does not take undue advantage of being only 28: Although he sometimes writes about the youngish in his new collection 'The Coast of Good Intentions' (Mariner), what results is always a great deal more than a mere generational report. Byers reads at Barnes & Noble Astor Place on April 17. See listings.



tensive selection of rare books, autographs, fine bindings, maps, children's books, and more. The Park Ave. Armory at 67th St. (777-5218); $10.

Nineteenth International Poster Fair—4/17–4/19: An off-beat exhibition highlighting French posters created by anti-Gaullist students in 1968. Metropolitan Pavilion, 110 W. 19th St. (206-0499); $10.

NY Auto Show—Through 4/19: Global debuts from Chevrolet, Honda, Hyundai, Infiniti, Isuzu, Lincoln, Mitsubishi, Subaru, and Suzuki. Jacob K. Javits Convention Center (800-282-3336); $9.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—Click from the links in "Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) to visit a new Website reviewed every day. This week: Look for the ever-elusive Waldo online; learn why one spacey girl's life began at age 15; start hiding things up your sleeve with the help of allmagic.com; discover your inner self by decorating a room with Umbra; and see Rat Pack footage never before aired on Nick at Nite's site. And hey, while you're in the neighborhood at www.nymag.com, check out all our other great stuff, like selected articles from the current issue and a searchable "Cue" section, plus daily picks of New York events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," neighborhood guides, "First Words" for bibliophiles, and a new Subscriber Service Center.

Sports

The Pinstriper's Dilemma—This baseball season, one thing is already clear: Joe Torre is on the hot seat. That may seem strange to say considering the strength of the Yankees' lineup, but their potency is exactly what makes Joe's job so perilous. On paper, the Bombers look unbeatable (that would be the same paper on which all those hefty contracts were drafted). So unbeatable, in fact, that George Steinbrenner was moved to jokingly ask Torre this spring if an American League manager has ever gone undefeated. Uh-oh. Kiss of death. What that terrifying bit of Boss humor indicates is that if the Yankees achieve anything less than another world title, Torre will be Howsered. As in Dick Howser, whose 1980 Yanks won 103 games and the Eastern Division but fell to Kansas City in the playoffs. And should Torre's Yanks continue this early-season trend of mediocrity, Joe could be sitting in the stands for the All-Star Game. *See Game Week for team schedules.*

Treasure Hunt on Skates—4/19 at 8 A.M.: NY Skateout opens the 1998 "skate season" with this event in which fifteen teams of skaters search for 25 of 50 historic sites along the southern loop of Central Park. Meet and register at the Boathouse, 72nd and Fifth. $20–$35. For information, call 486-1919.

The MS Walk—4/19: Raising money for the New York chapter of the National MS Society, the Tenth Annual MS Walk is aiming to beat last year's total of $925,000. Participants have a choice of 12.5-, 7.5-, and 2.5-mile routes. Starts at the World Trade Center Plaza. For information, call 463-9791.

Runners and Walkers Clinic—4/15 at 6 P.M.: Running legends Grete Waitz and Kathrine Switzer will host a free two-hour panel discussion to prepare women for the Avon Running Mini-Marathon this June. The program will cover how to start a training regimen as well as tips on weight loss and nutrition. For information, call 860-4455.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
METROSTARS					CHI ESPN 8:30PM		
RANGERS		WAS MSG2 7:30PM	NYI MSG 7:30PM			PHI FOX 3PM	
ISLANDERS	WAS FSNY 7:30PM		NYR MSG 7:30PM	TB FSNY 7:30PM		NJ FSNY 7:30PM	
DEVILS			BUF FSNY 7:30PM	CHI FSNY 8:30PM		NYI FSNY 7:30PM	
KNICKS		WAS TNT 8PM		TOR MSG 7:30PM		CHI NBC 8:30PM	
NETS		TOR FSNY 7:30PM	CHA FSNY2 7:30PM		ORL FSNY 7:30PM		DET FSNY 1PM
METS	MIL FSNY 7PM	CHI WOR 7:40PM	CHI FSNY 7:40PM	CHI FSNY 1:40PM	CIN WOR 7PM	CIN FSNY 1PM	CIN FSNY 1PM
YANKEES	ANA MSG 7:40PM	ANA MSG 7:40PM	ANA MSG 1PM		DET WPIX 7:40PM	DET MSG 1:40PM	DET MSG 1:40PM
	4/13	4/14	4/15	4/16	4/17	4/18	4/19

in concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall

Classical Music

Tuesday, April 14

Anne-Sophie Mutter, Violin—Performs the first three works from Beethoven's sonatas for violin and piano, with Lambert Orkis, piano. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

Wednesday, April 15

Boston Symphony Orchestra—Performs Bach's *St. Matthew's Passion;* Seiji Ozawa, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

Ensemble 21—Premieres by Bruce Taub, Jeff Nicols, James Harold Carr, others. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $12.*

Bargemusic—Viennese music performed by quartet. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 6:30; $20–$30.*

Thursday, April 16

New York Philharmonic—Performs Brahms and Schumann, with András Schiff, piano; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 8; $20–$75.*

Bargemusic—Quartet performances of Beethoven and Schubert. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $20–$30.*

Boston Symphony Orchestra—See 4/15.

Friday, April 17

Boston Symphony Orchestra—Performs Lieberson's Piano Concerto, with Peter Serkin, piano, and Dvořák's Symphony No. 7; Seiji Ozawa, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

Barry Douglas, Piano—Performs Ravel and Chopin, with Gary Hoffman, cello, and Cho-Liang Lin, violin. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 8; $25 and $35.*

John Aler, Tenor—Performs vocal chamber music with Heidi Grant Murphy, Marietta Simpson, Richard Zeller, and Kenneth Merrill. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $30.*

Sarah Chang, Violin—Performs with Jonathan Feldman, piano. *John Harms Center, 30 North Van Brunt St., Englewood, N.J. (201-567-3600), at 8; $25–$50.*

New York Philharmonic—See 4/16.

Saturday, April 18

From Barrio to Broadway—Performances by the Kaymanggi Chorale and the Folklorico Dance Troupe. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8:30; $20.*

New York Philharmonic—See 4/16.

Sunday, April 19

Felicity Lott, Soprano—Performs Poulenc, R. Strauss, Barber, and Britten. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 2; $35.*

New England Symphonic Ensemble—Performs Mozart, Fauré, and Haydn. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $16–$65.*

World Music Institute—The Lazelar Ensemble performs music from Turkey. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 7:30; $20.*

Youth Chorales—Perform Handel, others; Will Keisling, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $20.*

Barry Douglas, Piano—See 4/17, at 5.

Bargemusic—See 4/16, at 4.

Monday, April 20

Thomas Goudie, Baritone—Performs Brahms, Fauré, Mozart, and Spanish songs. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $15.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Wagner's *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg,* 4/15 at 6 and 4/18 at 6; Janáček's *The Makropulos Case,* 4/16 at 8 and 4/18 at 1; and Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* 4/14 at 7:30. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $24–$200.*

New York City Opera—Performs Britten's *Paul Bunyan,* 4/14 at 7:30; Bizet's *Carmen,* 4/15 and 4/16 at 7:30, 4/18 and 4/19 at 1:30; Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* 4/17 at 8. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$85.*

Amato Opera—Performs Puccini's *Tosca,* 4/18 at 7:30 and 4/19 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

Dance

Ballet Tech—Premieres from the Eliot Feld troupe, which comprises graduates from his tuition-free high school in New York, 4/14–4/19. *The Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave. (242-0800); evenings, $35; matinees, $20.*

Forever Tango—The Argentine form, interpreted by Luis Bravo. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); $30–$65.*

Previews

Mutter Knows Best

After spending several years studying his original scores at Beethoven's house in Bonn, German violinist Anne-Sophie Mutter has dedicated 1998 to performing the composer's entire cycle of sonatas for piano and violin. Mutter embarks on a 40-city tour this week, beginning at Carnegie Hall on April 14, where she plays Beethoven's earliest three sonatas.

Photograph by Jorg Reichardt.

nightlife

Sphere...Radiohead...Superchunk

Concerts

Cheap Trick—MTV's historically minded sister station, VH1, presents the storied seventies power-poppers. (See box, this page.) 4/18 at 5 P.M. *Naumburg Bandshell, Central Park, near 72nd St. (258-7819). Free.*

Radiohead—The last time the members of this Oxford, England, quintet were at Radio City, they were collecting a Best Alternative Performance Grammy. They were also losing a trophy they probably deserved (for album of the year) to Bob Dylan. Epic in scope and sound, their *OK Computer* traced a fractured narrative about technology, death, and loathing—all framed by the band's soaring guitars and Thom Yorke's plaintive, wary tenor and culminating in the six-minute mini-symphony "Paranoid Android." The computers may be okay, but with Radiohead, the guitars (and, occasionally, glockenspiels) are still where it's at. 4/17–4/18 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. (307-7171). Sold out.*

Jonatha Brooke—The winsome neo-folkie. 4/24 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $27.50.*

Eric Clapton—Slowhand may need to wear half-moon specs to see his fretboard these days, but he's about to release his first album of new material in nearly a decade—a period punctuated by tired blues-cover albums, an *MTV Unplugged* set, and, most notably, "Tears in Heaven," the paean to Clapton's dead 4-year-old son, Conor. The guitarist, of course, knows where his bread is buttered, so expect plenty of "Layla" et al., little of the unfamiliar new stuff. 4/18–4/20 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (465-6741). $40–$85.*

Antonio Hart Quartet—The young alto hotshot, warming up for next week's run at the Jazz Standard. 4/17 at 7:30 and 9:30 P.M. *Jazz Cafe, Flushing Town Hall, 137–5 Northern Blvd. (718-463-7700). $15–$20.*

Garrison Keillor's *Prairie Home Companion*—The whimsical and sonorous raconteur, in from the Twin Cities for the last of three Saturdays of Lake Wobegone tales. 4/18 at 5:45 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $30–$35.*

"Twelfth Annual MAC Awards"—The Manhattan Association of Cabarets presents a virtual who's who of contemporary singers (Diana Krall, John Pizzarelli, Betty Buckley, Darlene Love—the list goes on and on) performing and vying for prizes. Legends Jackie & Roy and Sheldon Harnick get lifetime-achievement awards. 4/19 at 6:30 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom, 313 W. 34th St. (481-3576). $65–$125.*

Ninja Tune Stealth Tour—The Montreal label's family of D.J.'s, visual-effects gurus, and assorted club-kid freakazoids hits midtown for a night of tripped-out sound and spectacle. 4/14 at 10 P.M. *Speeed, 20 W. 39th St. (714-8001). $15–$20.*

"Portrait of Hawaii's Music"—Featuring Makaha Sons. 4/18 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 157 W. 57th St. (248-7800). $25–$40.*

Mer Ali and Sher Ali—Now that Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan is gone, and the Sabri Brothers have lost their senior member, lesser stars of the *Qawwali* world are stepping in to fill the Sufi-mystical music gap. No matter who's performing them, the whirling, soaring devotional songs never fail to entrance, and these Pakistani brothers' U.S. debut should be no exception. 4/16 and 4/18 at 8 P.M., 4/19 at 7 P.M. *Asia Society, 725 Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-ASIA). $35.*

Photograph by Robin Zander.

Performance

Whole Lotta *Live*

Twenty years ago, Cheap Trick frontman Robin Zander took the stage in Tokyo and, in his best English for Foreigners, announced, "This. Song. Is. The first. Song. On. Our new . . . album!" The crowd screamed, the band launched into "Surrender," and history was made: The concert became 1979's *Live at Budokan*, the most successful and celebrated album of the power-poppers' career. At Central Park's Naumburg Bandshell on April 17—a few days before the release of an expanded *Budokan* album—the quartet will treat New Yorkers to a free, note-for-note re-creation of the Japanese concert. Both the revamped disc and the live show will include a number of gems that haven't seen the light of day since the seventies. "We haven't played 'Need Your Love' since probably 1979," notes Trick drummer Bun E. Carlos. "Of course, there are some songs I now remember why we haven't played in that long." (See "Concerts" listings for details.)

Clubland

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 4/16: Babe the Blue Ox. 4/21: Larry Loftin; Mila Drumke. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 4/14–4/15: Mike Stern with Dennis Chambers, Lincoln Goines, and Bob Malach. 4/16: Joe Grushecky & the Houserockers. 4/18: Buster Poindexter & His Spanish Rocketship Band. 4/20: Kyle Davis & Friends. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 4/19: Karate. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 4/14: Ernie Williams & the Wildcats. 4/15: Hubert Sumlin. 4/16: Andre "Mr. Rhythm" Williams. 4/19: Steve Marshall & the Deputies. 4/20: Texas Flood. 4/21: Queen Bee & the Blue Hornet Band. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 4/14: Bloodlet; Shaihulud. 4/17: Raging Slab; Shine. 4/19: Blanks 77. 4/20: Nikki Sudden; Zen Guerrilla. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. Every Thursday, "360" presents hip-hop D.J.'s and rappers who make the trek to the meatpacking district worth it. 4/15: At the monthly "Mutiny," London's Club Swaraj brings D.J. Pathaan, Bom Shankar, and resident D.J.'s Rekha and Siraiki. 4/18: Douce Gimlet; Slink Moss; Essex Green; the Push Kings. 4/21: Donald Miller Trio; Phylr. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. Wednesday's "Stella" offers some of the finest young stand-up talent in the city. 4/13: Bako Babies; Sha-Key with Edgetone. 4/15: Loser's Lounge Tribute to Nancy and Lee. 4/18: Richard Julian; the Fernandos; B. Blush; Cardinal Woolsey. 4/19: Jackie Beat. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 4/14: Sister Hazel. 4/15: String Cheese Incident. 4/16–4/18: The Radiators. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 4/15: Diamanda Galas. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Life—The only hip place on Bleecker Street—even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. Wednesday night's "Lust For Life" gets you in touch with your inner rock-and-roll rump-shaker. *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's

Manny's World Famous Blues. 4/15: Tinsley Ellis. 4/16: Gracie Moon. 4/17: Little Buster & the Soul Bros. 4/18: Little Mike & the Tornadoes. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 4/14: Ruth Ruth. 4/15: Keren Deberg; Paul Rudderman. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Shine—When trip-hop got its start in the early nineties, the laid-back techno subgenre seemed to hold incredible promise. Bristol's Massive Attack, Tricky, and Portishead laid down mellow, subtly unsettling grooves and atmospherics that rivaled anything Ennio Morricone ever came up with. Quickly, however, bandwagon jumpers started cropping up; bands like Baby Fox, Morcheeba, and now Mono (who make their New York debut here 4/14) debased the currency with derivative sounds and strictly-from-stock beats. Mercifully, the trio of artists that started it all are still releasing albums that hew to their original high standards—making the New Jacks look even sillier than they already make themselves. *285 W. Broadway, below Canal St. (941-0900). $.*

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 4/16: Cyro Baptista's ten-piece percussion band Beat the Donkey. 4/17: Roy Ayers. 4/18: Vanessa Falabella. 4/20: Orquesta Reve. 4/21: Sound System: Stone Love. 4/22: Nestor Torres. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 4/15: Lee Feldman; Matt Sherwood. 4/16: "Rob Ryan's Country Thursday," with Greg Garing. *94 Ave. A (473-7373).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band gets the room swinging, lindy-hopping, and otherwise engaging in social behaviors of yesteryear (look for guest appearances by John Pizzarelli and other bona fide big names), after which the next generation takes over, to ever-more-vigorous dancing. Too much hopping got you pooped? Take a load off in the upstairs Blue Room Lounge. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 4/14: Kevin Black. 4/15: Save Ferris; Hagfish; Homegrown. 4/16: Steve Morse Band. 4/18: Denver's Apples in Stereo play jangly, tuneful pop that's equally reminiscent of the Byrds and the Beach Boys. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Sunday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." 4/14: Baba Olatunji & His Drums of Passion. 4/15: Five Easy Pieces. 4/16: Monkeys on Ecstasy; Yolk. In the lounge, David Poe and drummer Sim Cain funk it up as the Christ Brothers. 4/17: Everything; Lettuce; Miracle Orchestra. 4/18: Deep Banana Blackout; Fighting Gravity; Yazbek. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Windows on the World—At Tuesday night's "Sway," D.J.'s Angola and Conrad get the party people jumping to hip-hop sounds from yesterday, today, and tomorrow. Every Wednesday, "Strato-Lounge" turns the "Greatest Bar on Earth" into a full-on cocktail-nation freakfest. Other nights, mingle with tourists at your own risk. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).*

Performance

Chunk Change

Since the band's pre-grunge inception, Chapel Hill's Superchunk has faithfully relied on the rocker's best friend, the guitar, to achieve their infectious sonic signature. But while the quartet was holed up in Indiana last year to record its sixth album, 'Indoor Living,' restlessness got the better of them. Forsaking its former indie-rock tunnel vision, Superchunk brought the heretofore unthinkable synthesizer into the mix. On "Watery Hands," digitized rhythms mingle with guitarist Mac McCaughan's charging six-string, and everyone's guaranteed to sweat. On April 17, McCaughan and Co. bounce into Tramps to infect us with their own brand of high-pitched cabin fever.

HUNTER KENNEDY

Photograph by Claire Ashby.

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Jazz

Birdland—More comfortable than the Blue Note, swankier than the Vanguard, and proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 4/14: The Duke Ellington Orchestra, conducted by Paul Ellington. 4/15–4/18: Holly Hofmann Allstar Quartet, featuring Ray Brown. 4/19: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. 4/21: The Duke Ellington Orchestra, conducted by Paul Ellington. 4/22: Avishai Cohen. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 4/14–4/19: Von Freeman's 75th-birthday celebration, with Chico Freeman and Dianne Reeves. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 4/14–4/19: Les McCann & the Magic Band. 4/21: Kevin Mahogany. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Jazz at Noon—East midtown's long-running, Friday-afternoon jam session—where Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, and Elvin Jones have all been visiting scholars—returns for its thirty-third season, with the usual high-caliber house band. Noon–2:30 P.M. 4/3: Byron Stripling. 4/17: Warren Chiasson. $5 cover. *San Martin Restaurant, 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888).*

The Jazz Standard—Midtown south's newest, biggest, and happeningest hangout for hard-boppers and the men and women who love them. You can't hear the bands from the swanky first-floor restaurant, but the basement club's modified menu should more than suffice. 4/14–4/15: Up-and-coming Los Angeles guitarist (and Grammy nominee) Anthony Wilson leads his stellar nine-piece band. 4/16–4/19: Conrad Herwig & Tropical Fire. Sets Sun. and Tues.–Thurs. at 8 and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 4/15–4/18: Joanne Brackeen and Cecil McBee. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. While no amount of imagination can render the institutional, linoleum-tile décor any more inviting than your average mass feed-trough, the concept *is* fairly happening. 4/17: Jorge Sylvester MusiCollage. *11 W. 53rd St. (708-0480).*

Red Blazer—Reopened in a new spot, the famed Theater District jazzerie continues to offer up fine sounds. Mondays: Rick Hardeman and his New Orleans Jazz All Stars. Tuesdays: Kelly Freizin Jazz Band. Wednesdays: Sunny Daniels Swing All Stars. Thursdays: Stan Rubin and His Swing Sextet. Fridays: Sam Ulando and the Bourbon Street Jazz Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell and the Stompers. *32 W. 37th St. (262-3112).*

Showman's Cafe—Harlem's subtly wonderful jazz club, where you can always get a table and the jukebox is one of the best in the city. Every Thursday, sixties organ great Reuben Wilson leads his heady trio. Sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M. No cover; two-drink minimum. *2321 Eighth Ave., bet. 124th and 125th Sts. (864-8941). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement where nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Tuesdays, cerebral and atmospheric guitarist Kurt Rosenwinkel leads his quartet. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 4/15–4/19: Ray Alexander Duo. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M.

4/14–4/19: Sphere (see box, this page). *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinc Bar—A tiny subterranean hideout, sheltered from bustling Houston Street by heavy red drapes. Weeknights, sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M.; weekends, 11 P.M., 12:30 A.M., and 2 A.M. Mondays, the Ron Affif Trio. Fridays: Raf Astor's flamenco band. Saturdays: Marianne Ebert's Brazilian-jazz quartet. *90 W. Houston St. (477-8337). $.*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 4/17–4/21: Santi Debriano, Helio Alves, Valtinho, Miri Benari. Shows Mon.–Sat. at 8 P.M. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 4/14: Lionel. 4/15: Phat Comedy with Dr. Dre and Ed Lover. 4/16: Louis Duart. 4/17: Nuyorican Rule Sketch Comedy. 4/16–4/19: Kathy Griffin. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50; two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—The high-class variety showplace mixes sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and musical performances. Friday's "The Big Bad Music Show" explores that riskiest of all entertainment territory, humor rock. Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St. (244-3005).*

Chicago City Limits—The long-running and much-ballyhooed troupe, performing its latest, "@ChicagoCityLimits.comedy." Wed.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M., Fri.–Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. $20 cover. *Chicago City Limits Theatre, 1105 First Ave., at 61st St. (888-LAFF).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 4/20–4/26: Dane Cooke; Wanda Wykes-Hall; Macio; Mike Estime; Pete Coreale. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and midnight; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. Through 4/5: Joe Mulligan; Jim Gaffigan; Max Dolcelli. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 4/10–4/11: Rod Reyes; Rich Francese; Dave Attel. 4/17–4/18: Tom Shillve, JR Havlan, Tom Rhodes. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 4/17–4/18: Rich Voss; Tom Papa; Joe Materese; Susie Essman. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Through 5/2: Peter Mintun. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Tuesdays through Saturdays, the incomparable Barbara Cook sings. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? Saturdays, Steven Brinberg's "Simply Barbra" fetishizes Brooklyn's mos reclusive daughter. 4/13: Georga Osborne present "Attack of the Killer Showtunes." $10–$15 cover two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788). $*

Duplex Cabaret—Fridays at 10 P.M. opening 4/10 Fabulosa Linguine stars in "Pasta Perfect." 4/18–4/19: Young British Hooligans. *61 Christopher St. (255-5438).*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. Mondays at 10:30 P.M., Constance Barron, Judy Brown, and Paul Clausen star in Cole Porter's *Pied À Terre.* $15, with a two-drink minimum. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery. 3/8, 4/14–5/2: Nancy Dussault. Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9 P.M. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $40 cover; two-drink minimum. *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

Michael's Pub—Julie Wilson's standing-room-only show at the recently relocated boîte has been extended into an open-ended run. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $20 cover, Tues.–Thurs.; $25 cover Fri.–Sat. $15 minimum. *Bill's Gay '90s, 57 E. 54th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. $50 cover. Through 4/25: Michael Feinstein knows his Gershwin: He devoted his early professional years to the songwriting team (as Ira's assistant in the late seventies); dedicated his most recent album to the brothers (*Nice Work If You Can Get It*); even offered his car's license plate as an homage (SWNDRFL). And now he's spending a month fêting the pair. The learned, understated tenor's set runs the gamut from George's first published song to his last. And accompanying the headliner for three songs will be the composer himself, courtesy of high-tech incarnations of piano rolls he recorded in the twenties. Now, *that's* fascinating rhythm. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—Thursdays through May, comic, singer, dancer, and pianist Mark Nadler performs numbers from his 3,000-song repertoire of standards, show tunes, and other theater-district fare ($15 cover). Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jazz standards (no cover). $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Spy Bar—Every Sunday night, this scarily trendy SoHo snuggery hosts "Flick6ix," whose drag-king and -queen hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment. Recent nights have included the Michael Caine–fêting "Beware the Ides of Mike," a "Triple-RRR" soft-porn night, and the self-explanatory "Date With Dino." 4/19: At "The Art of the Shmooze," authors Bret Saxon and Steve Stein give tips on the art of the glad-hand and posterior-pucker pointers. $5 cover. *101 Greene St. (343-9000).*

Bars

XVI—Ignore the tour buses parked outside (they're bringing suburbanites to Lucky Cheng's) and belly up to the bar here, along with the smart set. Every night of the week, XVI offers funky drum-and-bass sounds, bubble-jacketed youth, and East Village aristocracy—all just a block from a subway station. *16 First Ave., bet. 1st and 2nd Sts. (no phone).*

Performance

The Big Boppers

Just what possessed one Barbara Monk, back in 1917, to give her young son the middle name Sphere? Was it a Dadaist gesture? Delight in pure sibilance? The effects of water-fluoridation experiments in Rocky Mount, North Carolina? Such are the mysteries surrounding the enigmatic piano genius Thelonious S. Monk, mysteries that will doubtless remain unresolved by the group Sphere (Village Vanguard, April 14 through 19), which is nonetheless the hottest traveling Monk show this side of the hereafter. When it comes to star power and intrigue, jazz history offers few figures as high-watt as the muttering, dancing, bearded, and behatted "high priest of bebop." And while Monk's rudely brilliant style is quite unreplicable, his spirit remains loudly alive in the four-man team of Monk fans and former sidemen who play under his middle name. Much like jazz's only other truly stellar tribute group, V.S.O.P. (the members of Miles Davis's second great quintet, plus a game Freddie Hubbard), Sphere was formed largely as an excuse to keep a great thing going: the partnership of Monk drummer Ben Riley and Monk saxophonist Charlie Rouse, who enlisted bassist Buster Williams and pianist Kenny Barron one year before their ex-bandleader's death in 1982. With its brio and chemistry, the quartet quickly established itself as one of the hottest combos in the underattended, pre-Marsalis early eighties, breaking up shortly before the death of Rouse in 1988. Now, a decade later, this group of longtime cohorts is back, rounded out by the perfect saxophonist for the job, the showstopping altoist Gary Bartz. If Bartz and the phenomenal Barron weren't enough to recommend this summit, the material itself, as always, is. Angular, waggish, moody, and utterly sui generis, Monk's music still poses the riddles on which cults are made. CHRIS NORRIS

Photograph by Phoebe Ferguson.

Kids

Ground Rules:

● = free

◉ = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Scavenging...Sorcery

Children's Events

Magic-Making—Every year now for the past 88, the **SOCIETY OF AMERICAN MAGICIANS** has convened in New York and presented a showcase of members' talents. Among the acts this year are "Scottish Sorcerer" Patrick Page, illusionists Mike and Donna Snyder, and Michael Grasso, master of cocktail-glass manipulation. 4/18 at 8. Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (201-261-6727); $27.50 ●

The Great Gilly Hopkins—Katherine Paterson's novel about a feisty 11-year-old orphan premieres as a musical, staged by her son David. Composer Steve Liebman's songs include "No Big Deal," "Big Mouth," and "Pow." (The novel, one of the twenty best-selling children's books of all time, has been banned from many libraries because of its protagonist's liberal use of curse words.) 4/15–4/26. **NEW VICTORY THEATER,** 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10–$25.

Reaching an Understanding—A staged reading of one of the winners of **TADA!**'s annual playwriting contest, Daniel Louie's *Twice Upon a Time,* which looks at the relationship between a father and his teenage daughter. For kids 11 and up. 4/19 at 4 and 4/20 at 7:30. 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732). Free; reservations required.◉●

"Kids to Kids"—Two weekends of free cultural events annually showcase the dance, music, and theater talents of Bronx youngsters at Lehman College's **LOVINGER THEATRE.** Free tickets are distributed starting two hours before performances (4/17–18 and 4/24–25). 250 Bedford Park Blvd. West. For further information, call 718-960-8833. ●◉

Logging On—Performed for the first time ever at the **NEW YORK CITY OPERA,** *Paul Bunyan,* starring John McDonough, flirts with being a musical. Remaining performances are 4/18 at 8, 4/ 22 at 7:30, and 4/25 at 1:30. (Televised 4/22 as part of the "Live From Lincoln Center" series.) New York State Theater, 20 Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$85.

Hook, Line, and Sinker—The fishing season begins at Harlem Meer with a free fish-focused afternoon. Learn about the Meer's own ecosystem, and make fish prints. Kids over 11 can get free photo I.D.'s—good for borrowing poles throughout the season. 4/18, 1–3 P.M. **CHARLES DANA DISCOVERY CENTER,** 110th St. near Fifth Ave. (860-1370).

No Place Like Home—Seen the country-and-western version of the *Wizard of Oz* performed by marionettes yet? **PUPPETWORKS** stages the L. Frank Baum classic with jaw-dropping special effects. 338 Sixth Ave., at 4th St., Brooklyn (718-965-3391). Reserve. Tickets are $7, $5 for children. Saturdays 4/18–8/29, Sundays 4/19–5/17, at 12:30 and 2:30.

Kids Dance—Two dance programs currently at the Joyce Theater are performed by 50 highly trained kids—students at Eliot Feld's Ballet Tech School. Through 4/26, Saturdays and Sundays at 2. 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800). Tickets are $20, $12 for children under 16.

Beyond Circus—**CIRQUE DU SOLEIL**'s *Quidam* (Latin for "unknown person") takes place under the big top, but without the animals, the ringmaster, or the cotton candy (see photo). Performances begin 4/8; opens 4/16. The tent is pitched at Battery Park City through 6/14. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 6 and 9:30, Sat. at 4:30 and 8:30, and Sun. at 1 and 5; call 800-678-5440. Tickets are $31.50–$59.50 for adults, $15.71–$41.75 for children (tax is included in ticket price).

Making It—Bring broken china, stray lego pieces, and whatever else you find under the sofa to a frame-making workshop in celebration of Earth Day at the **AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM.** 4/18 from 1 to 3. Another recycling workshop invites participants to make sea-themed chess- or checkerboards from shells and beach glass. 4/19, 10:30–12:30. 40 W. 53rd St. Both workshops require reservations (956-3535); $5.

The Way He Was—Singer and "story-maker" Lou Del Bianco sings "When I Was a Kid," a collection of songs about his own experiences growing up. (Families can eat before the show at the Comedy Nation restaurant, where there is a kids' menu and comedic service.) 4/18 and 4/19 at 2. **CAROLINES KIDS KLUB,** 1626 Broadway, at 49th St. (757-4100). Tickets are $10. Reserve.◉

Cheap Date—Events at New York's leading cultural institutions become affordable to junior- and senior-high-school students under the auspices of High 5. Tickets are $5 on weekends; $5 buys *two* tickets on weeknights. Call HI5-TKTS for further details. Through May.

Passing It On—Three elders share their long memories and considerable storytelling talents in a program called "Pearls of Wisdom." 4/15 at 1. Abrons Arts Center, **HENRY STREET SETTLEMENT,** 466 Grand St., at Pitt St. (598-0400); $2.◉

Hunt and Peck—Search for clues in a scavenger hunt that stretches across all three ships included in the **INTREPID SEA AIR SPACE MUSEUM,** 4/15 and 4/16 from 10 to 4. Pier 86, W. 46th St. Call 957-7055 for details and admission price.◉

Reigning Queens—A day that celebrates the sometimes undersung borough at the **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK** will include a visit by children's-book author Cari Best, whose books, including *Getting Used to Harry* and *Taxi! Taxi!,* are set in Queens. There will be documentaries shown about you-know-where, live music, and the unfurling of a "New York City" quilt made by a certain Ms. Cohn's fourth-grade class. 4/18 and 4/19 from 1 to 3. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672, ext. 257). Free with regular suggested contribution of $5; $4 for seniors, students, and children; $10 for families.◉

If They Don't Win, It's a Shame—Two thousand uniformed Little Leaguers, marching bands, proud parents, and the odd politician will march in an annual heart-stopping parade to begin the Little League season. It proceeds along Seventh Ave. from Carroll St. (beginning at 10) to the 9th St. entrance to Prospect Park, arriving at the Bandshell for brief festivities at about 10:30. Park Slope, Brooklyn. 4/18.◉●

Opening
Zoe in Wonderland

Cirque du Soleil is that rare circus that draws parents under the big top even without their children. (The Big Apple Circus or Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey, on the other hand, seem unthinkable with no members of the younger generation in tow.) Be warned, though, that foisting the kids on a sitter for this particular show could lead to guilt and lingering feelings of parental inadequacy. The protagonist in *Quidam*—opening April 16 in Battery Park—is 10-year-old Zoe, who is unhappy because her mother and father are way too preoccupied with their own lives to pay any attention to her. *New Yorkers who do bring kids may find them easily* caught up in the powerful though wordless child's-eye narrative. "It's much more dramatic, more of a story this time," explains 13-year-old Audrey Brisson-Jutras (below), who debuted with the circus at age 3 and has shared the role of Zoe with Emily Duncan-Brown during the nearly two years Cirque has toured with this production. The world of Zoe's imagining is a bizarre place, peopled with contortionists, odd aerialists, and a Magritte-like man who carries an umbrella but lacks a head. "Zoe is very curious," Jutras explains. "She's the kind of girl who can make up her own world." (Cirque du Soleil's world, invented by a couple of Montreal street performers in 1984, *will soon include a second permanent produc*tion in Las Vegas and a huge theater at Disneyworld.) "A very young child might be a little scared, I think," says Jutras, referring to the unpredictable, surreal quality of *Quidam.* "But older kids seem to love it. We always know where they are in the audience because they scream the loudest."

BARBARA ENSOR

Photograph by Al Seib.

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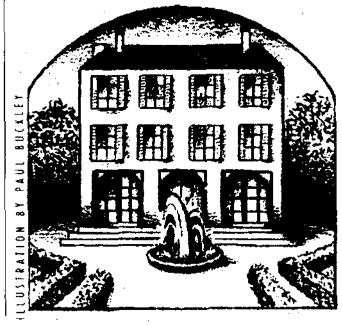
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Non-Hamptonite—Attended church, ran marathons, traveled Third World, made sushi. Beautiful, petite brunette, 42, seeks male, 38-50, with balanced self-esteem and many interests. Ready for serious friendship/romance. Note/photo. 3254 ✉

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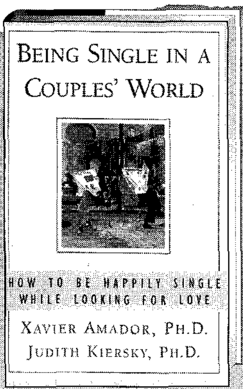

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I've Been Holding Out—For a quality woman like you to share the rest of my life with. I am a warm, caring, clear-thinking, sincere, single white male with a good sense of humor, 35, 6'2", handsome, with an athletic build. I'm an MD, never been married, no children. You are a warm, caring, honest, genuine, attractive, intelligent, professional, single, white or Latin female, 5'5" plus, 25-35, who has never been married but could have been, never had children but wants to. We will have a lifetime of friendship and romance, mutual respect and caring, sharing experiences, and two or more children. 3250 ✉ ☎

Gorgeous, Leggy—Thin and fit 5'10", 35, brunette, fun, bright, nice and accomplished, would like to meet successful, handsome Jewish male who loves life and works as hard as he plays, 34-42. (212) please. Photo. 3278 ✉

Warm, Educated Lady—Well-traveled, sensitive and witty, seeks Jewish male companionship, with similar attributes, between 68-75. Note/photo please. 3269 ✉

If Looks Count, Guess I'll Do—If you happen to like doctors, ditto. Tall, slender, very fit, mid 50s...and starting over, hopefully not alone. Into art, theater, dining and anyone who makes me laugh (especially if she's serious about the future). Photo. 3282 ✉

Witty, Down-To-Earth—31, 5'11", good-looking Jewish male, financial professional, in good shape, good sense of humor, with subtle dark side, seeks 24-30, pretty, slim, affectionate Jewish (nonreligious) woman with sense of humor. You like the outdoors (including tennis, beach and biking), travel, a variety of film and music, but also like to hang out and do nothing. Photo helpful. 3260 ✉ ☎

Slim, Very Pretty, Successful Blond—Divorced Jewish female, 48. An easy laugh. Embraces adventure. Sensual and feminine, with an athlete's love of speed/challenge: climbed Kilimanjaro, trekked Atlas mountains, bikes, skis. Politically astute, classically elegant. Enjoys concerts, art, weekends in Paris. Seeks successful, attractive, very fit man, 45-58... sophisticated, passionate and adventurous. Photo requested. 3284 ✉ ☎

Physician, 45, Jewish—5'6", handsome, slim, caring, gentle and supportive - seeks bright, attractive, professional Jewish female for fun, passion and whatever fate allows. Photo please - will happily reciprocate. 3256 ✉

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A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
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A Caring, Cerebral Physician—Con municative, handsome man with wonde ful sense of humor - loves nature, fitnes travel - 5'10", slim, 43, affectionat Seeks refined, kind woman under 37 empathic, marriage-minded. Thoughtfu note, phone/photo necessary. 3279 ✉ ☎

Waited This Long, Not Settling Now—Life is good, but together with that speci someone, life can be wonderful! This sin cere, handsome and very successful, singl Jewish male is seeking a partnership fo life. I'm 6', serious yet playful and down to-earth, non-game-player, who believe timing is everything. Looking to spoi someone with friendship, love and the bes of life. My partner should be a Jewis female, 30-40, who is attractive, charming real, sensible, with strong values, carin and playful. Note/phone/photo. 3264 ✉

Biological Clock Ticking?—Extremel brilliant Manhattan recluse desire fatherhood. POB 539, NYC 10101

Gay White Man—Mid 40s, 6', 165 lbs, well-toned, hazel eyes, brown hair, independent life style, active fund raiser who enjoys the arts, travel, bridge and entertaining. Seeks a 35-plus, good-looking, successful professional who is warm, emotionally available and integrated in mind, body and spirit. Looking for a committed relationship. No smoking. No drugs. Note/photo/phone. 3237 ✉

I, Visionary—Arrived in a 13-room mansion in the wilderness - dreams of grandeur - despite the economic and emotional reality of death of both parents and divorce. Lady in distress is not wealthy, a career misfit who always had male provider. 5'4", 116 lbs, I was modeled 3 years ago but quit. An extraordinary 57, I am keeping up with dad who lived to 106! Tufts '61 and I can go to Mensa meets but abhor them. Very sophisticated, intriguing, open, upbeat and intellectual. I am organizing talk show encounters in which people will meet. Willing to live in two places, yours and mine, am Amtrak ride away or 1 1/2 hours from Hartford, CT. Prefer semi-retired or retired, over 60. Please be brave! 3245 ✉ ☎

YC Bachelorette—Exceptional, white wish female, 35, 5'4", 110 lbs, in great ape. Sharp, sexy, funny, playful, creative d, lucky for you, still single. Seeks prossional, very good-looking, charismatic, riven, athletic male, 34-40, who is also surrisingly single. Free prizes for the first 10 spondents. Note/photo a must. 3275 ✉

0s Male—5'4", funny, curious, literate, ffectionate, has lived abroad, loves urope, enjoys learning new things... riendship, travel, good conversations, usic, books. Seeks an affectionate female ompanion, warm and sincere, who would e interested in music or have a literary nterest, thoughtful and sensitive, who vould like to spend time together and hare mutual interests. 3243 ✉ ☎

Intelligent, Honest, Spiritual—62, 5'8", 150, financially/emotionally secure, in-shape, enjoys film, classical music, travel, tc., hiking the great outdoors. Seeks mart, attractive woman. 3272 ✉

6'0", Slim Female—26, independent, open-minded and beautiful, seeks caring, intelligent and fun-loving, 25-35-year-old, 6'0"-plus male for possible relationship. Please include photo. 3262 ✉ ☎

Chestnut Hair—5'10", seeks Ivy League man, 38-40. *Photo/note/phone.* 3258 ✉☎

Seeking Soul Mate—Successful professional male, 43, a mensch, with great humor, sensitive and shy - loves good movies, long conversations, rock 'n' roll, NYC, foreign travel. Seeking compatible lady, with great intelligence, humor and warmth. Note/phone. 3261 ✉

Still Sleepless In Brooklyn...—All-around nice man sought by pretty, down-to-earth health professional. Must have kind heart, sense of humor, taste for sports/adventure, and yet have both feet on the ground. Financially/emotionally stable. Late 30s/40s. Nonsmoker. Photo/note. 3233 ✉

Where Are You?—Very cute/attractive/petite Jewish female, 42. Enjoys laughter, culture, fun times. Seeks handsome/sincere/witty male, 38-47. 3248 ✉ ☎

Irish-American, 50s Female—Professional - seeks Catholic male, same background, for relationship. 3242 ✉

Great Guy Seeks Fine Woman—We: warm, romantic, gentle, open, caring, humorous, intellectual, independent, emotionally mature, strong values, eclectic interests...*very fit, active, attractive.* Me: tall, Jewish, Ivy ed, divorced, 50s. Note/photo. POB 732, NYC 10024-0539

Still Mr. Anonymous—Continued from 4/6 ad. So, did you respond? 3239 ✉

My Best Friend's Wedding—Who do you think Julia Roberts really should have married? Stable, decent, honest, intelligent, gay white male, 39, seeks female for marriage, partner and family. 3240✉

Summer In The Hamptons...—With a tall blond man. I'm not only good-looking and financially secure, but most importantly, I'm a kind, sensitive and gentle man. I love animals, water sports and my motorcycle - and a long relationship with a woman, 25-40. I'm also a frequent visitor to NYC. Photo, please! 3267 ✉

Gay, 46, Masculine—Bright, in art, writing, books, ideas. POB 843, NYC 10163

Assertive, Handsome Male—50, 6', trim, fit, intelligent, educated, thoughtful, professional, emotionally stable, financially secure, with a variety of interests. Seeks very attractive, slim/shapely, intelligent, stable, interesting, kind, agreeable woman. Note/photo, please. 3247 ✉

This Fair-Haired, Buxom—Lawyer-girl, 37, 5'8", has Claudia Schiffer looks and Ally McBeal-like life - works too hard, thinks too much, feels too deep, with sensitive soul and sensual smile. Wants the real thing with the right guy, who appreciates laughter, honesty, goodness, and shelter from the world at the end of the day. Catholic/Christian, nonsmoker. Note/photo. 3235 ✉

Very Pretty, Slender, Classy—Honey blond with great legs, late 30s, exquisite taste and heart of gold. Enjoys running, the beach, skiing and opera. Teacher of the year. Divorced Catholic female (no kids), looking for financially secure, *kind, attractive man.* 3274 ✉

Picture-Perfect—Single Jewish male, 30s, seeks single Jewish female, 20-29. You are sexy, good-looking, soft-spoken. I am (honestly) handsome, financially secure, caring, with a heart. Note/photo. 3253✉☎

Generous, Humorous, Unassuming—Fit judge, 49, 5'8", seeking same in pretty, previously married, affectionate woman. Children okay. Enjoy tennis, music, outdoors. Photo preferred. 3251✉☎

Good Guys Are Hard To Find—Good-looking, *fit, very successful, 46, romantic,* seeking female counterpart to share what life has to offer. Photo/phone. 3270 ✉

Wanted A Lady Of Foreign Intrigue

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Idealistic But Eminently Earthbound—Man, 47, 5'10", trim, attractive, clean-cut, sagacious, optimistic, refined but unpretentious, liberal political commitments, traditional social leanings, lethal dry wit, seeks woman for mutual inspiration, marriage, family. 3271 ✉

Good-Looking Professional—60s, trim, athletic, seeks attractive, shapely and successful woman. Photo and phone. 3263 ✉

Svelte, Sweet And Soothing—Humorous litigator, musician, runner, 44, 6'1", seeks tall female for conventional, lively relationship. Photo helpful. 3249 ✉ ☎

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Handsome, Elegant, Kind, Secure—Seeks slender, educated lady, 50s. Dance, theater, travel... Photo/note. 3265 ✉

Gay White Male—Handsome, successful man in late 40s, 5'11", 160 lbs, healthy, sense of humor - enjoys food, travel, art and quiet nights at home. Seeks attractive man, 30s-40s, who is looking for serious, caring relationship. Note with photo and phone, please. 3257 ✉

Woman Of Means—Very pretty, slim and shapely blond, Manhattanite, late 50s (you could be younger), easy-to-be-with and fun, seeks good-looking man for all the right reasons. 3227 ✉ ☎

Pretty Woman Teacher—White, sincere, loyal, sense of humor, seeks a good man for the long run, 60 plus. Photo. 3144 ✉

Good-Looking, Very Successful—Intelligent, witty entrepreneur who is fit (5'10", 170 lbs) and very young-looking for 48, is anxiously awaiting to establish a sacred bond with a very attractive (9 plus), intelligent, accomplished woman (35-44). Like me, you'll be health-conscious, like fine dining, intimate weekend getaways, cabarets and sometimes just hanging around the pool of my Westchester country estate drinking champagne. If you are interested in having it all, please drop me a brief note telling me about yourself and what you like to do. Please include a recent picture and phone number if you want me to respond to your letter, and I promise to respond in kind before we meet! 3229 ✉

A Note In A Bottle Cast Out To Sea—Who will net me? Engaging, dark-eyed beauty; multilingual writer/filmmaker. Generous, lovable, athletic, down-to-earth, slender Jewish woman, 41, 5'4", seeks spirited, smart, curious, loving man with a sense of humor - for love and family. 3276 ✉ ☎

Handsome Professional Male—Who's active, witty, outgoing, romantic, fit and family-oriented. Interests: dining, travel, outdoor sports and friends. Seeks female best friend, 25-30, similar interests. Letter and photo. 3241 ✉

Risk Taker—Very attractive woman, educated professional, 41, fit and trim, with eclectic interests and an open mind, who has it all except for you - a self-confident man, 35-50, to explore romance, NYC and beyond. Take a chance. 3244 ✉ ☎

Beautiful, Tall, Slim—Blue-eyed, sensual, South African woman. 40. Unique. Loves music, healing, arts, children, cooking, nature and intelligence with humility. Drug and alcohol free. Looking for soul mate. Recent photo/letter. 3259 ✉

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Jean Sorensen, Herndon, Va.

HAVE HALF AN HOUR? CHECK THIS OUT!
Marsh McCall, Los Angeles, Calif.

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Thomas D. Warren, Hollywood Hills, Calif.

THE SECRET BILL GATES DOESN'T WANT YOU TO KNOW . . .
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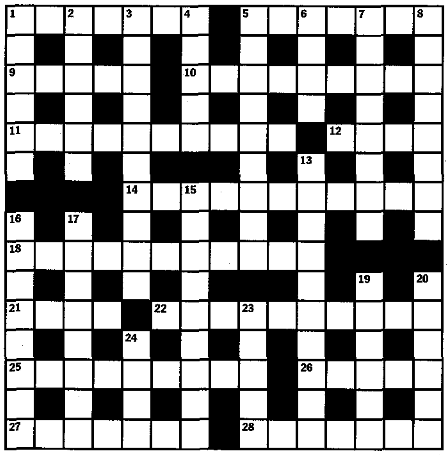
Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 909, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by April 24. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the May 25 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Running after one of the 11, alien with a torch . . . (7)
5 . . . had problems on foot. The Spanish 11 noisily tailed Black . . . (7)
9 . . . the first European to take steps to do a bolt. (5)
10 Promoters of pink paper penned by posh pincers? (9)
11 Great Britain elevates processed food suppliers. (10)
12 Though far from toothless, he's said to be a poor old thing. (4)
14 When the dog barks loudly, reduce one of the 11. (11)
18 Contrived to burn Queen Anne's 11. (6,5)
21 Run through some of the Norse epics. (4)
22 In pursuit of culture one gasps for 11. (10)
25 One of the 11 found at an inn back in Ulster? (9)
26 Thought worthy of being reproved. (5)
27 One of the 11—a chip off the cold block? (7)
28 Cuts back, initially. (Some clues you've tackled had easier solutions.) (7)



DOWN

1 About to quit Split? (6)
2 Quite upset, one expressed aversion . . . (6)
3 . . . to accept less sculpture for exhibitions. (10)
4 Cadge a lift with Tom. (5)
5 Everyone in Ireland's taken to the graduate tripper. (9)
6 Fellow follower turned up no great shakes. (4)
7 For some, 12 holds an alternative. (3,2,3)
8 Casement's failing, so Chard's demented. (4-4)
13 Something in the pan to worry Private Walker, perhaps? (5,5)
15 States association counter to circus opening. (9)
16 Having carried off a First, Bill produced some wine. (8)
17 "Unman" in the French covers raised complaint. (8)
19 The draught of two boats? (6)
20 A sibilant sough of Spanish words said sotto-voce . . . (6)
23 . . . which pointlessly poisoned perceptions. (5)
24 Will house agent hold Masons wee hand? (4)

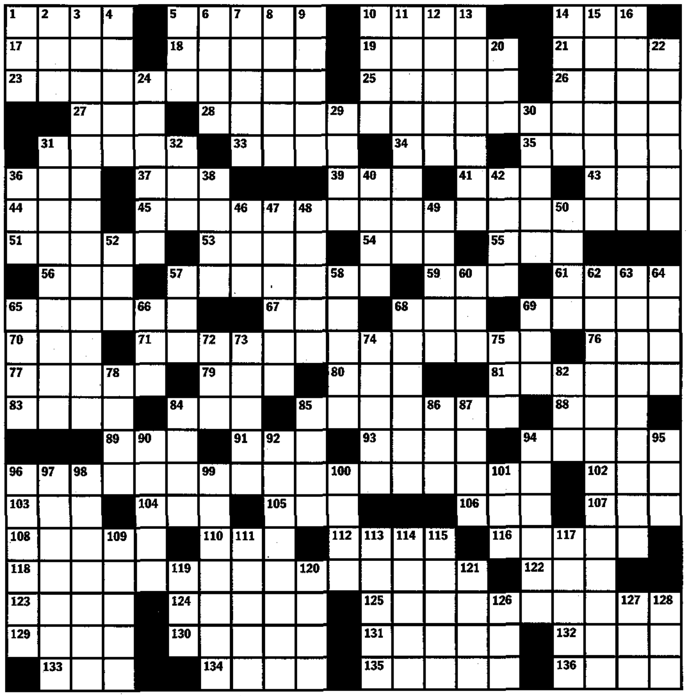
'Is There an Echo?': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Reindeer herdsman
5 Proposed European currency
10 Swedish pop quartet
14 Lady Windermere's possession
17 Dust Bowl refugee
18 Disgorge
19 Playground fixture
21 "I hope to see London once —— die": Shak.
23 Seedy uniform?
25 Photocopier chemical
26 Black: poetic
27 Wellington ——, Chinese statesman
28 Parachutist's hope?
31 Start golfing
33 Corn-starch brand
34 "—— Hear a Waltz?"
35 What to hitch your wagon to
36 In favor of
37 Jones's Wall Street partner
39 Luau food
41 "Wayne's World" negative
43 Parisian summer
44 Gore and Hirt
45 Tiers?
51 Do over the shoelaces
53 Where Tipperary is
54 Fidel's sidekick
55 Rembrandt's last name
56 Ocasek of rock
57 Postscripts
59 Government attys.
61 Chocolate-syrup trademark
65 Russian villas
67 Fiscal sci.
68 Ralph Kramden's vehicle
69 Alfonse D'——
70 India or invisible
71 Bigger lie?
76 Sgt., for one
77 Vista
79 Method
80 Vocalized pauses
81 Lair for Lassie
83 Author's protagonist
84 Traveling Nellie
85 Joining forces
88 Encountered
89 A film Joanne
91 Letters on some delivery vans
93 Lacerated
94 Buenos ——
96 Tranquilizer?
102 Debate side
103 That, to Juanita
104 Actress Carrie
105 Conquistador's gold
106 Skipper's diary
107 Not strict
108 Be a substitute for
110 G.I. Jane
112 Pisa dough
116 Courtroom bargains
118 Duracell commercial?
122 Sea eagle
123 Copycat
124 Corsage keepsake
125 Gourmet?
129 "Pretty Woman" co-star
130 Mrs. Schwarzenegger
131 ". . . and —— grow on"
132 Leucocyte, e.g.
133 Compass reading
134 St. Louis gridders
135 Archaeologist's find
136 Munitions

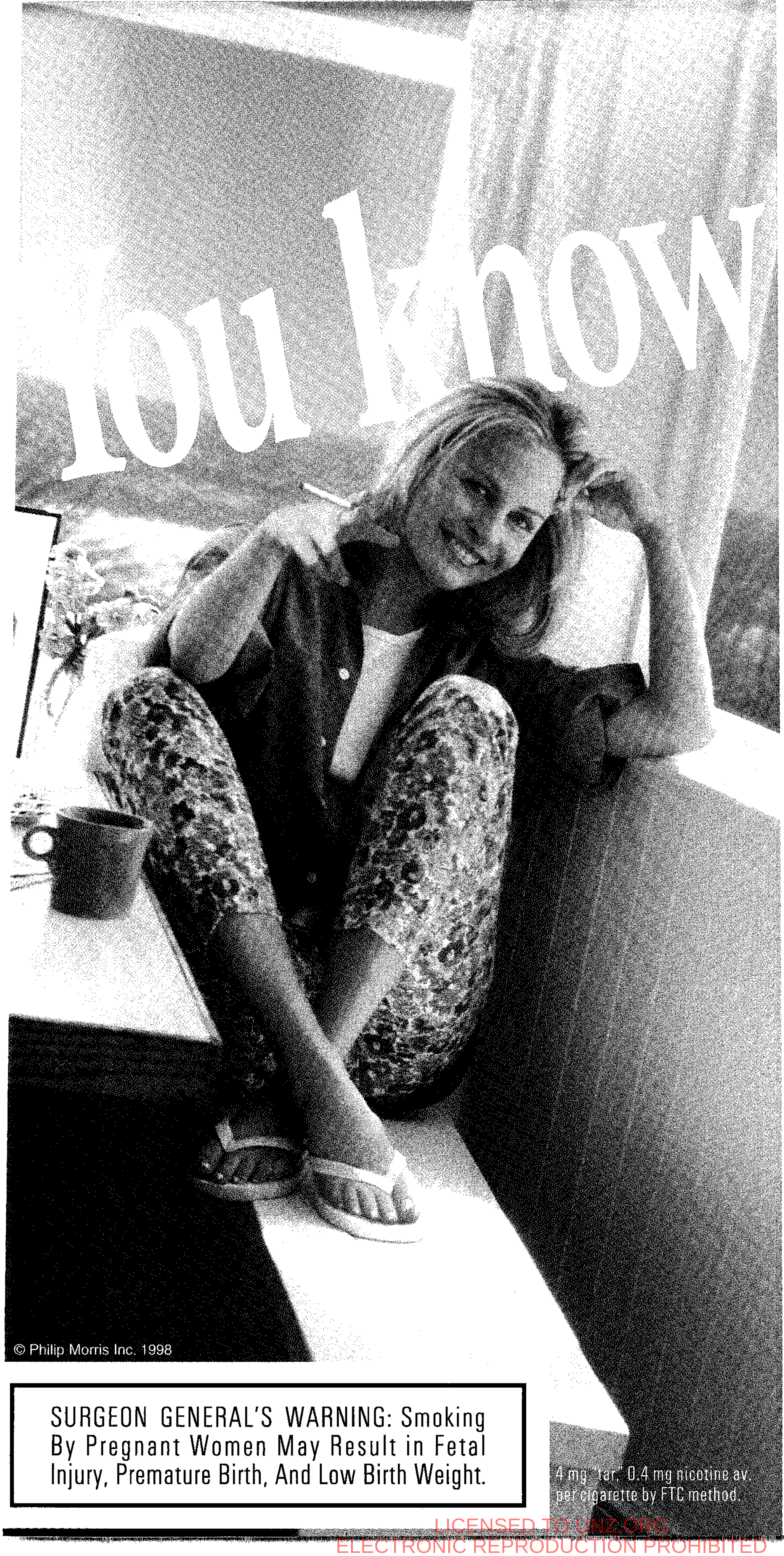
DOWN

1 Land parcel
2 Alias, at the P.D.
3 Thorn?
4 Relative of oolong
5 Shrieking sound
6 Cries of repulsion
7 Ranch in "Giant"
8 Werner of "Ship of Fools"
9 Bee's revenge
10 Wine city of Italy
11 Rather fair-haired
12 Numbers game
13 Quartet sweetheart
14 Grazes
15 Mediator of a kind
16 Newborn
20 Epoch
22 French classicist painter
24 "—— So Nice to Come Home To"
29 Narc's quest
30 Dapper
31 Ability to withstand pain
32 Ward heeler
36 A long way off
38 Gardener's bane
40 Killer whale
42 Boathouse items
46 Red Cross service
47 Eerie
48 Therefore
49 Disgusted



50 Last word of the U.S. motto
52 "—— bin ein Berliner": J.F.K.
57 Fire remnant
58 Poet Mark Van ——
60 Pharaoh's snake
62 Betsy Ross?
63 Yul's "King and I" repetitions
64 Implement
65 It ran away with a spoon
66 More than admiration
68 "The Athens of America"
69 "Some —— born great . . ."
72 Night flyer
73 Settle accounts
74 Hackneyed
75 Heart-scan abbr.
78 Dozes off
82 Lacking a middle name, on forms: abbr.
84 Warning float
85 Exploitative person
86 N.Y.C. subway line
87 One of the Simons
90 Get the suds out
92 Announce officially
94 Fished
95 Baseball footwear
96 Pouch for 4-Down
97 Flies the coop
98 Prattles
99 "Auld Lang Syne" time
100 Electric-potential measure
101 Comics caveman
109 End of a Kilmer poem
111 D.J.'s union
113 "I Can Get —— You Wholesale"
114 Roi's mate
115 Kin of dacron
117 Novelist Jong
119 Motor-rotation speed: abbr.
120 Woe is me!
121 The Abominable Snowman
126 Sinbad's bird
127 Freddy Krueger's street
128 Contemporary of G.B.S.

Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 91.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